PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

MARCH 1985 $3.50

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MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

MICK JAGGER'S MOST INTIMATE AND OUTSPOKEN INTERVIEW EVER

SUCKER BETS: THE KIND YOU CAN NEVER LOSE

NEWLOOK
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The International Magazine for Men/March 1985

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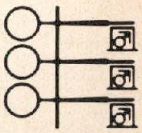

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This month's cover features Sue and Louise Elvin, who appear on page 88 and were photographed by Bob Watson with a Canon A1 camera, Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, Hasselblad 150mm lens, and 64 Ektachrome film. For more information on the camera equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 150.

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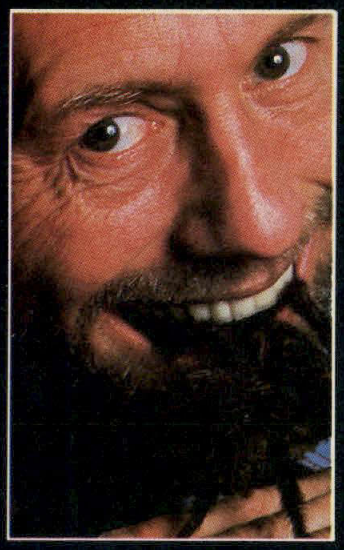

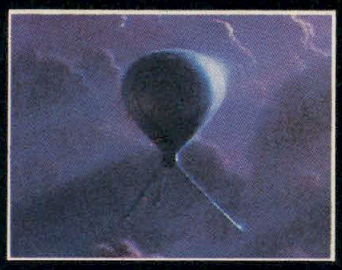

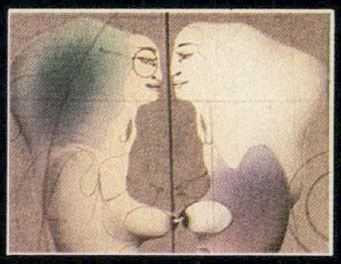

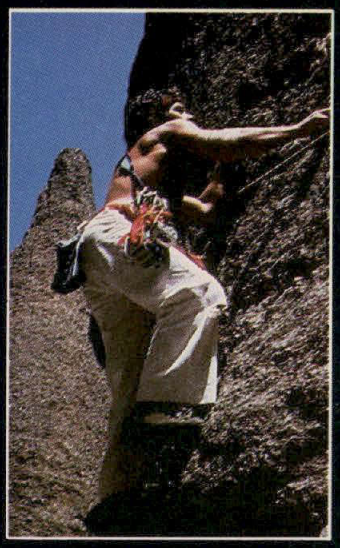

TAKING A NEW LOOK
When *Penthouse* Editor and Publisher Bob Guccione chooses to launch a new magazine, the event is usually a publishing landmark—the debut of *Omni,* for example, a unique alchemy of art and science, fact and fiction, created a whole new generation of science-related magazines. In this issue, Guccione offers *Penthouse* readers an exclusive preview of his latest publishing venture, *Newlook*—an American adaptation of Europe's most successful new magazine. "In order to meet the specific demands of the most visual generation in history," he explained, "*Newlook*'s format will be an original and aggressive combination of high-voltage photojournalism, brilliant photographic essays, and intriguing, rapid-fire text." Our first look at *Newlook* will instantly demonstrate why its dramatic European success will be repeated in the New World.

SATISFACTION
For over 20 years, the name Mick Jagger has been synonymous with great rock 'n' roll. The Rolling Stones—innovative, loud, shaggy, and inveterately profane—were the standard-bearers of a youth revolution that shook the world. Now, with a new baby, a new record, and possibly a new outlook on life, Mick Jagger has given *Penthouse* an exclusive interview that is probably his most outspoken to date. Over many hours of conversation with Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein, Jagger seized the opportunity to vent his views on everything from Ronald Reagan and nuclear war to his own drug experiences and his thoughts on being typecast by feminists as the consummate male chauvinist. If your image of Jagger is still that of his "Gimme Shelter" days, be prepared to be surprised!

FLYING SAUCERS—AND OTHER FEATS
Who isn't intrigued by tales of flying saucers, of the very real possibility that visitors from outer space are checking us out, prior to some close encounter of the third kind? In "High-Tech Espionage," Contributing Editor Ernest Volkman finally reveals what may well be the true story behind the UFO phenomenon, as well as other incredible tales of a new generation of spies—excerpted from his forthcoming book, *Warriors of the Night*. . . . Today's young generation of mountain climbers is no less incredible, as you'll see in Russ Raffa's sensational photo essay about these daredevil athletes who constantly challenge themselves as much as they challenge nature.

LEGAL AFFAIRS
We're privileged this month to have three very distinguished lawyers reviewing some very knotty legal controversies of the moment. Harvard Law Professor Alan M. Dershowitz, in his regular "View From the Top" Law column, discusses some of the disturbing implications of exorbitant libel verdicts. . . . Robert Blecker, professor of Criminal Law and Ethics at New York Law School, contributes a thoughtful "Advise & Dissent" essay on the necessity to hold public officials to a rigid code of behavior, while guaranteeing private citizens their constitutional liberties. . . . And distinguished New York attorney Sidney Siller, our men's rights editor, explains how changes in property law affect anyone who's thinking of getting divorced.

BEST BETS
There's so much more to look at and read in this issue, starting from Jane Barr Stump's "What's the Difference?"—an excerpt from her new Morrow book featuring 50 ways in which the sexes differ. . . . Frank Donegan's Psychograph "Are You a Sex Addict?" will help you discover just how much these differences mean to you. . . . And Scot Morris offers a variety of challenging "sucker bets" in his "Games" column. . . . Of course, when it comes to beauty, all bets are off! Our March Pets—clearly stacked in our collective favor—make all of us winners every time!

In Japan, where high-tech electronics are a way of life, they pay $714.93 for an American-made radar detector

(You can get the same one for considerably less)

Even we were a little surprised. All we did was build the best radar detector we knew how. We shipped our first ESCORT in 1978, and since then we've shipped over 600,000. Along the way the ESCORT has earned quite a reputation—among its owners, and also in several automotive magazines.

Credentials

Over the past five years, *Car and Driver* magazine has performed four radar detector comparison tests. Escort has been rated number one in each. Their most recent test concluded "**The Escort radar detector is clearly the leader in the field in value, customer service, and performance . . .**" We think that's quite an endorsement.

Our Responsibility

One of the reasons for our reputation is our attention to detail. If we don't feel we can do something very well, we simply won't do it. That's why we sell Escorts direct from the factory to you. Not only can we assure the quality of the ESCORT, but we can also make sure that the salesperson you speak to is knowledgeable. And if an ESCORT ever needs service, it will be done quickly. And it will be done right.

50 States Only

And that's the reason we don't presently sell ESCORTs outside of the United States. Even in the countries that use identical radar (Japan and Australia, to name two) we know that we couldn't provide the kind of customer service that ESCORT owners expect. So we pass up the additional sales rather than risk our reputation.

"Dear Sir..."

So we'll admit we were surprised when a letter from one of our customers included an advertisement from a Japanese automotive magazine. The ad pictured an ESCORT, and the price was 158,000 yen. Our customer was kind enough to convert that to U.S. dollars. Using that day's rate of exchange, an American-made ESCORT was worth $714.93 in Japan. Further translation revealed the phrase "**The real thing is here!**" and warned against imitations.

This ½ page ad was a total surprise.

Econ 101

Needless to say, we were flattered. We knew that ESCORT had an impressive reputation, but we never expected to see it "bootlegged" into other countries and sold at such a premium. But the laws of supply and demand are not so easy to ignore. When there is a strong need for a product, there is an equally strong incentive for an enterprising capitalist to fill that need. And apparently, that's just what happened.

Easy Access

Of course, it's easy for you to get an ESCORT—just call us toll-free or write us at the address below. The price is the same as it's been for the last five years: $245. Quite a deal for what the Japanese must think is the best radar detector in the world.

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"She got down on her knees to unbuckle my gun belt. As soon as she saw my eight-inch barrel, she was all over it."

PENTHOUSE **FORUM**

NIGHT PROWL

I used to be a faithful husband, but working a job such as mine, I found that the plentiful opportunities finally overcame me.

I am a policeman who works nights. And during this shift I have the opportunity to meet lots of girls.

The other night I saw a girl sitting on the hood of her car. It was 3 A.M., and I stopped to see if something was wrong. She told me she had just arrived home from a night out with the girls and that she didn't get lucky. I told her that was pretty hard to believe. "And besides," I said, "what about your boyfriend—why weren't you out with him tonight?" She said that she was getting rather bored with him and wanted a change of scenery—thus, the night out with the girls. I sweet-talked her further by telling her that if she were my girlfriend, I would never let her get bored.

She surprised me by saying that I was rather good-looking and that I would probably be a lot of fun. I gave her a sympathy line, saying it was hard to keep up a high energy level working the graveyard shift. With that, I asked her if I was being a nuisance, since she was by herself before I came along and maybe she would rather stay that way. Right away, she responded by saying no, and wouldn't I like to come in for a cup of coffee.

Once inside her place, we got to talking about each other's jobs and the hours that we worked. I sat on the couch next to her with my legs stretched out. She asked me in detail about my uniform—how much the gun belt weighed, etc. Then she asked if I was wearing a cup. I said that was a strange question and why did she want to know. She said that it looked like I was wearing one. Actually, I didn't even have a hard-on yet, but knowing that she was looking in that direction, my penis started moving skyward. I told her that I wasn't wearing one, and then asked if she had any other questions she would like answered. She asked me if I liked to watch wrestling.

I said, "Not really, but I like to engage in it once in a while."

"So do I," she said.

At this point I figured, what the hell, I've got nothing to lose. I asked her if she would like to go a few rounds. And with that, she reached down and put her hand on my now stiff shooter.

"It's a bit difficult to wrestle with from outside the pants," I said.

She got the message and got down on her knees to unbuckle my gun and pants belts. As soon as she saw my eight-inch barrel she was all over it. She worked her full lips up and down the shaft and under my balls. Ever so gently she put one of my balls into her mouth and sucked it lightly. I rubbed my hands over her back and under her shirt. She pushed her tits against my knees and started deep-throating my pulsing hard-on.

She got up on her knees a little more to straighten herself out, and I noticed that she had unbuttoned her shirt, revealing small, firm breasts that had huge erect nipples. She slid up toward me so that my dick would rub her breasts a bit. After a few minutes of kissing, she went back to my still-throbbing penis and sucked and licked it like she was never going to see another. I started rocking and after only a few minutes, came in her mouth.

She moaned in ecstasy. Needless to say, so did I. I asked her what I could do for her and she said that that was enough. But she did give me her phone number and said to call her.

The next night, I had a hard-on as I walked from the read-off room to my cruiser. I had to answer one call but then beelined it to her house. Everything was dark, but I rang the doorbell anyway. She looked out the window and then opened the door, completely nude.

She let me in and asked what had taken me so long. As I sat on the couch she excused herself and went into her room. She came out with a towel and a bottle of cream. She turned on the light in the kitchen and I finally had a chance to see her in the light. She was about five feet eight inches tall and had the tightest ass and flattest tummy I had ever seen.

I was still getting undressed when she told me that I was in for a real treat. Then the radio dispatcher called and I had to respond to a nonemergency call. Even though it was not life-threatening, I still had to go right away. (Unfortunately, there are still persons called sergeants.) I told her to please hold on, I would be right back. She said not to worry. I returned 20 minutes later and knocked on the door. She told me to

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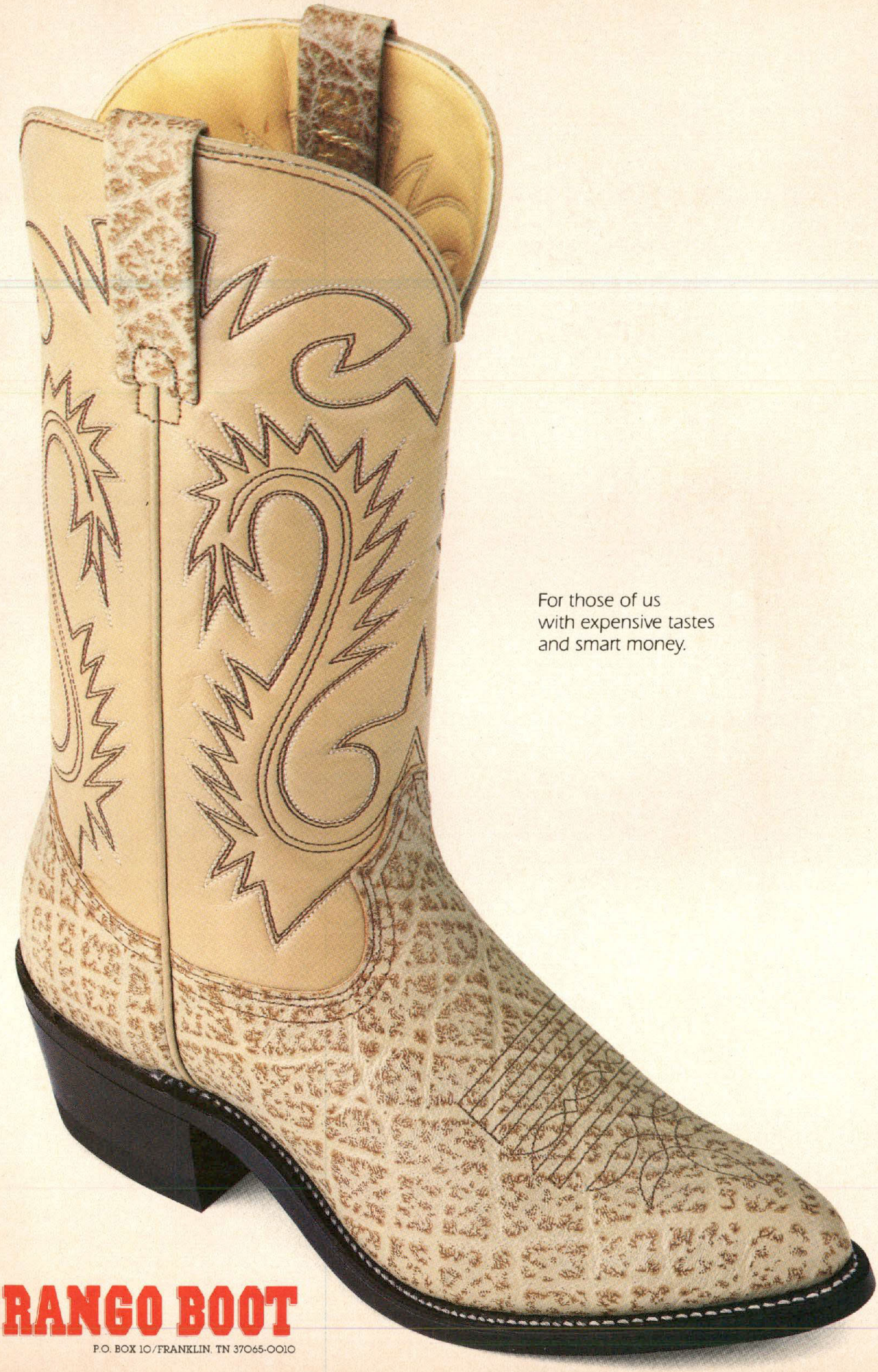

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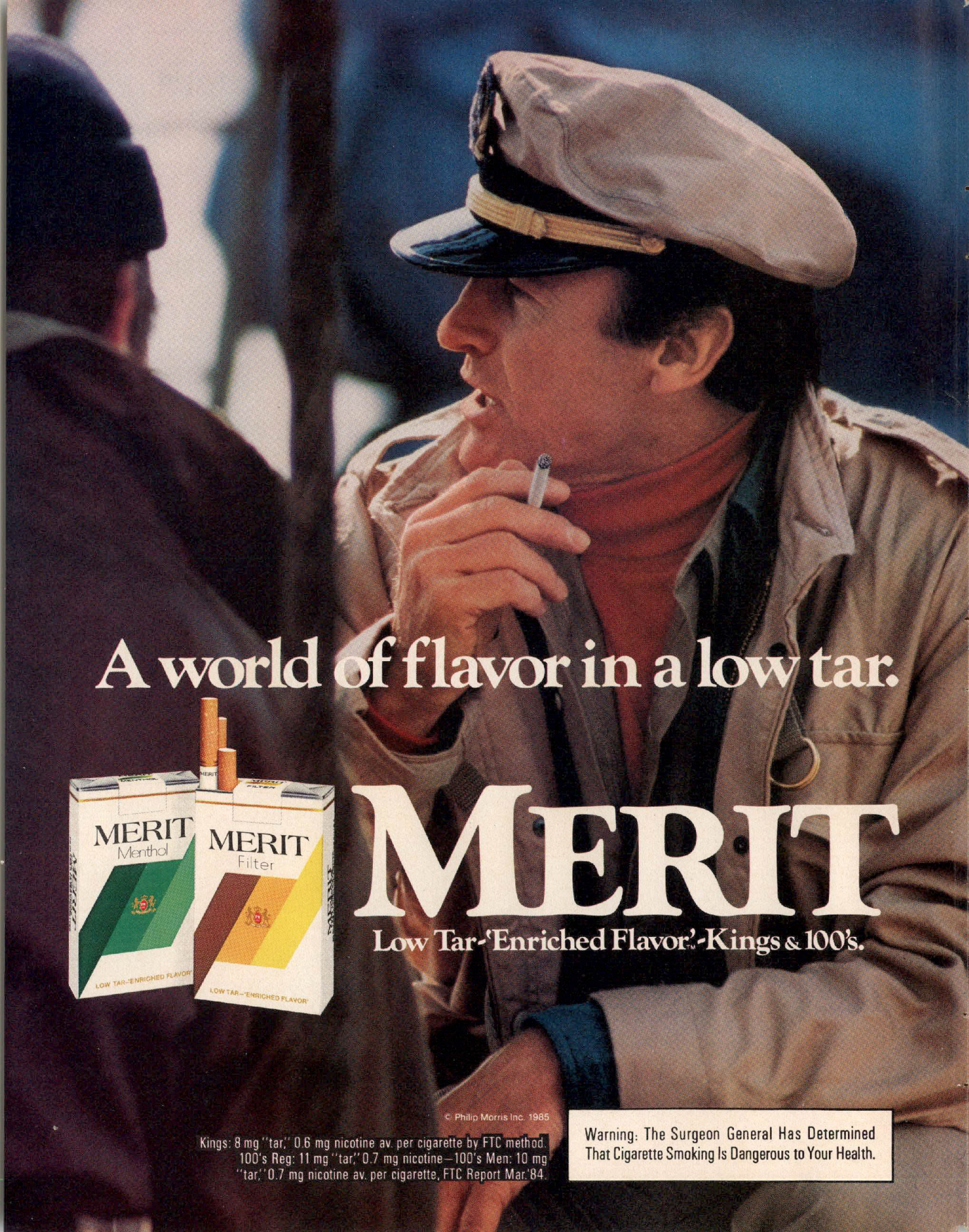
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

come in. When I did, I found her bent over the couch with cream all over her ass.

Her ass was pointing straight up into the air, and she begged me to hurry up. I didn't even wait to get my pants off or my boots unlaced. She wanted me right in her bung hole. I eased in and she moaned lightly. Then she pushed back at me. Obviously she had done this before. Ass-fucking is my ultimate turn-on, and I knew I wouldn't last long, especially with this delicious woman. In what seemed like less than a minute, I was creaming her hole.

She cursed me and kept saying, "You bastard, fuck me some more. Fuck me some more."

I left it in and kept ramming, feeling my softening dick start to harden again. She started thrusting again and her feet actually left the floor as she cussed me to no end. I fucked like there was no tomorrow and finally was able to produce again.

She slid off my cock, turned around, and began to wipe my cock with the wet towel. I tried to sit back on the couch and she got even more furious. "Stand up here, you pig. You're going to fuck me even better in a minute." That was the first time I didn't mind being called a pig.

Gently she lay me on the floor and straddled me. My dick was limp, but she began to rub and squeeze it. Surprisingly it hardened very quickly. When she thought it was adequate, she forced it into her sopping cunt. I loved every minute of it as we turned onto our sides and moved in perfect rhythm. She started biting my shoulders and arms as she rammed her body against mine. She came, moaning heavy sighs. But I still needed help and she knew it. She never let up, and I shot my third load into her. She kneeled back and started licking my limp cock. She told me there was nothing quite like the taste of her own love juices mixed with good clean sperm.

Needless to say, I go back and see her now and then. But I have to make sure it's on a slow night and I have energy to spare. If you ever see a policeman parked in his cruiser, it just might be me trying to recover.—*Name and address withheld*

NO BOREDOM HERE

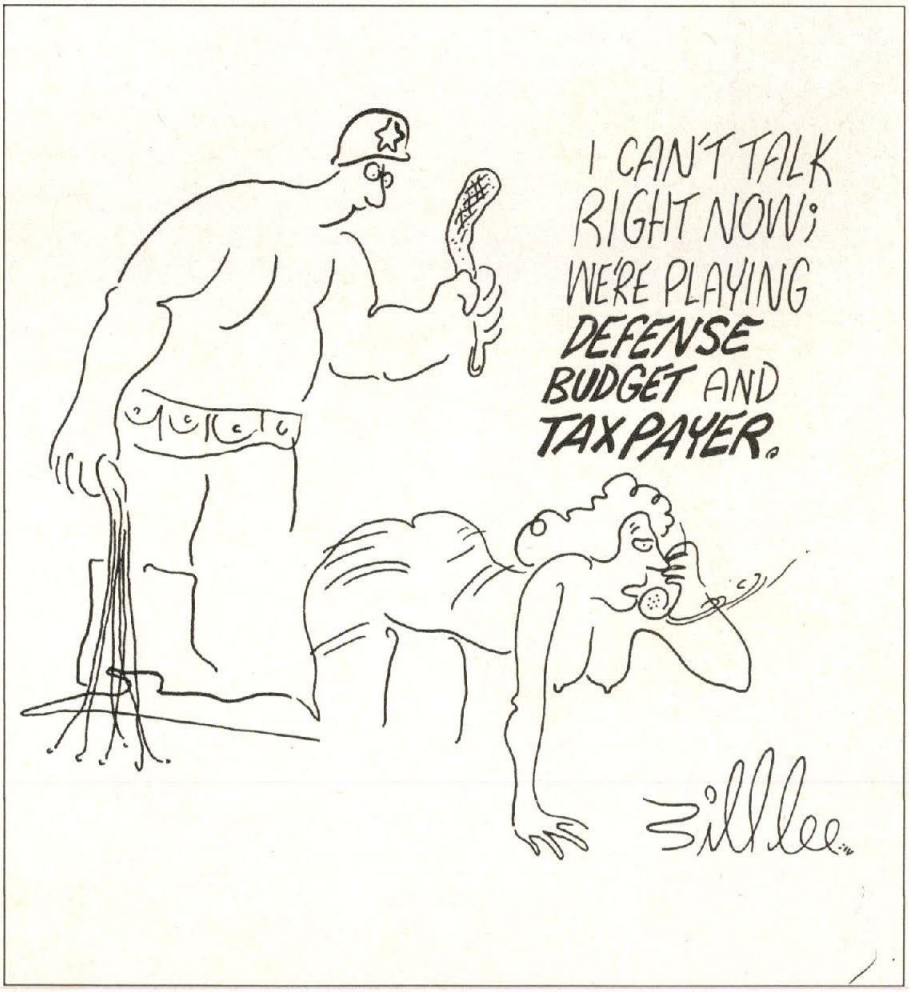
For the past three years, I have been an adamant fan of "Forum," and now I believe I have had an experience that certainly warrants your attention. I should, however, preface this letter with one comment: Altogether too many readers hold the misconstrued notion that all Ivy League students are "grinds," and do not enjoy sexual experimentation. I say this now for two reasons. First, I myself am a junior at a very prestigious liberal arts college in New England. Second, I have experienced, during this past month, some bizarre and certainly unorthodox sexual experiences.

This fall I found myself in a Greek-literature class that is taken almost exclusively by freshmen. As the only upperclassman in my section, I received an abnormal amount of attention from many of the underclass females, but only after the first two weeks of classes did I realize the importance of this circumstance. At the time we were reading two well-known Greek works, *Lysistrata* by Aristophanes and Plato's *Symposium*. As many readers probably know, these works focus on the nature of love, including homosexuality and some sexual practices that would be classified today as "kinky." One afternoon after class, two rather attractive girls, one black and the other a short Caucasian girl from the Midwest, approached me in the hall. They asked (innocently enough) if I could come to their room and help them with some "interpretations." My initial reaction was one of surprise, but I soon consented. At the time I had no idea that Greek literature could ever be more than words on a page.

I arrived that night at about eight o'clock with three textbooks. The black girl answered the door, wearing only a jersey with our college name written across the chest. Through the cloth I saw that her nipples were firmly erect. She had on no pants that I could see, but the shirt easily came down to her knees. We sat on the floor, and I opened my textbook. This was little more than a pretense, as she reached over almost instantly and slammed the book shut. We engaged in some small talk for a while, but soon I noticed that her vagina was protruding voluptously from between her raised legs. I was embarrassed when she noticed I was looking, but my eyes were glued to her body, which I now found very alluring. As I sat there, she leaned over on her back and pulled the shirt up to her chest. She let out a childish giggle and then ran her hand down to her now lubricated and very ripe pussy. Her finger probed into the pink, fleshy lips, and her tongue hung from her mouth erotically. This body language was not Greek to me!

My cock began to stiffen and I felt the urge to fill her every crevice with come. I knelt for a moment, but turned instantly at the sound behind me. The quiet midwestern girl entered, nude, with a thick coat of lotion on her hands, and she looked at me with a straight face. With no words said, she grabbed my zipper with her slippery hands and in a second my throbbing cock was at her mercy.

She rubbed me ecstatically until I was on the very verge of coming, then she plunged the entire length into her mouth. I had never had a blowjob before, and I was embarrassed when I shot off a thick load of come down her throat. She smiled and swallowed every drop. Now the other girl, who had been watching and masturbating with her hand, pushed me over on my back and softly removed the rest



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MARCH

of my clothes. In ten minutes I had regained a powerful erection, which she fondled with her hands. As I lay there, she mounted me deftly, and let the shaft slip into the fleshy folds of her cunt. Almost instantly she screamed out and I felt her pussy squeeze tightly around my cock. She shook all over, then fell, panting on top of me. We lay this way for about ten minutes, in which time the other girl had rescued my Greek textbook. She had the hard binding of one edge pried into her tight pussy, and I saw trickles of cream stream down the sides. She cooed softly, knowing that I was ready to shoot off another massive load. In the next moments, the lights in the room went out entirely, and an unexplainable orgy took place in the room. The three of us, completely nude, rolled around the timeworn dorm room, no thoughts on academics, all thoughts on sexual pleasure. I left within the next hour, while both girls lay asleep on the floor. Since that night, the three of us have continued to dispel the boredom of a studious campus.—*Name and address withheld*

SUSHI DELUXE

As an English teacher in Japan, I have lots of opportunities for intimate contact with young Japanese girls who want to learn English and other things!

It takes a while longer to seduce a girl here, so I started on Keiko right away. After our third lesson, she asked me what "skinship"—a Japanese-English term—means in English, and I asked her why she was interested. She giggled naively, so I told her it means sucking and fucking (actually a pretty fair translation), and was met with a wide-eyed, but seductive, stare. Then I said I'd be glad to take her back to my apartment and show her what it's all about. Her comprehension was better than her grammar, for she answered, "Where do you living?"

When we got to my apartment, I told her the most important thing about skinship was getting down to the bare skin. I then pressed her against the wall, took her lovely little tits in my hands, and said, "First, I want to see your chest skin." She practically jumped onto the bed, peeling off her shirt and bra to show me two little cherry blossoms on tiny white mounds. I started nibbling, licking, and caressing those blossoms as if I hadn't seen springtime in ten years. While doing so, I slipped off my tennis shorts and briefs to let my *murasaki katana* ("purple sword") out to wander. My eight-incher is only average in America, but it looks like a bamboo stave to inexperienced, petite Japanese girls. When Keiko saw it, she let out a gasp of either amazement or anticipation, or both. I invited her to touch it, and knelt over her, between her legs, on the bed. Like a good student, she wrapped both hands around my throbbing cock and asked, "What about my miniskirt? This is skinship?"

Her miniskirts had been driving me crazy since we first met, and I'd been trying to imagine her tight little pussy underneath. So I removed her skirt, peeled off her drenched panties, and dived in for a close look and lick. Once I got her coming, I quickened the pace. Since I was virtually sure she'd never tasted her own juices, I took one last drop of her pussy juices and gave her a long, deep kiss. Keiko was a bit surprised, but ever an earnest pupil, she got the idea and began eating my mouth as I had her juicy hole.

But her biggest surprise of the evening came when I suddenly rolled her over and pushed myself into her creamy slit. Her initial yelp soon dissolved into a series of moans and shudders. Raising myself up on my knees and pulling her trembling thighs around my waist, I drove in to the hilt, then reached for her swollen pussy and put a finger on her "genuine cultured pearl." This got Keiko bucking so hard I knew my time would soon come. I gave her a few last strokes and pulled out of her love nest, then rolled her unresisting, exhausted body over.

She then gave me a lusty smile. I didn't need any more direction. Feeling the come welling up inside of me, I pulled out and shot all over her puffed red lips.

After a nice long bath, I took Keiko to a local sushi bar to help restore our strength. I wasn't able to keep my mind on the fish too well; I just kept thinking about her raw little cunt. And even though I had a class to teach in the morning, I convinced her to stay the night with me—for a lesson in "seamanship."—*Name and address withheld*

THE COITAL EXPRESS

I was always skeptical about "Forum" letters until I had my own incident well worth reporting. I rarely travel by train, but I was sick of driving and a friend assured me that the ride was smooth and relaxing. I was heading to Boston on my day off.

As I was boarding the train, a young, well-built woman with strawberry-blond hair was in front of me asking for the no-smoking car. It was the car I wanted as well, so I followed her, figuring I'd sit next to her and perhaps strike up a friendly conversation to help kill time. She seemed receptive, yet a little reserved, when I asked to sit down next to her. We started the typical demographic conversation, and then she went to get some wine.

Upon her return, our conversation livened up a bit. We began to talk about our sexual adventures and fantasies. Then she asked if I would join her in the bathroom. Needless to say, hearing all this talk from a sexy young woman started to make my cock a bit stiff, so when the invite came, I almost did as well. We slipped into the bathroom for the handicapped (it had room for two). She handed me her glass of wine and while I was taking a sip, she slipped her hand down to my cock and began to gently massage it. Before I got the chance to swallow, she

said that she had neglected to tell me her biggest fantasy was to make love to someone in the bathroom of a train. She pulled my pants down and took my already stiff member into her mouth. Restraining myself, I put down the glass and put my hands on her breasts. They were firm and enjoyable, and the more I caressed them, the more pleasure she seemed to derive from sucking me off.

The train seemed to roar faster and faster, and so did we until we reached the first stop and I heard the conductor shouting. It was then that I started to come. She lapped up every drop, and when she was finished, she stood up, smiled, and thanked me for letting her do that. We finished the wine, and as I started to compose myself, she began to undress. Holy cow, what a body! My cock was stiff in no time. She lowered the john cover, turned around, and offered me her beautiful buttocks! She grabbed my cock from behind and put me inside her as she stood on top of the toilet seat pushing in rhythm with the train's rocking. Before I heard "New Haven, next stop," she was panting and moaning like crazy and I couldn't help but come again. At New Haven, we both collapsed, hugging each other and vowing to meet again. We both left the bathroom with huge smiles, and a suspicious conductor glanced at us as we returned to our seats and slept. At her stop outside of Boston, she departed and said, "See you back in the city," and that I did—and I've been seeing her ever since.—*Name and address withheld*

POLITICKING

I am 25 years old and live in Washington, D.C. Being politically active, I started working in the Republican congressman's office of my home district. The first time I went to his office, I was immediately struck by the beauty of a blond staff member. Carefully, I maneuvered my job situation so that I was working under her.

For the first couple of weeks I did my work but never missed an opportunity to flirt with her. Accidentally, I would let my hand brush up against her beautifully round, firm ass, or I would let her catch me gawking at her perpetually erect nipples. I really wanted to fuck her badly, but since she was about eight years older than me, I resigned myself to fantasizing about her gorgeous ass and firm, friendly tits. Therefore, I was understandably surprised and excited when she asked me to come over to her apartment to help with some extra campaign work. I gladly agreed.

When I got to her place, she greeted me in jeans that were so tight I was surprised she could sit down in them. Of course I didn't mind that the pants accentuated her slim hips and tremendous ass. Just looking at her gave me such a raging hard-on that I was sure I was going to come in my pants right then and there. Noticing the increasing size of the bulge in my pants, she said, "I know what will make you feel more comfortable." I was a little shocked when she walked over to me and undid my pants, exposing my rapidly hardening dick. She whined with delight at the sight of my nine inches. I was again surprised when she proceeded to take the entire length of my prick into her mouth and throat. I was afraid that if I came right then I would be spent for the night, so I slowly pulled my cock out of her mouth and said that it was her turn to have fun.

When she disrobed, I got my first look at her perfect 36D-24-34 body that I had spent so many nights dreaming about. Her tits were so fine looking, they cried to be sucked, which I did with great relish. She got more and more turned on as I nursed at her pink nipples. One of my hands found its way to the soft, blond down that guarded her beautiful pussy, and I started to lightly rub her clit in a circular motion. Soon she was so wet that her juices were running down my fingers and hand. I just had to taste her cunt. My tongue began to trace her outer lips, darting periodically to her clit. She began to squirm a little in a fashion that told me that she was almost ready to come. I concentrated my efforts on her clit until she started grinding that lovely quim harder onto my tongue. She seemed to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 148

(SEE PAGE 15)

"Being in a foreign country is rough, but these photos of Mindy Farrar have brightened many of my days and nights in half a dozen countries!"

PET FORUM

THE WORLD RAVES FOR MINDY

Dear Mindy Farrar,
I know that each month *Penthouse* presents remarkable American beauties, but your appearance in the November 1984 issue [photographs by J. Stephen Hicks] was *really* impressive. As a Parisian, I am surrounded by elegant and beautiful women—but Mindy, all of them would envy you.

I would be more than pleased to receive a personally autographed photo.

Mindy

And on the back, Mindy, let me know when you're going to visit. Come to Paris! It could be yours.—*Name withheld, Paris, France*

Dear Mindy Farrar,
Your Pet of the Month layout was exciting. I feel compelled to send this fan letter, because I too am from the El Dorado, Kansas, area.

Presently, I am in the United States Marine Corps, stationed at Camp Pendleton, California. But because of my six-month rotation overseas, I found the November issue of *Penthouse* in Seoul, Korea.

Being in a foreign country halfway around the world is rough, but these pictures of a back-home girl have brightened many of my days and nights, in half a dozen different countries!

I must say that your sexy yet innocent photos represent the women of our Midwestern state extremely well. A letter or an autographed picture from you would be wonderful. Best of luck!—*Name and address withheld*

WINNING COMBO

Dear Teddie Treacher,
You are without doubt the most gloriously endowed woman in the Western Hemisphere. On a scale of one to ten, you're a 12.

In all my 67 years, never have I seen a woman with such lovely features.

Oh, to be young again, lovely Teddie. I could give you the world!—*Fred S., Rego Park, N.Y.*

Dear Fred,
No one's putting you out of the running but you. I like a man with a little age on his body, but with a lot of youth in his head. This is my idea of a winning combination. Perhaps you and I are another!
—Teddie
P.S. You can send me the world in care of Penthouse.

DOCTOR, DOCTOR

Dear Candice Starrek,
I'm an aspiring young medical student here in the Caribbean who has just stumbled upon your September 1984 "Pet Forum" dialogue with the "man in blue."

I must admit that you are absolutely breathtaking. From what I can make out from your stunning photograph (as small as it may be), you seem anatomically perfect from the tenth rib on up.

Just as your friend the "man in blue" has his fantasy of coming to the rescue of a beautiful woman, future M.D.s, similarly, have great fantasies that need to be fulfilled. I in particular look forward to my return to the Big Apple to begin realizing most, if not all, of those fantasies that make life truly worthwhile.

I must admit that it gets quite lonely and depressing on this tiny island with little to do and enjoy. Furthermore,

Teddie

Candice

academia and the hospital can at times become very draining and repetitious. Thus, in an effort to add some spice to life, it's only sensible that I write and share a few thoughts with you.

Please take time out to respond. I'd like to hear more about you. You owe it to the medical profession.—*Name withheld, St. Vincent*

Dear Doc,
I can't tell you how much I enjoy being the healthy fantasy of so many men in the life-preserving profession. And how glad I am to know that my photographs give you a pleasurable retreat from the hospital. But I only wish all these medical fans would at least guarantee me a free house call!—Candice

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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"When people think of a heavy-metal rocker, they picture a drugged-out high school dropout. This just isn't true."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

HARD FACTS

Kevin Sanders's article "The Thirty-Hour Erection" [December 1984] is excellent reporting. The work of Brindley, Virag, Wagner, and myself ushers in a new era in the diagnosis and practical treatment of impotence. The name of the game is to increase blood flow to the erectile bodies. Where successful, this will either postpone or eliminate the need for a penile prosthesis implantation, which to date has been the primary method of treatment.

Some words of caution may be useful: 1. A 30-hour erection is not desirable; in fact, prolonged erection may harm long-term erectile function. Other shorter-acting, self-injected drugs are preferable. I have been dispensing these since February 1983, with excellent sexual function in about 80 percent of patients. The dropout rate is small, further suggesting that results are satisfactory. 2. This treatment is absolutely not for those who want to improve an existing erection. This would constitute abuse and might be dangerous to normal function. 3. In the future, attention will have to be directed toward the risk factors for impotence, which are the same as for heart attacks, that is, overeating, smoking, diabetes, high blood pressure, elevated cholesterol, and so forth. 4. Impotence may be corrected by other means. A diagnostic workup is essential before embarking on injection treatment.—*Adrian W. Zorgniotti, M.D., Professor of Clinical Urology, New York University Medical Center, New York, N.Y.*

FAN CLUB SPEAKS OUT

Dear Al Goldstein,
We here at the Temple University Chapter of the Ron Jeremy Fan Club were appalled at the insidious and highly degrading comments made in your December 1984 "X-Rated Video" column about our hero, Ronald Jeremy. He is a monstrous talent and a highly respectable individual.

How dare you degrade a man who has served the X-rated film industry in a manner no Shakespearean actor ever could.

Could it be that you are ashamed and overshadowed by such a dominating force in the porn world? Or maybe it's because his cock is bigger than yours? Then again, it could be that you're just jealous of the abundance of pussy that our namesake receives every day.—*The Temple University Chapter of the Ron Jeremy Fan Club*

Al Goldstein replies:
I would have had to conclude that Ron himself wrote this letter were it not for the fact that the English language is quite beyond his command. In any case, the letter proves that Temple is the college of nerds, since Ron Jeremy is the man responsible for making nerdism fashionable. I recently had the misfortune of spending some time with him, and the man has the most feeble approach to getting laid possible. For example, he'll be sitting in a Jacuzzi, and offer to show a girl how it feels to get eaten out under water, and then hold his breath for two minutes while he does it. The girl still won't go out with him. In short, Ron Jeremy is a tragic example for our youth, and I think Temple University authorities should immediately take steps in setting these errant youngsters on the right path.

HEAVY-METAL MANIA

Thanks for the excellent depiction of heavy-metal music in the article "Feeling the Noize" [November 1984]. When people think of a heavy-metal rocker, they picture a drugged-out high school dropout. This just isn't true. Like José, the heavy metal fan, I too am 18 and going into the service. I don't do drugs, or smoke, but I do put away a couple of beers now and then. I think the majority of kids listen to heavy metal to get the blood flowing, not to be rebellious against our elders, as commonly thought. I will listen to any music (except Boy George), but heavy metal has the power to transform my bad moods to good ones almost instantly. I think it's the heavy beat of the drums, the screaming guitars, and the gut-wrenching lyrics that get me going.

As long as heavy-metal bands dish out their powerful music, I'll take it all in! And as long as they continue to put on fantastic shows, I will pay big bucks to see them.—*R. Horner, Daytona Beach, Fla.*

I bought your November 1984 issue because of the article "Feeling the Noize," by Nick Tosches. I am a 32-year-old husband and father. I got my first stereo and rock record when I was 13. I have been into high-energy, kick-ass heavy metal, hard rock—whatever you want to label it—ever since.

Every now and then I go down to the Salty Dog, but not to get laid, drunk, stoned, or to mutilate someone. Pure and simple, I love to dance until I'm covered in sweat, until every muscle aches.

I just don't like the image heavy metal has. It gives me a jolt, a rush, a blast. And that's what I like about high-energy music the most, the release.—*F. P., Buffalo, N.Y.*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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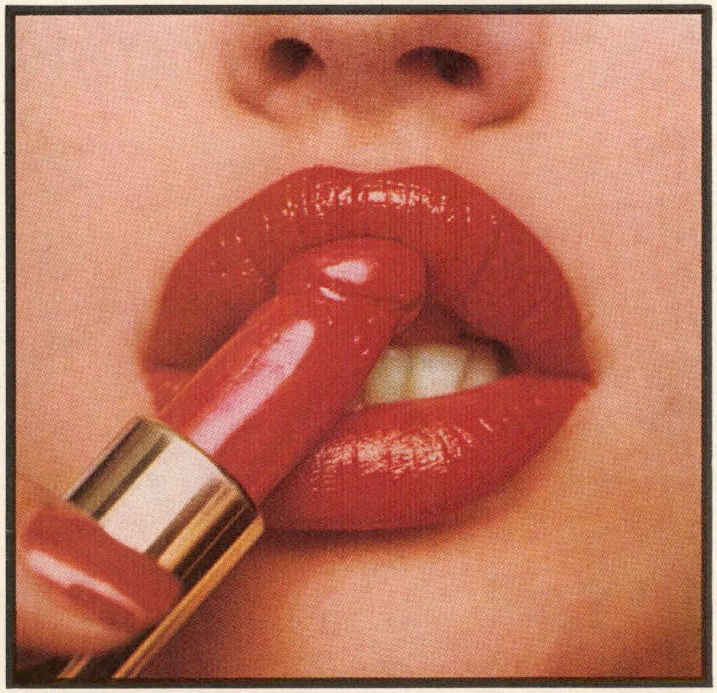
XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH



My story is a twist on the usual. I've never been interested in watching my wife get fucked by another man, and my wife's jealousy never prepared me for what started last summer and what we picked up on again this year.

Patty had always been totally repulsed by masturbation and we've always enjoyed a "fair" sex life. Then one night she was really horny and I had a fever and just couldn't get it up. I started talking to Patty, telling her what I'd like to do. She just kept getting hotter. Her pussy was so ready and I took her hand and placed it over her mound. She moaned and whimpered then tentatively slid a finger inside her pussy.

Soon her hand was pumping furiously and she finally let out a wild scream as she came, her hips bucking wildly. As she came down from her high she said it was one of the best orgasms she'd ever had. I was still ill the following night and she was horny again. She asked me to "talk dirty" to her and I did. But she just couldn't come this time and fell asleep whimpering to herself as we cuddled.

A few nights later, after we'd made love, she said she really wanted a repeat of the night she masturbated herself to orgasm. She figured the only way she could get turned on would be to watch me fuck another woman. I was shocked by her complete turnaround, but after a long conversation was convinced she meant it. Then the questions were, who and when? We talked about those of her friends that turned me on, but her jealousy indicated the need to find a stranger.

The "how" was for me to wear running shorts (no jockey shorts) to the all-night discount grocery store. Patty would pick out a prospective candidate and I would "accidentally" expose myself as soon as we were alone together in an aisle. If there was even a glimmer of interest, we'd meet in each aisle and I'd bend down to get something from the bottom shelf and my cock and balls would hang out.

If she still seemed interested after the third time, Patty would approach her with the proposition. That was the chancy part. The first three times we "scored" on the first attempt. The sex was unbelievably wonderful and Patty would masturbate herself to a glorious orgasm during the wild fucking.

The fourth week was really wild. Few interesting women came in and none rose to the bait. Then finally, I saw an attractive woman and for the first time I had a hard-on as I bent down. I had to tuck myself in as I stood up. Patty approached her, and the woman slapped her face. "What kind of woman do you think I am?" We thought this was the end of it, but she kept following me. I gave her a couple of extra peeks.

She was outside the store waiting when we left and came up to Patty and asked us if we would follow her home. We followed her to a ritzy neighborhood and she let us into her home. The house was filled with religious pictures and there was a big stone cross on the wall on the way upstairs. In the bedroom were chintz curtains and a bedspread straight from the fifties.

She opened the bottom drawer of her dresser and rummaged around and took out a big box. Then she went to another drawer for a key, which opened it, took out some clothing, and went to the bathroom to change. When she came out she was wearing a baby-doll nightie. A light behind her highlighted her full figure and crotchless panties, with a profusion of cunt hair showing through. I had already stripped down to my shorts, and quickly shed them, with my rigid cock ready for action.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 139

All inquiries are treated in confidence. Send to
Xaviera Hollander, *Penthouse* Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.
Miss Hollander regrets that no private replies can be supplied.

Team Honda's Ricky Graham and Bubba Shobert finish 1-2 in 1984 Grand National Championship.

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If you're thinking of getting divorced, it's vital that you learn about property laws.

MEN'S RIGHTS

BY SIDNEY SILLER

If you're considering getting a divorce, it's important to look at the bottom line: How much will it cost?

"Maintenance" and "property awards" are distinctly different legal concepts. "Property" generally includes all assets that have been acquired during the marriage. This can include the marital residence, its contents and furnishings, cars, boats, securities, business interests, life insurance, employee benefits, interests, trusts, pensions, and other deferred compensation. On the other hand, "maintenance" is periodic support given until a spouse dies or remarries. Since we're concerned with property in this column, the questions to be asked are: What right does a woman have to property acquired during the marriage? And does a woman have a right to a share of her former husband's pension and other work benefits?

First of all, make sure you ask your attorney what system of property division is used in the state where the divorce or separation takes place. There are three systems for the distribution of property that are currently in effect in the United States: equitable distribution, community property, and the title system.

It is vital that you acquaint yourself with the respective system used by the state where your divorce will take place, so that you can legally protect those assets that are usually exempt from distribution to your spouse by the court, such as separate property acquired prior to the marriage, inherited, or received by you as a gift.

By way of explanation, let me point out that most states, until about ten or 15 years ago, followed the English common law in forging their divorce judgments. Under common law, a married couple was figuratively viewed as "one." The wife had no legal standing and she was legally merged and incorporated into the legal existence of her husband. Once married, the wife had no control of the assets or property she brought to the union, and she had no rights to the income it produced or to her own earnings in the marriage.

This all changed in the middle of the nineteenth century, as new statutes permitted married women to own property acquired before or during the marriage and to control their own earnings as if they were single. Subsequently, women were granted the right to contract, operate businesses, and to keep their earnings.

The common law logically ordained that a husband's duty was to continue supporting his wife after a divorce. Marital misconduct, though, was a basis for the denial of alimony. And common law generally did not permit a court to give a wife any of the property of her husband, unless it could be proven that it expressly belonged to her.

This common-law practice was called the "title" rule, meaning that the spouse who had legal title to the property continued to be its owner. As a result of feminist pressures, however, combined with the protests of men who had suffered under unfair alimony and support orders, a large majority of states adopted new systems for a more just distribution of marital assets upon a divorce.

The equitable distribution and community property theories of law are based upon the somewhat unrealistic view that all marriages are an "economic partnership." Forty-eight states have now adopted these theories. Mississippi and West Virginia still utilize a modified process of the title rule in awarding property to one spouse or another.

In those states with equitable distribution laws, the court decides what assets are to be considered marital assets and what portion of these the wife is to receive. This principle is applied irrespective of who held title to the property.

It is important to remember that "equitable" does not mean "equal," and that a judge in your particular state may have the discretion to divide your assets unequally between you and your ex-wife. Again, assets acquired before the marriage, inheritances, gifts, and the like are exempted. Bear in mind that in most states the issue of your wife's marital misconduct, i.e., adultery, is not officially a factor in the court's award of equitable distribution. Nonetheless, it is my view that proof of marital misconduct that can "shock the conscience of the court" can improve your position in the case with regard to any custody issue, as well as the ultimate division of assets.

Factors to be considered by a judge in equitable distribution include many of the following: the length of the marriage, age, occupational skills, separate property, contributions of each spouse to the acquisition of marital property and its value, custody, exclusive possession of the marital home, income, standard of income, tax consequences, dissipation of marital assets, pension and retirement plans, gifts, loss of pension and inheritance rights, education of the respective spouses, and possibly the cause of the divorce. And you thought it was easy to be a judge!

Eight states—Arizona, California, Idaho, Louisiana, Nevada, New Mexico, Texas, and Washington—are community property jurisdictions. Generally, this theory assumes that the husband and the wife are equal partners and that each is entitled to half of the marital assets when divorced.

It is obvious that more has to be written in simple terms about these new, complicated property laws. In future columns I will pass on further details about property distribution and your rights.

Team Honda's Fred Merkel streaks to the 1984 Superbike Championship.

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There is a great deal to be said for cultivating a reputation for silence, if you want to get ahead.

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

Talking too much (or talking at the wrong time) brings down more careers in mid-flight than almost anything else.

It's partly a question of national style. Americans don't trust a man who talks too much, and never have.

Talk, in the American business tradition, is for salesmen, lawyers, and women. And, in fact, there is a great deal to be said for cultivating a reputation for silence, if you want to get ahead. In the first place—particularly if you're under the age of 40—there is a great deal more to be learned by listening than by talking. And in the second place, the more you talk, the more you inevitably reveal your plans, your opinions, and yourself.

It is possible, at a meeting, to suppose that a man who is silent is thinking profound thoughts, even if he's not; but a man who is speaking is judged by his words. The first law of business survival is to let somebody else speak first—several people, if at all possible. Find out what *other* people are thinking before you open your mouth.

Bear in mind that if you are in a relatively junior position, your elders and betters are seldom, if ever, likely to *want* your opinion. If it's asked for, you can be pretty sure it's a trick designed to show how little you know. Hence, when the boss suddenly turns to you and says, "What do *you* think, Harry?" the odds are that he doesn't give a damn *what* you think, since he's already made up his mind what *he* thinks. What he wants to see is whether you'll make a fool of yourself.

If you reply, "Sounds great to me, chief," he will very likely say something like: "Great? What's so great about a seven-percent return on investment? What facts do you base that opinion on? You think it's so goddamn great? Show me the numbers on which you base that opinion!"

Or, of course, if you had said the opposite ("Doesn't sound good to me, chief"), then he would say: "Oh it *doesn't,* does it? Well, a seven-percent ROI sounds pretty goddamn good to *me,* young fellow, but maybe you can show us how to get a higher number. I mean, we'd all like to learn how *you'd* do it!"

The wisest course, therefore, is to cultivate the following magic phrase, or any variant thereof: "I'd like to think about that a little"—bearing in mind that your object must always be to remain silent until you know what your boss is thinking himself (or herself, these days), or at least until your colleagues and rivals have made fools of themselves.

Besides, silence *is* golden, very often in the literal sense of the word. Years ago, when I was a young man, I was sent off on a publishing trip to England with the task of selling a "hot" book we had acquired. I was new to the whole business and deeply impressed when my host, a distinguished and rotund British publisher, took me to his club to wine and dine me—but not so new that I didn't take the wise precaution of sipping my drinks, since we had cocktails before dinner, a different wine with each course, and brandy afterward.

My host was flushed and talkative by the end of the meal, when we got down to business over brandy and cigars.

"I want that book," he said.

I nodded. There seemed nothing to say.

"How much do you want for it?" he asked.

This was a question that had kept me awake all the way across the Atlantic. My elders had told me to ask for $100,000, but I naturally hoped to get more. My British host had spent most of the meal telling me how bad business was in England, despite the fact that he was wearing a thousand-dollar Savile Row suit and custom-made Lobb shoes, and that we arrived at the club in his new Bentley.

I shrugged. "How much would you pay?"

He sighed heavily. "I'd go to a hundred thousand," he said at last. "Certainly not a penny more."

I looked at him. His expression was convincingly firm—at any rate, as firm as a man's expression can be after an evening of heavy drinking and good food.

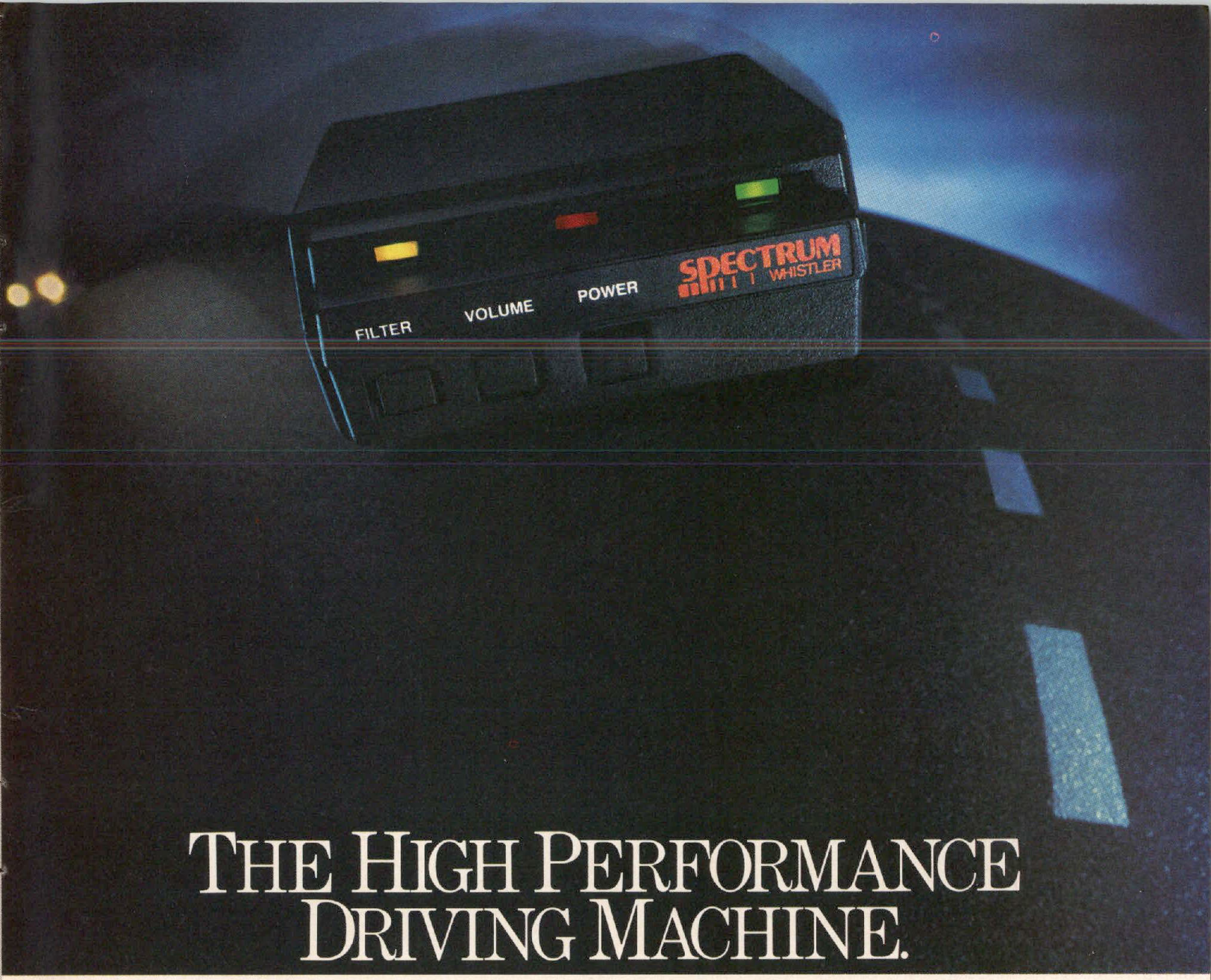
I felt a sense of disappointment. I had hoped for more. Should I tell him I wanted more? He might withdraw his offer. Should I tell him I'd think about it? He might well change *his* mind while I was thinking. Should I see other publishers? But he was the logical customer for the book.

I turned all this over in my mind (to no great effect), and kept silent. One hundred thousand dollars, after all, I told myself, was a lot of money—in fact, it was exactly the figure my elders had asked me to get. I would not emerge as a hero in their eyes, but I would have done my job.

I was about to agree, when my host, perspiring freely now (nothing makes a man more nervous than silence after he has made an offer), leaned forward and said: "One hundred thousand pounds, dear boy! That's a lot of money."

It was indeed. In those days the pound was worth three dollars. By keeping my mouth shut, I had just tripled the price of the book and brought home a $300,000 deal! If I had said—as I surely would, had I spoken—"One hundred thousand dollars it is," my host would have shaken hands on a figure $200,000 *below* what he was prepared to pay. "You've got a deal," I said, as if it was the price I had been thinking about all the time.

Let the other person do the talking. The best way to make money is to use your ears!



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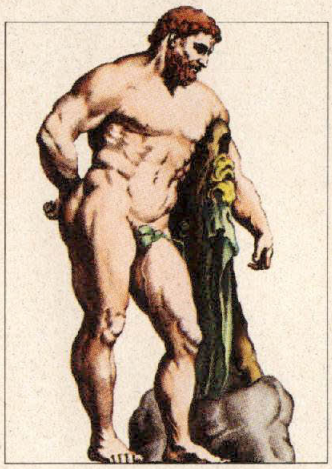
FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.



Friends of mine say they work out first thing in the morning, on an empty stomach—and that this makes them feel energetic all day. I usually exercise in the evening, so I tried working out before going in to my job—and I was exhausted all day. When is the best time to work out? I've also heard that you burn more calories from a workout if you wait two or three hours after eating. Is this true?—P. Paulison, Birmingham, Ala.

There is no best time to exercise. People differ greatly in height, physique, the shape of noses and toes, and myriad other ways. But magazines, books, and the new breed of self-proclaimed fitness and nutrition experts ignore these obvious differences, and tend to lump everyone together and recommend the single "best time" and the one "best way" to exercise.

Metabolic rates vary just as much as noses, though, and while some folks love a vigorous workout first thing in the morning, others are so biochemically and physiologically different that they can't even face a push-up until noon. Some perform best in the evening, others late at night.

Try going through your exercise routine at various times until you find a daily time slot that suits your individual biochemistry. Remember, exercise should *never* leave you exhausted; you should finish feeling refreshed, feeling good. If you don't, then either the time or the form of physical activity is wrong for your particular body. The motto of exercise bubbleheads, "No pain, no gain," has put more people off a regular exercise routine and ruined more good athletes than any other single cause.

Eating at this or that time before a workout does not influence the amount of calories burned by exercise, which are of little consequence anyway. All the cockamamy charts published in books and posted at health clubs that list how many calories are used by this or that type of exercise are worthless. Weight loss through exercise has nothing to do with the calories used during workouts. The secret is that with 30 minutes or more of brisk exercise *of any kind,* your metabolic rate is raised for up to 15 hours afterward. An aerobics class may burn 100 calories, but the resulting quickened metabolism can dispose of an extra 600 or 700 later.

I've heard that the best things to drink are fruit juices. But I've also heard that some juices, like tomato and orange, are high in citric acid—which can upset the stomach, lead to skin breakouts, and contain a lot of sugar. Since my job is often tedious, I like to sip something during the day. I'm trying to break the coffee-and-soda habit and would like to know what juices you suggest. Is plain old water the only healthy thing to drink, after all?—A. Dobrowski, Cleveland, Ohio

Changing from sugared soda and coffee to fruit juices is certainly a good idea. But orange juice "made from concentrate" is often highly sugared, too, and is certainly more acidic. Play it safe and choose less acidic juices, like apple, pear, apricot, and the new berry juices, without added sugar. Some of these juices are carbonated—if you need that fizz for oral satisfaction.

"Plain old water" is not such a good idea. A lot of municipal water in the United States is now badly contaminated with toxic chemicals, metals, and petroleum distillates. Bottled water is not much better, except for a few of the established brands, such as Evian. More than 70 percent of bottled waters are taken from municipal supplies. If you must "sip something during the day," stick to pure fruit juices, or buy a carefully selected brand of bottled water on your way to work in the morning.

Increasing your water intake is a basic requirement for good health, anyway. Your body uses water in so many vital functions (i.e., digestion, circulation, excretion), and you lose water by sweating, urinating, and even in breathing, as vapor.

In fact, it is interesting to note that water, next to oxygen, is the single most important life-sustaining substance. Humans can go for weeks, even months, without food—but without water death comes in a matter of days.

Even minor dehydration can lead to problems. Dermatologists are right on target when they prescribe eight glasses of water a day as the first step toward better-looking skin.

But recognize, also, what your job is doing to you. The sipping or nibbling habit at work is widespread. It is partly an extension of the baby-pacifier response taught in childhood, and partly a conditioned response to clever advertising, which suggests we can sip or snack our way to happiness.

So many otherwise sane Americans have been conditioned to sip thousands of needless calories every working day, only to spend their evenings huffing and grunting at exercise class to get rid of them.

If your job is so tedious that you have to sip your way through it every day, it won't do you any good to look for new and different drinks to improve your health and help pass the time—look for a new job.

Editor's note: Readers with questions about nutrition and fitness are invited to submit them to Dr. Colgan. Some of these inquiries will be answered in upcoming issues. Please send questions to Dr. Colgan, c/o Penthouse, *1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965.*

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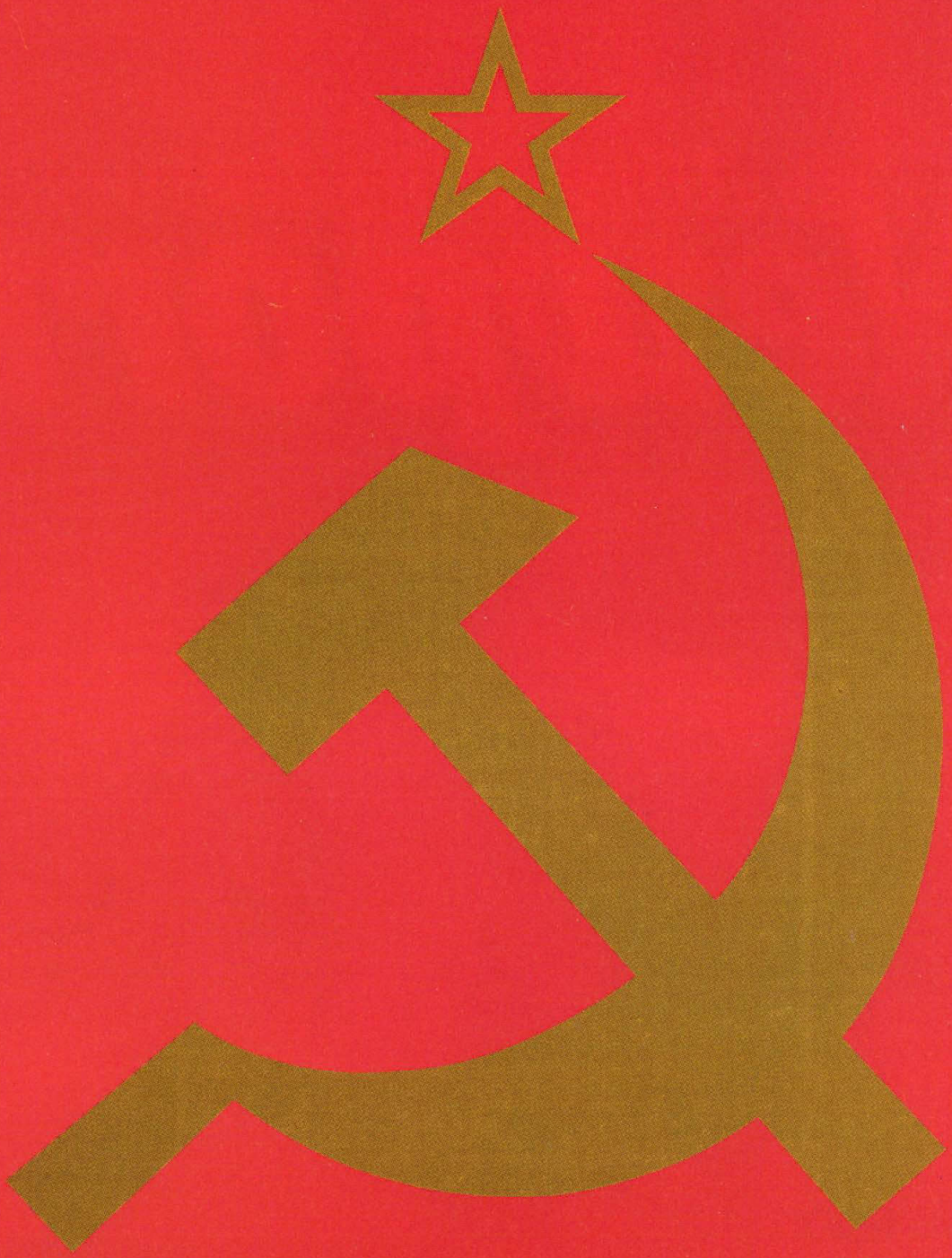
17 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 1984.



Censorship can make the world a better place.

Censorship can make your life easier. When somebody else makes decisions about what you can read and see and hear, you don't have to think as much.

Censorship can cure the world of problems like violent crime and child abuse. If you believe information and ideas cause problems—instead of people.

Censorship can help everyone agree. If you weren't free to read or hear dissenting opinions, or to express your own, it would be a lot easier to agree...just as easy as it was in Nazi Germany, or as it is today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

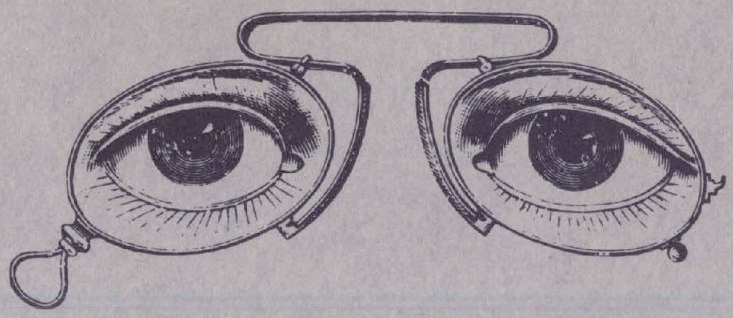
Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare and even *Ms.* magazine.

Right now, some Americans are trying to abridge your constitutional freedoms so they'll be able to choose what books and magazines you read, what television shows you see.

As an American, you have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

BABY SOCKS

BY EMILY PRAGER

Yesterday, I thought about children. On the front of the morning paper was this headline: "State Survey Shows Extensive Drug Use Before the Seventh Grade." The story was about 11-year-olds. Seems they're doing a lot of glue-sniffing and dope-smoking. As a matter of course, you know—like we used to eat dried Kool-Aid packets when we were their age. The story went on to say that in the suburbs, the 11-year-olds are doing more coke than dope. A tribute to American affluence, no doubt. Eleven-year-olds. The prepubescent. If anyone can be said to be prepubescent in this society anymore.

I was going out to buy a pair of socks for a baby I know. So far, she's drugless and she hasn't had sex. She's three months old. She's got time, I think, but I'm old-fashioned. On the street I saw a nine-year-old girl. She was dressed like a baby sex goddess. Off-the-shoulder sweatshirt, dangling diamond earrings, black lace stockings, and high-top sneakers. Fetching, agreed, but Humbert Humbert would have been cowed. The thing is, her mother let her out of the house like that, alone. I would have had her cuffed to my wrist. She was an advertisement for lechery. I don't trust people's restraint that much anymore, if indeed I ever did.

I finally found a baby store. Everything in it came from Japan. Everything in it cost $50, except the baby socks, which were $10. Ten dollars for socks the size of cat toys. Of course, these weren't just any socks. They were white and lacy like Victorian fetish stockings. I passed. She's a baby. The point of getting the socks was to keep her feet warm, not dress her up like an extra in the new Ken Russell film.

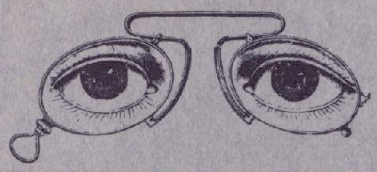
On the street, I thought about the day-care center scandals. I didn't want to think about it, but it's one of those horrors that sticks in your mind because you can identify. We've all been to nursery school, we've all been that tiny and trustful. And I wondered about the age-old question: Are people getting sleazier, or have they always been that sleazy and we just didn't hear about it? Does a larger population mean we have more sleazy people around, or is it our "permissive" times, or what? Too much dioxin in the shellfish? What?

I saw this show about kiddie porn on network TV. Although most of the pornographic material is produced in Holland and Denmark, its biggest consumer is America. The TV program showed a lot of photos, but one in particular ripped through my psyche: It was of a naked two-year-old baby girl with someone whom we couldn't see pressing his adult dick against her chest. They zeroed in for a close-up of the baby's face, and she looked confused, scared, and, perhaps most of all, bewildered. Child pornographers are definitely of the "if you can't eat it, fuck it" mentality. Twisted. Period.

I guess it's no wonder the tots are on drugs, and no wonder that they're suicidal. They want to escape. They feel unprotected, and they are. Ours has become a society in which the survival of adults is far more important than the survival of children. Ditto the care, the comfort, the general welfare thereof. In terms of evolution, of course, this is a death knell. I don't think we see it, but we feel it. Death is in the air.

I found another baby store. Still searching for baby socks. Here, too, everything cost a fortune. Your kid can look like something out of Italian *Vogue* for the same price it would cost you. The tiny hand-knitted sweaters at 60 bucks apiece made grandma's seem like rags. There was nothing ordinary about this store. It was a specialty boutique, like all the baby stores I've seen. As if babies are a luxury item and not part of the human landscape. It's a perfect store for costumes if you've got a performing chimp act.

The baby socks were six dollars, two dollars more than I pay for my own. I passed. On the way out I noticed the latest Snoopy. He's got a black Mohawk and wears gold earrings. I wonder what Charles Schulz would think about that.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE LAW

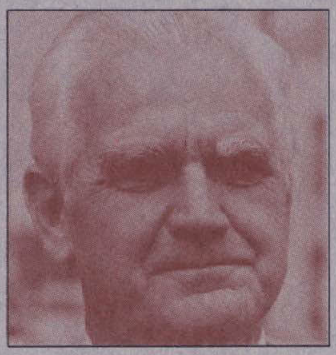
CENSORSHIP BY BANKRUPTCY

For the first time in recent American history some newspapers and magazines are being threatened with bankruptcy because of what they have published. The villain is the newly revived law of libel. After the Supreme Court issued its monumental decision in the 1964 case of *The New York Times* v. *Sullivan*—holding that a public official could not win a libel suit unless the press had maliciously lied about him—it seemed as if honest publishers had little to fear in exposing public corruption or immorality. But now, 20 years later, the threat of bankruptcy caused by libel suits looms larger than ever.

Jury verdicts against newspapers, magazines, and broadcast networks have gotten out of hand. A recent survey of 80 libel trials found that the average award was in excess of $2 million—about three times more than the average verdict in medical malpractice cases. Injured pride, it seems, is regarded by juries as more hurtful than an injured back.

The appellate courts, including the Supreme Court, have sometimes come to the rescue of the media and reversed verdicts. For example, the $26-million jury award in favor of a former Miss Wyoming who claimed that she resembled a character in a *Penthouse* story was reversed on appeal. But other large verdicts have been upheld, and still others are now on appeal.

These "mega-verdicts"



General Westmoreland.

have encouraged even more inflated claims by public figures who don't like what the press has said about them. General William Westmoreland of Vietnam War fame sues CBS for $120 million; General Ariel Sharon of Israel sues *Time* for $50 million; Governor William Janklow of South Dakota sues Viking Press for $24 million; and Senator Paul Laxalt of Nevada sues a newspaper chain for $250 million. Each of these public officials may well have been wrongly accused of misconduct, but they have each had more than ample opportunity to present their side of the story to the public. Instead, they try to "punish" the offending press and reap profits from the alleged libels. Large media corporations such as CBS, *Penthouse,* and *Time* can afford the colossal legal fees required to defend such lawsuits, and could survive mega-verdicts of the kind sought by these generals and politicians. But smaller newspapers and magazines could not stay in business if they lost—or even, sometimes, won—a big libel suit.

Consider the case of the *Telegraph,* a small-circulation Illinois daily with a long tradition of investigative reporting. A jury awarded a local builder $9 million because an unpublished investigative memorandum alleged that the builder had received underworld money. In order to appeal, the newspaper had to post a bond in excess of $10 million. Unable to do so, it was forced to settle the case for $1.4 million. The first million dollars was covered by libel insurance, which itself now costs a small fortune; the rest had to be borrowed. The end result is that the *Telegraph* remained in business, but it no longer tempts the bankruptcy gods by investigating corruption. As the shell-shocked editor recently put it, "Let someone else stick their neck out this time." But there is no one else in town who can afford to risk bankruptcy in the quest for a legitimate exposé.

The one-man publisher-editor-reporter of the *Milkwood*—a Wisconsin monthly with a readership of just over 1,000—won a $20-million libel suit, but it cost him $20,000 and four months of his time. Without contributions from loyal readers, the *Milkwood* would have been driven out of business in the process of winning its case.

What effects will these developments have on the quality and quantity of investigative reporting in the United States? No definitive answer is yet available, because the public is rarely let in on the inner workings of the press. But it is virtually certain that the media—large and small—will exercise more caution in reporting on public officials who are likely to sue for libel. This may not sound so bad. What, after all, is wrong with a bit of caution? Nothing—if the only change is an increase in the accuracy of stories printed. But the media has a limited ability to check accuracy. The upshot of this recent trend is likely to be an increase in self-censorship—and a decrease in the amount of investigative material reported. Moreover, the impact will probably be greatest on reporting about political conservatives, since libel suits have become part of the conservative arsenal against the liberal press. It is no accident that the plaintiffs in most of the mega-cases come from the right wing of the political spectrum.

If, as George Bernard Shaw once put it, assassination is the ultimate form of censorship, then surely bankruptcy is the penultimate form. The American people will be the losers if the fourth branch of our government—a vigilant press—is stifled by the fear of bankrupting libel suits.

—*Alan M. Dershowitz*

VIDEO

HIT VIDS

As recently as last summer, MGM/UA's response to queries on the release date for *Gone With the Wind* was "the late eighties," which sounded wistful: "We'll think about it tomorrow." Now you can look forward to getting the blockbuster sooner—*Gone With the Wind* will be in the stores next month.

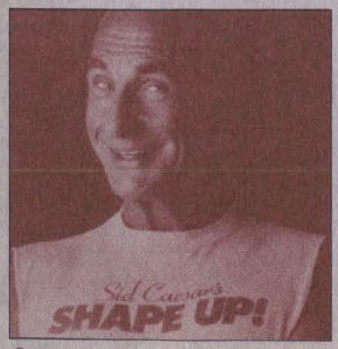
Mail-order offerings of dubious legality have started to appear in the United States for the Japanese disc version, which has an English

soundtrack, Japanese subtitles, and imperfect picture quality. This development may have prompted MGM/UA to release the movie sooner. Or, as one company exec says, "We felt the market was right, and it fits in nicely with the studio's upcoming diamond jubilee."

A more recent megahit, *Star Trek III: The Search for Spock* (Paramount), should appear this month, along with *Buckaroo Banzai* (Vestron, $80), George Roy Hill's recent spy thriller *The Little Drummer Girl* (Warner, $80) starring Diane Keaton, and *Country* (Touchstone, $80) with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

Exercise-tape gimmicks have run the gamut from *Eroticise* to *Blessercise*, and there are more on the way, many headlined by celebrities as diverse as Raquel Welch and Bubba Smith. The most recent such tape is *Shape Up With Sid Caesar* (Media, $30). Sid says it opens with a talk. "I joke a little, of course. I make fun of myself, but it's mostly my philosophy on the importance of taking care of yourself. In fact, I wanted to call it 'Make Friends with Yourself.' "

What brought the famous laugh-maker to fitness? "Fear of death. I abused my body for 20 years. I want to help people replace bad habits with good ones." At last, a tape that helps with motivation first, *then* the sit-ups.



Caesar: funny and in shape.

If laughing is your favorite exercise, *Your Show of Shows* (Media, $50) is due this spring, featuring highlights from the popular TV series. Aired between 1950 and 1954, the show starred Mr. Caesar, Imogene Coca, and Carl Reiner—performing material devised by such writers as Woody Allen, Neil Simon, and Mel Brooks.

Perhaps the only how-to tape ever shot in shadowy soft focus is *Love Skills* (MCA, $40). It's intended to arouse and encourage viewers, but anyone who really wants to improve his or her love skills should probably start by taking the TV out of the bedroom. Then practice.—*James Link*

TV

POP COPS

America is really very moral. Unlike the older civilizations of Europe, it clings to the conviction that the world is on the level. The belief, or the desire to believe, that the good guys are separated from the bad guys according to profession has probably allowed for as much corruption here as cynicism has elsewhere.

Of the good-guy professions, America is enamored of law enforcement above all—not law enforcement as it is in fact, but as it is in made-for-TV fiction. This has something to do with our innocent but perverse morality, to which nothing is so gratifying as violence done in the name of righteousness. On TV, cops get to do everything that bad guys do—drive recklessly (often supernaturally) in fancy cars, fondle large sums of cash, shoot people, and go to bed without brushing their teeth—but they do it in the cause of goodness and justice for all.

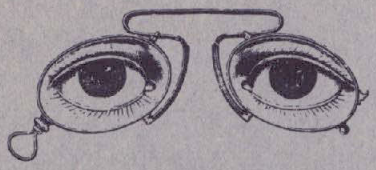
Downright watchable: *Johnson and Thomas in "Miami Vice."*

There is a cop show for every taste. Intellectual slickers have the "gritty realism" of "Hill Street Blues." The socially correct have "Cagney & Lacey." The brain-dead have "T. J. Hooker." And each year the networks' precincts grow.

Last fall we were given "Jessie," an ABC botch in which the former bionic bimbo, Lindsay Wagner, portrayed a saintlike police psychologist. (Many of us had never been aware of what an important role car chases play in clinical psychology.) NBC gave us "Hunter," featuring a guy-gal team whose gun-happy devotion to justice is surpassed only by an even greater devotion to beggarly acting. (Indeed, Fred Dryer, who plays Hunter, belongs to that special class of thespians who come to Hollywood from the NFL.) But NBC has also given us "Miami Vice," a series that is downright, well, *watchable*.

Concocted by Michael Mann, the director of the 1981 movie *Thief*, and Anthony Yerkovich, a former "Hill Street Blues" writer, "Miami Vice" stars Don Johnson and Philip Michael Thomas as Crockett and Tubbs, a couple of incorruptible, down-to-earth undercover cops with a penchant for exchanging existential platitudes about being "out there on the edge." Together they wage a war on southern Florida crime, which more often than not has them battling that new American archetype, the big-time cocaine czar.

The look of "Miami Vice," lush with the colors of lurid wealth and the liquescent neons of that subtropical city of night, seems to have been inspired by Brian DePalma's *Scarface*, a movie as visually rich as it was shallow. In fact, the best parts of "Miami Vice" are not the obligatory action scenes but rather the nighttime cruising sequences, blends of imagery and music that interlace the series like so many little rock videos. Usually, though, they are done better than most of the stuff seen on MTV.



VIEW FROM THE TOP

The producers of "Miami Vice" are obviously concerned as much with the show's sound as with its look. Few costs are spared in obtaining soundtrack material ($10,000 was paid for the privilege of using the Rolling Stones' "Miss You" in one episode), and it is the only prime-time series produced in stereo. There is little doubt that "Miami Vice" is being listened to as well as watched. After it used a four-year-old Phil Collins recording, "In the Air Tonight," the record became the No. 1 request on Miami's leading FM rock station, and Atlantic ended up reissuing it as a single. With clout like that, "Miami Vice" should soon be as important to the pop charts as it has been to the NBC ratings.

It looks good, it sounds good. The rest doesn't really matter. Crockett and Tubbs shoot at Calderone the drug king, Calderone the drug king shoots at Crockett and Tubbs. The drug king gets away. Tubbs seethes, Crockett feeds his pet alligator. Morality isn't easy. But sometimes it's watchable, downright watchable.—*Nick Tosches*

SEX NEWS

NATIVE SEX

Things are so bad on the Moapa reservation that the 350-member band of Paiute Indians living there want to turn to the world's oldest profession to help them out. Moapa is in the desert, just east of Las Vegas, Nevada, and the struggling tribe, besieged by Reagan administration spending cuts, wants to open a legal brothel to shore up their sagging finances. "It's not that we really want a brothel here," spokeswoman Olivia Tom said. "We need to make money."

So far, the Department of the Interior isn't going along with it. Although the request for a brothel was okayed at the regional level, Washington had other ideas. "Not the kind of economic development envisioned by federal policy," sniffed the Bureau of Indian Affairs. The whole thing has wound up in court, with the tribe's lawyer arguing that a brothel would be a sure path to tribal self-sufficiency. The only other going concern on the reservation is a manure bagging business. Looks like the Indian still has the choice of either taking the white man's shit or getting screwed.

SURVEY SEX

Well, yakety-yak. It looks like you *do* have to talk back. According to a survey at Seton Hall University, it's lack of talk, not lack of sex, that drives women to step out on their husbands. Lynn Atwater, a professor of sociology at Seton Hall, surveyed 100 women during an updating of her book *The Extramarital Affair*. Her conclusion: "Talking is sexier than sex." Half the women in America have affairs, double the number of 20 years ago. Although many women said their marriages were not unhappy, they still sought other lovers whom they felt they could communicate with better than their husbands.

NYPD SEX

Drop this into your "Ward, I'm worried about the Beaver" file. That's New York City

Borges: the crime of nudity.

Police Commissioner Benjamin Ward and *Beaver* magazine. The other person in this saga is one Cibella Borges, a cop who was dismissed from the New York City force for the crime of having posed in the nude—nine months before she donned the blue uniform—for something called *Beaver* magazine. Cibella has gone into court, suing to get her job back. And one thing that prompted her to do so was the fact that Benjamin Ward, her superior, confessed recently to having entertained a female friend in his office after working hours. "I was fired for bringing discredit to the department," snorted Borges. "What about Ward? He's married and has kids. I'm not even married." Sounds like sound logic to us.

SEXUAL ASYLUM

A bit of a snafu at Ireland's Shannon Airport: A couple on stopover from the Havana–Moscow flight entered a duty-free shop and asked, in broken English, for "protection." Authorities immediately assumed they had a political defection on their hands and took the couple away for questioning. After 20 minutes it was determined that the couple wanted the type of protection a prophylactic provides—definitely not political protection. And for that they came to the wrong country. Ireland has some of the most stringent birth-control laws in the world, and even condoms must be prescribed by a physician.

SEX BITS

Watch out what you do with a red handkerchief in San Francisco. According to recent research, 40 percent of the single adult male population in the city is gay. That's what we call sitting on a cock by the bay. . . . And in a related survey, a study has found that women are getting more *macho*. *Glamour* magazine reports that 27 percent of the respondents to a recent questionnaire said they could defend themselves in a fistfight, up from 19 percent in 1976. Women are more likely to drink beer and drive sports cars—not, we hope, at the same time. . . . Sin Strip just isn't what it used to be, and you can chalk up the change to a new police computer. Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard, once a hooker haven, is as clean as Main Street, Podunk, lately. Police have a computer that they credit for the change, saying it helps them to keep track of the working girls' aliases. . . . Commie murder squads? Asian slave traders? Those were the kinds of phrases bruited about when federal agents busted 26 New York massage parlors and arrested 46 masseuses, mostly Korean, working them. The agents then said that they were threatened by hit squads of Chinese Red Army deserters.

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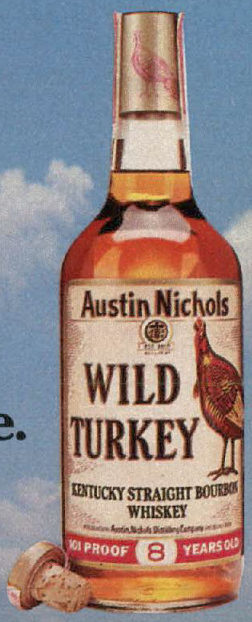

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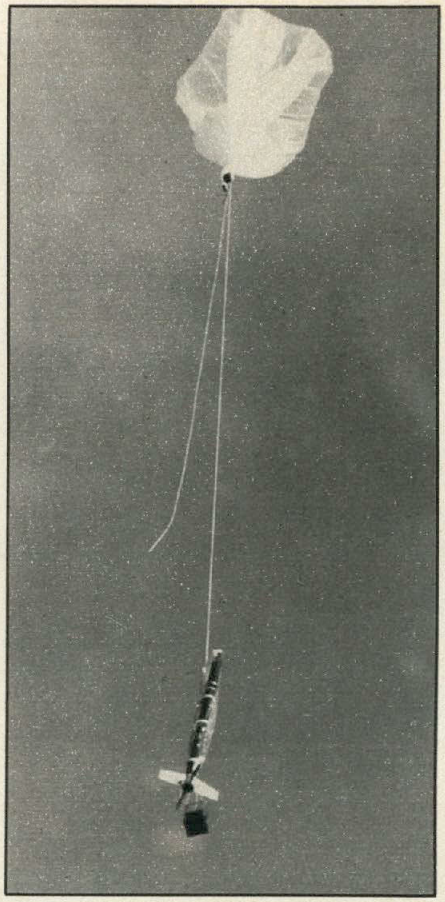
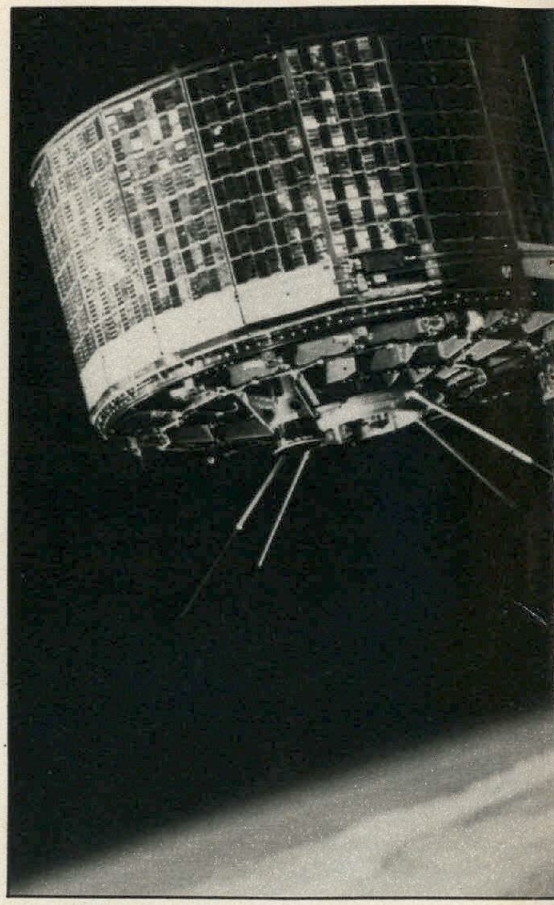
HIGH-TECH ESPIONAGE

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN

True stories of flying saucers—
and other misadventures of "perfect" spies
in an imperfect world.

PAINTING BY ADOLF SCHALLER





The man who started it all: Sidney Cotton (above), who in 1938 developed the first successful high-altitude spy camera. Cotton never dreamed that his innovation would someday be hooked up to the American Skyhook balloon (right), and still later, wind up as the central rationale for another brilliant American technical development, the TIROS spy satellite (center). But the silent world of electronic espionage was marked by a number of strange developments. One of the most bizarre was the Japanese Fu-Go balloon (opposite page, top right). It failed, though it did lead America to its own balloon program. However, the U.S. balloons caused a spate of "flying saucer" reports—some of them supported by alleged photographs of actual extraterrestrial spacecraft, such as the one on the opposite page, top left. The spy balloons were finally replaced by the most famous development in technical espionage, the Lockheed U-2 spy plane (opposite page, lower left), which is still used to gather intelligence.

On the evening of June 24, 1947, Kenneth Arnold was flying his private plane near the Cascade Mountains in Washington State when he saw a sight he was never to forget.

As he recounted later, he spotted nine very bright objects flying in what appeared to be a chain formation. Each about the size of a DC-3 transport plane, the objects passed within several miles of Arnold's plane at a very high speed. Arnold had never seen anything like it, and later, in trying to describe how the objects flew, he used the simile "like saucers skipping across water."

That interesting turn of phrase somehow became "flying saucers" in newspaperese (although Arnold himself never used the term), and thus was born an expression that later passed into the language. More importantly, Arnold's sighting, the first such incident in a long list of similar sightings that went on for years, set off the flying saucer craze—the belief, still held by many, that alien spaceships regularly visit this planet.

But only a handful of people knew exactly what Arnold had seen. They knew that he had inadvertently spotted America's most secret intelligence operation.

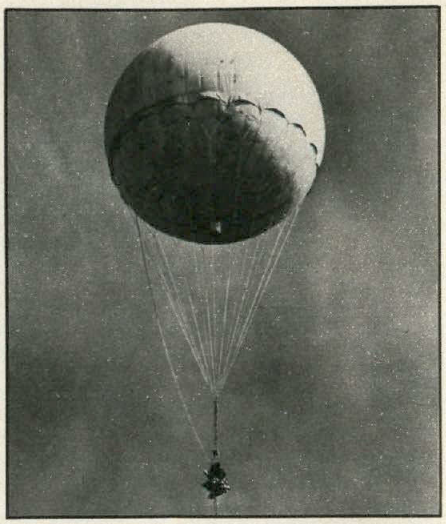
How all this came to be is a story of some complexity. It is fundamentally a story of human ingenuity, for the private pilot's accidental peek into the murky world of espionage afforded only a tiny view of the most important part of that world, technical intelligence. And it is technical intelligence, still in its infancy that day back in 1947, that has come to dominate all modern espionage.

The effect has been revolutionary: The United States has constructed an elaborate technical spying system—this country's chief eyes and ears—undreamed of in the long history of the world's second-oldest profession.

Kenneth Arnold knew nothing of this when he accidentally stumbled across part of the secret 38 years ago. Nor did he know that he had seen, at least in part, the collective genius of a Japanese balloonist, an irascible American aircraft designer, and a college dropout who was determined to prove the experts wrong.

Together, they helped to develop an unrivaled system that has not only come to assume virtually all the functions of American intelligence, but has caused the traditional cloak-and-dagger human spy to all but disappear. That quaint practitioner of espionage has been supplanted by a huge web of electronic and other technical systems that promise fulfillment of the ancient dream of all espionage: specific, unequivocal, and detailed intelligence, safely beyond the reach of anyone trying to intercept it.

So much for the dream—the reality is quite something else. For however wondrous and all-encompassing modern intelligence technology might be, it has proven unable to answer intelligence questions with certitude. And ironically enough, the more detailed, accurate, and sweeping these technical systems, the more arguments they seem to incite about



just what they are seeing (and whether they have seen *everything* worth seeing).

What has happened is what no one could have anticipated in 1947—including, as we shall see, the creation of the flying saucer craze.

Modern technical intelligence was born in the great British aerial reconnaissance and photo-interpretation operation of World War II. By comparison, U.S. technical intelligence at the beginning of the war was somewhere in the Dark Ages. A crash program put the United States in the forefront of aerial reconnaissance almost overnight. The key to that achievement lay in the American bases ringing Germany and German-occupied territory. From those bases, the Americans could fly missions and return. That advantage disappeared with the advent of the Cold War; even the newest-model planes had no hope of carrying out unescorted strategic reconnaissance missions (journeys several thousand miles long) over Eastern Europe and the Soviet Union. The Red Air Force was large and alert; backed by ground-based radar, it was capable of checkmating any reconnaissance overflight.

Yet the need for such reconnaissance was growing more acute. The answer, obviously, was some sort of airborne platform that could overfly the vast distances of the Soviet Union out of range of fighter planes, take pictures, and return safely to base. The most advanced U.S. reconnaissance aircraft of the post-war period, the RB-47 (essentially a souped-up reconnaissance version of the B-47 jet bomber), carried seven precision cameras, which, operating automatically, could photograph one million square miles of territory during a three-hour flight, recording a strip 490 miles wide by 2,700 miles long.

But the Soviet Union's most important strategic facilities—their largest military airfields, nuclear testing sites, major industries, etc.—lay thousands of miles inland; however impressive the RB-47's capabilities, it could not possibly get pictures of those sites without overflying the Soviet interior. And that, given the formidable Soviet defenses, was not feasible. How, then, could it be done?

In 1933, Reikichi Rada was named head of the Japanese military's Scientific Laboratory, which (among other assignments) was trying to solve the problem of how to bomb enemy targets at intercontinental ranges. No foreseeable development in airplane technology seemed capable of producing such an aircraft, so Rada hit upon an innovative idea: Balloons would be armed with bombs and then sent to drift into enemy territory, where the bombs would be automatically released.

After Pearl Harbor, Rada was eager to demonstrate that his idea would work. With prevailing winds unique to Japan, he discovered that a balloon launched from Japan's east coast could drift 6,200 miles to the United States' west coast. Next, Rada developed an ingenious automatic system for the balloon that dropped ballast to keep the balloon at a constant altitude during the flight, then loosed an incendiary or other type of bomb as the balloon settled to earth somewhere in the United States.

The Rada-designed balloons were launched eastward in the fall of 1944. Operation Fu-Go, as the Japanese called it, was on.

As the world's first intercontinental military attack, Fu-Go was not a glittering success—although it did cause some panic in American intelligence, which clamped down a tight lid of secrecy in order to prevent the Japanese from learning whether their balloon attacks were successful. The first balloons began floating over the United States in November 1944, and by April of the following year, when the Japanese gave up Fu-Go, a total of 285 balloons had been spotted. Most had been intercepted over the ocean or malfunctioned, although one woman and her five children were killed in Oregon when a Fu-Go bomb exploded. The Japanese had launched nearly 4,000 of the balloons toward the U.S. mainland, and, given the fact that only a small percentage of them ever reached their target, Fu-Go was a failure.

The failure, however, was only in military terms. From an intelligence standpoint, Fu-Go was a success—at least to the Americans, for it provided them with the germ of an idea on how to get intelligence on the Soviet Union.

The idea was born in the series of intelligence reports prepared by the Army and Navy on the Fu-Go flights. One glaring fact stood out in those reports: The Japanese had managed to fly by remote control a very stable airborne platform at distances of over 6,000 miles. Instead of bombs, what if such balloons were armed with cameras? Could similar types of balloons be launched into prevailing winds sweeping over the Soviet Union?

By coincidence, the Air Force was running an extensive meteorological research program at the time called Moby Dick. Operated in conjunction with the Navy's Office of Naval Research, Moby Dick aimed to uncover some of the mysteries of the upper atmosphere, where future aircraft (and missiles) were to operate. The program used the latest in high-altitude weather-research balloons, a large gasbag called Skyhook. The first models were about 300 cubic feet in size and capable of rising to over 120,000 feet. The high altitude was made possible by use of an innovative, partially transparent plastic material, which reflected the sun in a diffused rainbow of colors. More significantly, in the context of the curious role Skyhook was to play later on, the balloon also changed shape as it rode into less dense air and its helium gas filled out. The balloon would change from an ice-cream-cone shape to a near-circle; then, as it moved violently in the winds of the upper atmosphere, it would become almost saucer-shaped.

The tendency of Skyhook to change shape, especially into the form of what appeared to be a saucer, caused a major and unanticipated headache in the Moby Dick program. One of the initial test flights of Skyhook in 1947 was spotted by Kenneth Arnold, and the flying saucer scare was on. As the people running Moby Dick were aware, the sightings almost perfectly described what happened to the Skyhook balloon as it encountered the strong winds of the upper atmosphere: The balloon flattened out in the shape of a saucer and was yanked around violently, while reflecting sunlight in shades of blue, red, and green. In other words, a classic flying saucer (or, later, "UFO") report.

The flying saucer scare became serious. In 1948, an Air Force pilot was killed while chasing a mysterious UFO (actually a Skyhook test flight), and there was no end of reported UFO sightings. The difficulty was that no one who knew anything about Moby Dick could discuss the program publicly, for by that time it had become a classified intelligence operation. Operating from secret launching sites in Europe (where they precipitated another UFO scare), Skyhook balloons were launched into the prevailing winds sweeping west to east over the Soviet Union. They were hooked up with cameras and radio gear; when they reached Japan after a flight across the Soviet heartland, a radio signal sent from the ground would tell Skyhook to detach its instrument package. (Later, Air Force pilots developed a special trapezelike hook, attached to cargo planes, which caught the balloon's shroud lines and recaptured the entire Skyhook, ready to be flown another day.)

Ultimately, Moby Dick was a failure. Many of the balloons crashed in the Soviet Union, and those few which made the entire flight produced spotty results. Improvements in Soviet air-defense radar—balloons, because of their large surface area, make perfect radar targets—eventually spelled the end of Moby Dick. The last balloon flight over the Soviet Union took place in 1958.

Despite its ultimate failure, a number of valuable lessons were learned from Moby Dick. Most importantly, it proved that overflights of the Soviet Union were possible and that reconnaissance pictures could be taken from high altitudes. The central problem remained, however:

> "One evening in June 1947, Kenneth Arnold, flying a private airplane, inadvertently spotted America's most secret intelligence operation."

A stable, safe platform was needed, something that not only would be impervious to the Soviet air-defense system, but also would not risk the lives of valuable pilots. Soviet defenses were beginning to exact a high price for intelligence-gathering flights. By 1948, 40 American planes had been shot down while flying along or across the Iron Curtain, forcing reconnaissance missions to become increasingly cautious. The trend was obvious: As Soviet radars and MIG fighters improved, the American spy planes would become increasingly endangered.

The possibility of a complete cutoff of American reconnaissance of the Soviet Union presented an especially stark problem: If there were no reconnaissance, how would it be known that Russian intercontinental bombers or missiles had been launched against the United States?

It was the fear of a Soviet surprise attack—and the realization that American intelligence had no real capability for detecting it—that led President Eisenhower in 1954 to appoint a special panel of experts to come up with a solution.

The panel had a number of subcommittees examining the problem of detecting a surprise attack, the most important of which was the group studying U.S. intelligence capabilities. The subcommittee included a remarkable character named Edwin H. Land, the inventor, founder, and president of Polaroid. A notoriously reticent man (he has only given two press conferences in 35 years), Land was in the classic tradition of the great American tinkerer/inventor. He had dropped out of Harvard during 1937; then he taught himself the intricacies of polarized light, mostly by holing up in a room at the New York Public Library and reading his way through anything about the subject he could get his hands on. Land went into business for himself in an old Massachusetts garage, ultimately developing 530 patents—including his most famous, the self-developing camera. Polaroid, the name he coined to describe the process, became an American household word.

Land was very much in the "can do" spirit of American inventiveness, and to him, the problem of getting intelligence on the Soviet Union was soluble—provided that the customary bureaucratic inertia was overcome, along with the reluctance of experts, who decreed that taking clear pictures from heights of about 70,000 feet was impossible. Land's insistence was no small factor in the panel's final conclusion that the solution to the problem of American intelligence was strategic reconnaissance, using a stable platform that could overfly targets above 70,000 feet and take detailed photographs.

Land had vowed the photographic problem could be solved, but what about the platform? That seemed to be a more knotty problem, but the panel noted that a number of high-performance test aircraft might possibly be converted into such platforms—assuming that considerable technological problems were solved.

At that point, the panel had the good fortune to encounter Clarence "Kelly" Johnson, of Lockheed—a man who was already a legend in the airplane-design business. He had made his mark with a number of aeronautical miracles, among them the first American jet fighter, the F-80 "Shooting Star," which in 1945 took an unheard-of total of 141 days from design to production.

Johnson did not suffer fools gladly, and his independent style, hands-on philosophy, and disregard for bureaucratic convention were nervously tolerated by Lockheed executives, a number of whom Johnson did not hesitate to upbraid when he thought they were interfering in his projects. (Once, when asked the secret of his success, Johnson snapped, "I get a few good men and drown the rest.")

Lockheed had the sense to leave its brilliant, if somewhat foul-tempered, designer alone. Johnson spent most of his time in what was officially known as Air

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Force Plant No. 42 (on the edge of the desert at Lockheed's Palmdale, California, plant), working out designs that were literally made by hand to his specifications. Plant No. 42 was more familiarly known around Lockheed as the "Skunk Works," after the mysterious still in the "Li'l Abner" comic strip that produced the famous Kickapoo Joy Juice.

Among the projects Johnson was working on in 1954 was a test airplane known innocuously as Utility-2, used to test engines and other systems at high altitudes, where the next generation of jet fighters was expected to operate. One of Johnson's more innovative designs, Utility-2 was difficult to describe: something of a glider-sailplane with turbojets, long, light wings, and a needlelike shape. Although it had a phenomenal 4,000-mile range, it looked unlike any other plane ever to take to the air.

But no matter how odd it looked, the panel realized that Utility-2—soon most often referred to by its nickname, U-2—was that perfect reconnaissance platform they had been seeking. Johnson promised he could make the U-2 into a spy plane. And hooked up with a new Land invention—special long-focus cameras that could scan continuously through seven apertures—Johnson's U-2 was the most astounding technical development up to that point in the history of espionage. Here at last was the perfect spy: It could fly at the then astonishing altitude of 90,000 feet and snap detailed reconnaissance pictures, safely out of the reach of any known jet fighter, missile, or other hazard.

But only a few people connected with the U-2 knew that for all of its marvelous qualities, the plane had an Achilles' heel: a tendency to flame out at high altitudes. Flameout—the stalling of jet engines in thin air because of the lack of oxygen—was of special concern to the U-2 pilots, for it meant they had to glide down to a lower altitude, then restart the engine. But the U-2's fuel, a specially refined kerosene, was difficult to ignite. The pilots often would have to drop even lower, to approximately 30,000 feet, in order to get sufficient oxygen for restarting the engines. And 30,000 feet was where jet fighters and surface-to-air missiles could easily attack.

That is precisely what happened to pilot Francis Gary Powers on the afternoon of May 5, 1960. When he suddenly reported a flameout that afternoon, CIA officials knew he was in serious difficulty. Powers at that point was overflying the Soviet industrial city of Sverdlovsk, ringed with the most advanced surface-to-air missiles; if he had to drop to a lower altitude to restart his engine, he would come into missile range. Powers dropped to that altitude, and the U-2 was struck by a Russian surface-to-air missile.

The Powers incident did not completely end the U-2 program—the plane is still used to this day for overflights of poorly defended areas—but it did shatter the American confidence in the U-2 as the final answer to the problem of obtaining strategic intelligence on the Soviet Union. However, an even more amazing substitute was being readied.

Just before dawn on April 1, 1960, a Thor-Able rocket lifted off from Cape Canaveral, Florida, with a 290-pound satellite in its nose. Called TIROS (television and infrared observation satellite), the satellite basically was designed to photograph cloud formations from above—fulfilling a long-standing dream of meteorologists, who had claimed for years that high-altitude observation was required in order to make accurate forecasts. Additionally, the scientists hoped that observation of weather patterns on earth would afford early warning of major weather disasters, including hurricanes and typhoons.

But TIROS was also a bold experiment in espionage, designed to test whether a high-orbiting satellite—far from radar, missiles, and fighters—could carry out photographic reconnaissance. There was some question whether such reconnaissance, hundreds of miles up in space, could duplicate the U-2's capabilities; some experts argued that because so much of the earth's surface was socked in by weather systems at heights of 100 miles and above, it was very doubtful that a satellite could ever see ground targets.

> A factory behind the Iron Curtain produces nothing but rubber MIGs, phony submarines, and other decoys to hoodwink American satellites and spy planes.

TIROS carried the latest marvels of American technology—in particular, two television cameras powered by nickel cadmium batteries recharged by 9,000 solar cells. Each camera—actually a sophisticated television tube combined with a focal-plane shutter—could store the pictures it snapped on a tube screen. An electron beam converted the stored image into electronic signals, which were then transmitted directly to ground receivers or recorded on magnetic tape. When the satellite came within range of a ground station, it could be ordered by radio signal to "play" its tape for the station to pick up.

Two hours after its maiden flight began, TIROS's first pictures shocked the meteorologists and the more expectant CIA and Air Force experts who were awaiting the results: *everything* could be seen clearly. To the surprise of all the experts, TIROS showed that, in clear weather, satellite cameras saw in detail everything within the scope of their lenses. The pictures from the first pass over the Soviet Union and China were so clear that the smallest details of air-base runways, planes, missile sites, and military bases could be picked out easily, even by the untrained eye.

The stunning success of TIROS revolutionized intelligence collection almost overnight. It proved that a satellite was capable not only of obtaining sharp reconnaissance pictures, but of eliminating the need for a pilot. As an extra bonus, the satellite was invulnerable to any projected possible threat, since it operated high in space.

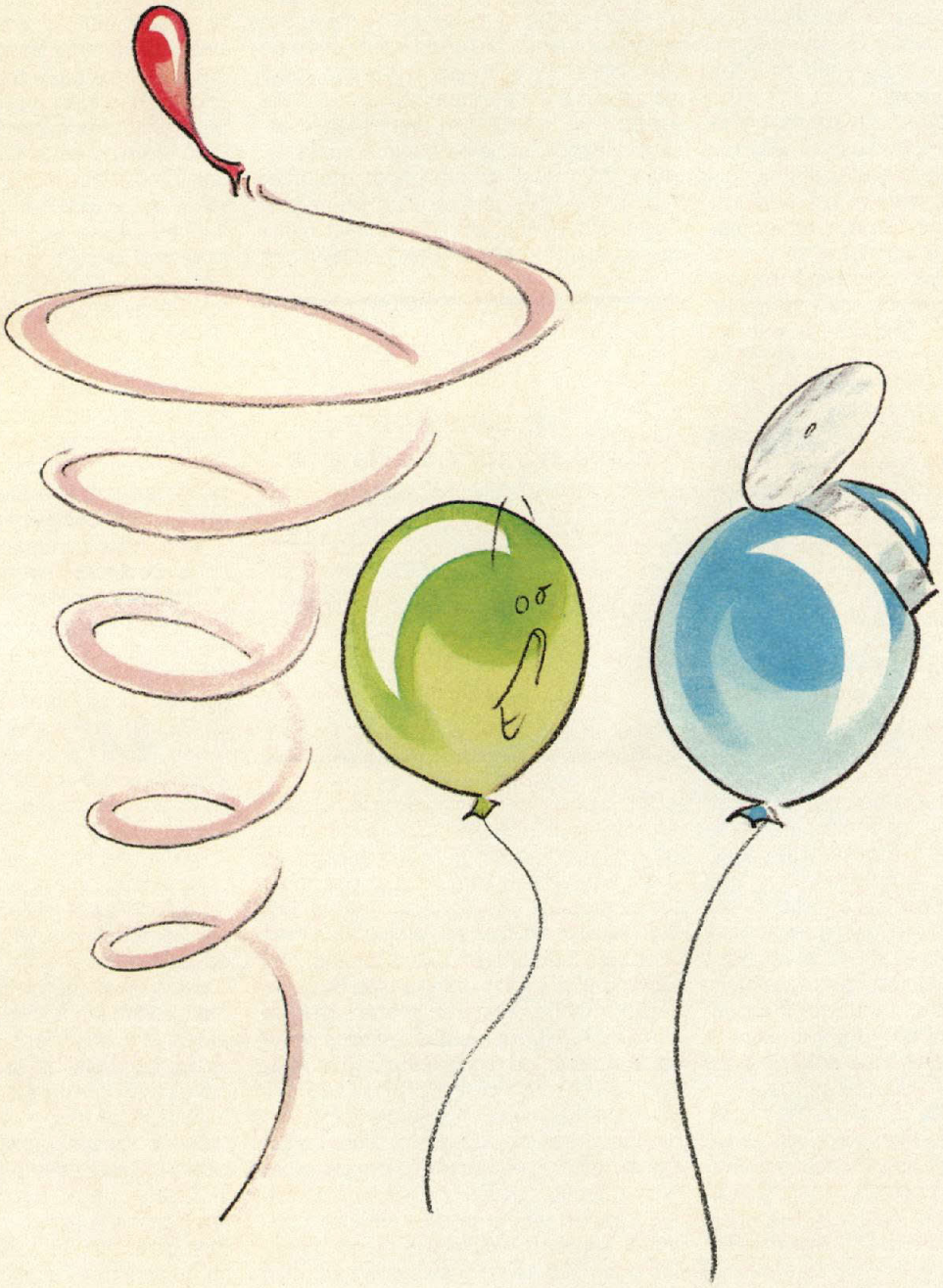
The United States took a quantum jump in spy-satellite capability in 1971, when the first of the Big Bird satellites were launched. They were equipped with high-resolution television cameras, which can scan wide swaths of land on every pass, supplemented by highly sophisticated cameras which take detailed pictures. Even more amazing were the KH (for "keyhole") satellites launched three years later. KH has special sensitive cameras that can measure images in terms of heat (thus detecting even subtle changes), along with multispectral scanning devices that register wavelengths, picking up images that even the most sensitive photographic films can't detect.

The key to the success of the American spy satellites has been U.S. technology's ability to dramatically improve ground resolution—the size of the smallest possible object distinguishable in a satellite camera's picture. A good deal of that capability has been revealed by the U.S. space program, which routinely publishes amazingly detailed pictures taken by its nonmilitary spacecraft and satellites. But even those pictures represent child's play for spy-satellite cameras, which can achieve ground resolution of about four inches from 100 miles away.

Technology has also made a number of dramatic improvements in how much data can be received from a spy satellite. In the beginning, the Air Force borrowed an old idea from the Moby Dick program and began retrieving photo capsules parachuted from satellites, using the trapeze-hook method that once snared Skyhook balloons. The method is still used for photos produced by "quick-look" spy satellites that sweep in relatively low (about 100 miles up) over a particular target to take pictures. Most satellite imagery, however, is returned by electronic signal, produced by a system aboard the satellite that takes the pictures, instantly develops them, then stores the images on a television scanner that transmits the data to earth, where they're fed into large

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"Next time—please, give me the bill."

computers for processing.

The technological revolution that created the spy satellites has also been packing ever more sophisticated capabilities into them. The reason is microcircuit chips, which can now be made five or seven microns wide (each micron is one-millionth of a meter), much thinner than a human hair. American intelligence, however, is in the forefront of an effort to develop one-micron-wide VHSICs (very high-speed integrated chips) that can store prodigious amounts of data. How much data? A map of the United States printed on a sheet of paper only 20 inches wide would show every single street in the entire country, represented by lines only a half-micron wide.

Combined with other advances in various sensing devices, that would give spy satellites a truly awesome capability. The newest generation of satellites now operating include such advances as imaging radar (which can see and map ground targets even through heavy clouds), infrared radiometer and thermal infrared scanners (which can detect underground construction), mosaic infrared detectors (which can spot heat sources at night, especially missile and aircraft exhausts), and multispectral scanners (which can take several pictures at the same time in different regions of the visible light spectrum and infrared bands). Additionally, new computers allow analysts to manipulate this data to bring out subtle details.

Much less is known, however, about a second type of spy satellite—the ones that collect ELINT and COMMINT (electronics and communications intelligence). These remain the U.S. government's deepest intelligence secrets, and its chief concern.

The reason for the American concern is technology: Radar, phone scramblers, radio communication networks, and electronic warning complexes have become an important part of a nation's arsenal—and therefore a prime target for intelligence. Getting at those electronic webs in the Soviet Union has presented a problem, for most of them are deep in the heartland, out of the range of eavesdropping devices. The initial solution was to attack the web at its outer fringes.

Beginning in 1946, U.S. "ferrets," most of them cargo planes jammed with electronic listening gear, flew missions along the Iron Curtain borders. Inside the planes, military and National Security Agency electronics experts moved the receiver dials slowly, hoping to pick up any interesting transmissions from the other side of the border, ranging from tactical orders to high-level communications with Moscow.

Some of the ferrets, however, played a much more dangerous game: They would make a headlong dash across the Iron Curtain into the airspace of an Eastern European country (or, in other areas, across the Soviet border itself), deliberately setting off air-defense alarms. Those transmissions, invaluable for showing the strength, response time, and pulse levels of radars, were recorded as the ferret suddenly turned tail and headed back at top speed for home. Some didn't make it: Almost half of the several dozen American spy planes shot down by the Russians while flying the "fringe route" from 1946 to 1960 were electronics ferrets.

The ferret missions were supplemented with a wide range of sometimes ingenious efforts to tap into Soviet communication nets. Among them was one of the more bizarre operations designed to gather communications intelligence on the Soviet Union: monitoring stations set up on several small ice islands near the North Pole, where they were ideally situated to pick up Soviet military transmissions from Russian territory on the other side of the Pole (and provide warning of Soviet strategic attack). But a freak early-spring thaw in 1954 suddenly caused one of the islands to begin floating into Soviet territory—while the Air Force detachment on it wondered what would happen to them and all their monitoring equipment when they fell into Russian hands. The Air Force sent a plane to pick up the men and their equipment, but it crashed on landing and was unable to take off.

> "The dangers of operating communications intelligence near Russia were demonstrated when an Air Force unit on a North Pole island drifted into Soviet territory."

Meanwhile, Russian planes began buzzing the island, and the leader of the detachment, fearing imminent Soviet attack, ordered his men to dig in—and discovered that it was impossible to dig into the thick pack ice. To make matters worse, the monitoring equipment detected what was thought to be a flight of Soviet bombers headed for the North American continent. An alarm was radioed, and the entire American air-defense system went on alert—only to find that they had been alerted for a flight of migrating Siberian fish ducks.

An emergency Air Force helicopter finally lifted the men and their equipment off the ice island before the Russians could grab them, but the incident again demonstrated the dangers of operating communications intelligence, even on the fringes of the Soviet Union. (This episode served as the basis for the popular book and movie, *Ice Station Zebra*.)

With the advent of satellite technology, a considerable amount of ELINT and COMMINT was put aboard special ferret satellites that were piggybacked onto photo-reconnaissance satellites. The first ferret satellite was launched in 1962, and with advances in sensor technology, they are now able to record a vast amount of electronic transmissions while orbiting about 300 miles high. At that altitude, the satellites are invulnerable to attack—although there are recurring attempts to jam them electronically—but there has been much more danger associated with some of the supplements to the ferret satellites. One was an operation that converted old World War II Liberty merchant ships into floating electronics-interception platforms; packed with radars and radio receivers, the ships, including the ill-fated *Liberty* and *Pueblo*, slowly sailed in waters just off the borders of assorted hot spots, recording every electronic transmission they could reach. Even more dangerous was the De Soto program, composed of patrols of U.S. Navy destroyers packed with electronics-interception gear that, during the early 1960s, deliberately provoked coastal defense radars in North Vietnam—a program that finally led to the fateful attack in 1964 on two De Soto destroyers in the Tonkin Gulf.

Why would these dangerous operations continue, even after ELINT and COMMINT functions were put aboard satellites? Because unlike photo reconnaissance, collecting electronic transmissions involves much more (and much heavier) equipment. The EC-121 American ELINT plane shot down by North Korea in 1969, for example, had a crew of 31 and *six tons* of eavesdropping equipment aboard; it will be quite some time before that amount of equipment can be miniaturized for use aboard satellites.

American intelligence has now surrounded its perceived enemies, notably the Soviet Union, with a vast electronic eavesdropping web whose size, complexity, and thoroughness remain unmatched in the history of espionage. Besides the satellites, there are 2,000 listening posts all around the world to eavesdrop on military communications, a half-dozen huge radar complexes to monitor missile tests, and a sprawling communications-interception operation in Cheltenham, England—run in conjunction with Canada and Great Britain—that picks up virtually all military communications in Eastern Europe. Additionally, the Americans are now deploying the very latest in COMMINT—robot electronic snoops planted at various sites inside the Soviet Union. About the size of a small handbag, the robots are unbelievably sophisticated electronic eavesdropping devices, capable of automatically gathering transmissions from superhigh frequencies being broadcast miles away, then encoding and transmit-

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ting them up to 300 miles to a passing plane or satellite.

(Although the robots are still highly secret in the United States, the Russians found out about them when one of the robots, carefully concealed inside an artificial tree stump, was sited in a forest near Moscow. The CIA agents who did the job made a serious mistake: They put the robot inside a fake pine-tree stump, which they placed in a grove of aspen trees. A pine tree in an aspen grove is very rare in the Soviet Union, and the robot inside was soon detected.)

All of this seems almost breathtaking: a huge clockwork operation of such ingeniousness, and one so airtight, that nothing could ever escape. And yet that is not what has happened; the supreme irony of modern American intelligence is the discovery by many of its practitioners that the more sophisticated the collection system, the more ambiguity in the resulting intelligence judgments there seems to be.

Consider what happened in late 1970, when U.S. photo-reconnaissance satellites detected the building of what appeared to be 80 new Soviet ICBM silos. That triggered an intelligence alarm, but three years passed while various components of the American intelligence community argued over its significance. Not until 1973 were the Russians asked formally about the silos—they responded that they were command and control silos, not missile emplacements—and it took until 1977 for the debate finally to be cleared up. (The Russians were telling the truth.)

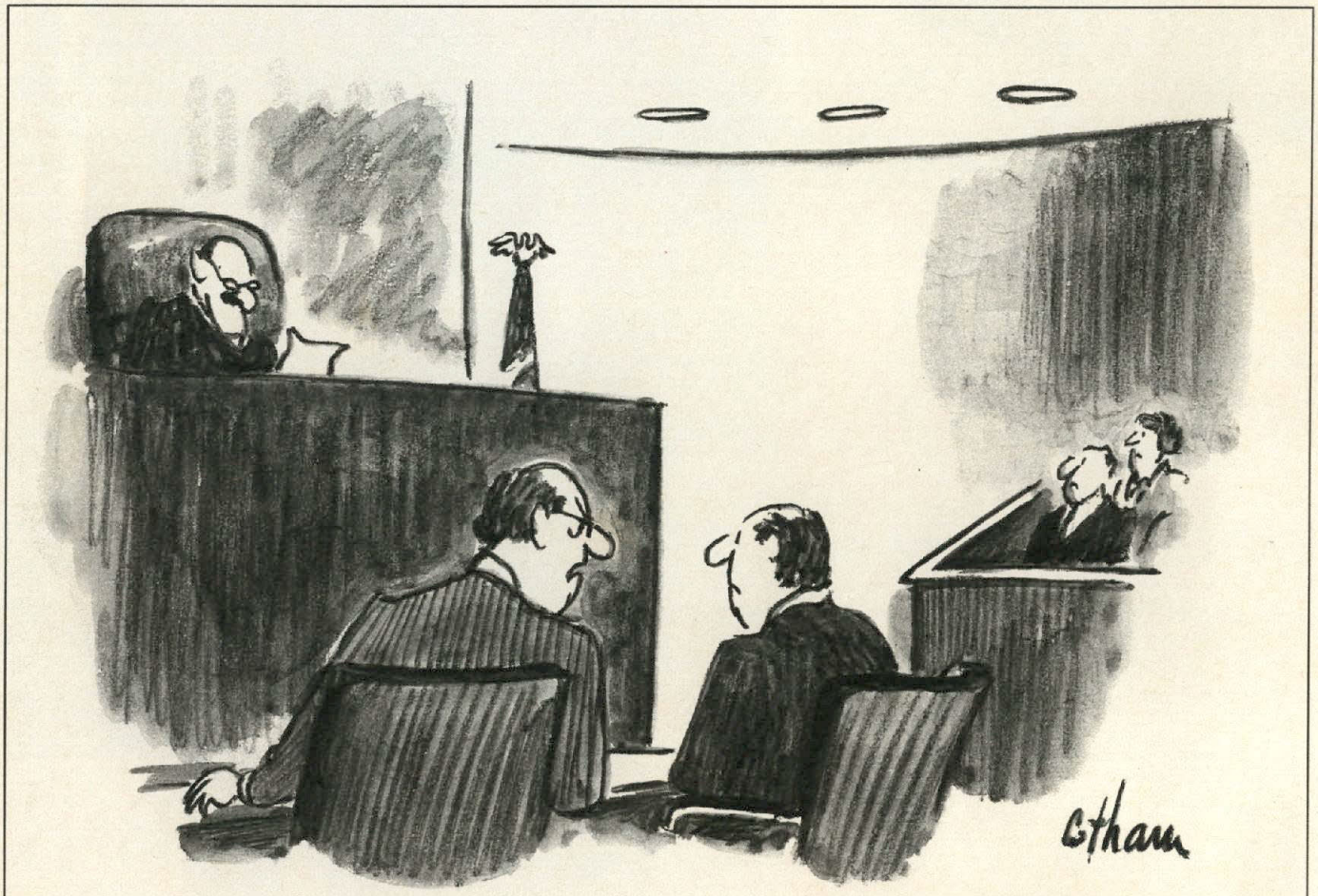
Another shortcoming discovered in technical collection systems is their vulnerability to deception. The Soviets have been developing the art of concealment to a fine edge, and one entire factory in Czechoslovakia produces nothing but rubber MIGs, phony submarines, and other decoys, all designed to hoodwink American satellites and spy planes. The very precision of spy satellites—their tracks can be predicted exactly, allowing analysts to pinpoint what the sensors detect—is also a major disadvantage. The Russians know when the satellites are overhead and when they're on the other side of the world, allowing for a wide range of concealment activities when the satellites aren't around.

Even when the satellites are looking, there is some question whether they're detecting what they're supposed to detect. On September 22, 1979, for example, an American VELA satellite, scanning the southern Atlantic for any sign of a nuclear explosion, registered two intense bursts of light, the characteristic double pulse of an atomic detonation. The VELA sighting caused a sensation in the American intelligence community, but however conclusive intelligence analysts regarded the evidence to be—they were convinced that either Israel or South Africa had carried out a test of a nuclear-warhead missile—it was insufficient for the White House.

As President Carter noted, with some justification, the United States was not about to make the sensational charge that Israel, a close American ally, or South Africa had set off an atomic weapon. Not, that is, without having more conclusive evidence. Where was the fallout from the blast? Was there any confirmation from other intelligence sources? Could the intelligence agencies certify that no natural phenomenon—such as a meteor—was responsible for the flash the VELA detected? They could not.

And in that admission lay the crux of the problem, a problem that continues to bedevil American intelligence. At root, its great web of electronic and photographic snoops amounts to a collection of dumb machines, able to record, but not to think.

As we have learned the hard way, overreliance on such technology leads to confusion—much more than we ever dreamed.



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THE MERRY WIDOW

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EARL MILLER

When Barbette Noelle refers to her great set of lungs, this sassy French-German blend isn't bragging about her 36-23-36-inch figure, just her singing voice. Encouraged by her father, a successful bass player, she auditioned at a West Hollywood recording studio and was instantly offered a contract. Recently, she put together an all-girl rock band called the Black Widows.

Unlike the notorious spider, though, this lissome lead singer doesn't leave her men for dead, just utterly exhausted. "I'm like a wild animal in bed, and I don't tire easily—so a guy has to work for what he gets from me. . . ." Meanwhile, Barbette is busy working for what she gets, which includes taking lessons at the Estelle Harmon Acting School. Her rock-steady boyfriend, a musician, encourages her multiple ambitions.

Credits: Hair by Darlene DeFreitas; makeup by John Maldonado

"My scheme is, 'Why not do it all?' I can be a singer, an actress, and a sex symbol, too—thanks to *Penthouse*. Basically, I think I can do almost anything but sit still."

MICK JAGGER

"It would be nice if someone in the press cared about anyone's personal feelings. But in the game of show business you've got to be prepared to take some pretty hard knocks. And you know, I can take them."

In the early 1960s, almost 200 years after they lost the Revolutionary War, the British recaptured America. Their invasion was not led by flotillas of the King's Navy carrying thousands of foreign mercenaries, but by small bands of strange-looking young men with even stranger names—Beatles, Animals, Herman's Hermits, Kinks. The musical revolution that ensued changed American culture forever.

Of all the rock 'n' roll bands who led this revolution, none have made a greater or more enduring impact than the Rolling Stones. Few would debate that they have earned their sobriquet of "The World's Greatest Rock 'n' Roll Band." And the greatest band has also produced rock 'n' roll's greatest legend, Mick Jagger. No one—not John Lennon, not Bob Dylan, not even Elvis Presley—has better personified the burning sexual creativity of great rock 'n' roll.

Mick Jagger was born 42 years ago, when the German *Luftwaffe* was still dropping bombs on London. The oldest of two sons, Jagger was raised in a middle-class suburban household in Kent. Although Jagger's image is

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRIAN ARIS/OUTLINE

"I think what upset people is that I said what I thought, and that was at a time when very few people did."

that of a tough, swaggering working-class lad, his upbringing was really very bourgeois. His father, Basil, was a physical-education teacher and lecturer, and his Australian-born mother, Eva, was a woman who took great pride in her home and children.

It was a religious, strictly run household where misbehavior was quickly and severely punished. Young Mick excelled in sports and did well in school. Indeed, Jagger's enrollment in the London School of Economics appeared to ensure his future as a solid citizen of Queen Elizabeth's realm.

But in the mid-fifties, something called rock 'n' roll cast a spell on Jagger and thousands of others of his generation. The music was exported from America, but it was more revered in Great Britain than back home. The music of Little Richard, Buddy Holly, and Bill Haley and the Comets, as well as the rhythm and blues of Muddy Waters and Jimmy Reed, inspired Mick to envision a future more interesting and exciting than the drab respectability of British economics.

The Rolling Stones were born in London in 1962. Jagger and Keith Richards are the only members who remain from the original group. They saw themselves as rhythm and blues purists, catering to jazz snobs in small Soho clubs. Their name was taken from an old Muddy Waters song, "Rollin' Stone." There wasn't much money to be made playing music in small London pubs, and Jagger kept his options for the future open by remaining enrolled at the London School of Economics. In fact, in 1963, when the Beatles were beginning their rise to superstardom, very little seemed to be happening for the Rolling Stones. It wasn't until a teenage impresario named Andrew Loog Oldham became the band's manager that things began to turn around for the group. With a record contract and a 1964 tour of America planned, Jagger decided to make a full commitment to the band and dropped out of school—a decision, Jagger says, that his parents did not easily accept.

The Rolling Stones followed on the heels of the Beatles with their 1964 visit to America. Already, rock 'n' roll fans were choosing sides between the Stones and the Beatles. In Britain, the Stones were being compared unfavorably by the press to the Fab Four. The Beatles were clean-cut, their audiences were relatively well-behaved, and their music did not shake the establishment unduly. The Stones, on the other hand, were unruly, coarse, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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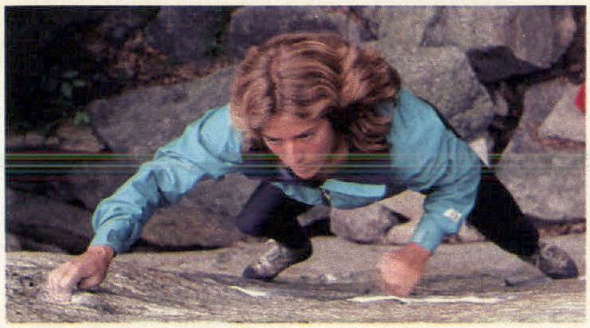
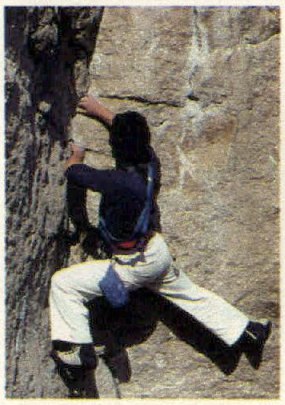
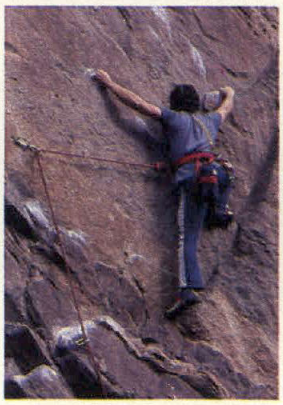
"When I got to the top
and looked out over the mountains,
I felt like the master
of my universe. I felt godlike."

PRODUCED BY RUSS RAFFA

"I think that climbing is like being an artist. You have a passion and you need to continually satisfy it."





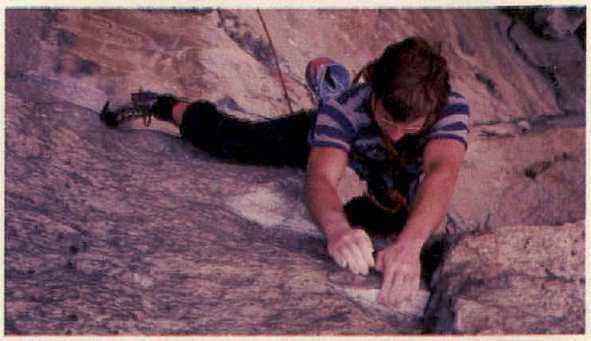


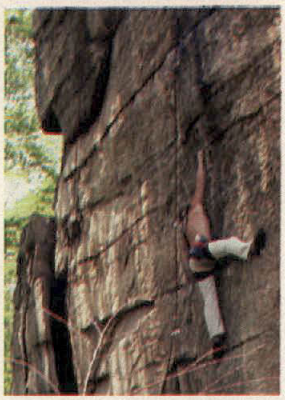
At first came mountaineering. Most vividly remembered are Sir Edmund Hillary and his team who, "because it was there," set out to conquer Mount Everest in the early fifties. Their backs laden with pounds of equipment and their bodies layered in protective clothing, the group plodded, gradually, to the top of the highest mountain in the world. But the last decade has given birth to a new breed of climber who, ironically, is the antithesis of his/her awkward predecessors. Agile and emanating balletic grace, today's climber scales a rock face aided at most by a rope and a few pitons.

The extreme form of contemporary rock climbing is called "soloing," or "free climbing," which means literally climbing using only your hands, feet, and hopefully a heavy dose of God's will. "The purest form of climbing is soloing a rock face you've never climbed before," says Ed Barry, a veteran climber from Northern California. "I remember soloing this route, and when I got to the top and looked out over the mountains, I felt like the master of my universe. I felt godlike."

It has been estimated that there are more than 60,000 avid climbers in America, scaling peaks from New York's Shawangunks to California's El Capitan. Some are hardcore climbers who have left lucrative desk jobs in order to pursue much less lucrative, yet more personally fulfilling, careers as rock climbers. Others climb on weekends, keeping in shape by running and by developing the upper body and legs with the persistent practice of "bouldering," an exercise in learning how

"My life flashed before me, my arms were pumped, and my fingers felt as if they would peel off the rock."





to traverse stone.

Today's climbers range from high school teenagers to septuagenarian physicists, the common denominator being their inexhaustible passion for the sport and their individualistic personalities. "I think a lot of hard-core climbers are loners," says Barry. "One reason is because of the incredible risks a serious climber takes. There have been about four or five times in my 15 years of climbing that I was sure I was going to die. My life flashed before my eyes, my arms were pumped, and my fingers felt as if they would peel off the rock. It made me value my life. And I said to myself, 'Goddamn, what I have is what every person should want.' "

Lynn Hill, director of the climbing school Peak Performance in New Paltz, New York, thinks that "there are a lot of extreme personalities attracted to climbing. But they are all physically aware, and driven to challenge themselves." What attracts Hill to the sport? "It's just a lot of fun. It's like being a kid again and having a huge jungle gym."

There's no doubt that today's climbers are indeed quintessential American athletes. Their objective is neither to be nourished from the collective energy of team spirit, nor to crush their opponents. Instead, they undergo an internal struggle to challenge and better themselves, to defy gravity time and time again, to test the body and mind, and to feel both weightless and supernatural simultaneously. "I think that climbing is like being an artist," says Barry. "You have a passion and you need to continually satisfy it."

JAGGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 56

dangerous, with audiences comprised of hysterical teenagers who seemed ready to pour into the streets. In short, the Rolling Stones—led by a sexually threatening Mick Jagger—became the favorite targets of British journalists.

Through the years, as their popularity soared and their success grew, so did the turmoil that has been as much a part of the Stones as their music. There were the drug busts of Brian Jones, Keith, and Mick. Mick's "living in sin" with Marianne Faithfull shocked England and provided a field day for the more scurrilous members of the British press. Brian Jones's tragic drowning and the rumors following it continued to enhance their ugly image. Often, Stones concerts inspired violence, the most famous incident occurring in 1969 at Altamont, in California, with the fatal stabbing of a Stones fan by the Hell's Angels. Yet, throughout all the madness, Mick continued to write and perform some of rock's greatest songs, all the while serving as the linchpin that held the Rolling Stones together.

Has middle age tamed Mick Jagger? *Penthouse* wanted to know that and more. Although millions of words have been written about him, Jagger is not fond of giving interviews. Much of what the public thinks it knows about him has been written by people who, in his words, "spoke to me for five minutes." *Penthouse* asked Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein to try to persuade Jagger to give us this exclusive, in-depth interview. After 11 months, Sonnenschein was finally successful.

The interview took place over several days at the New York recording studio where Jagger was working on a new album—one that will be a landmark for him. The recording, titled *She's the Boss* at press time, is Jagger's first solo effort. For over a year he has worked at nothing else—writing all the songs in addition to overseeing all aspects of the production.

Sonnenschein's first session with Jagger took place on Election Day last year as Mick took some time off from working on the album's final mixing. "Considering Jagger's feelings about giving interviews," Sonnenschein tells us, "I wasn't certain how cooperative he would be. So I was surprised that, if anything, he went out of his way to make very sure that I was comfortable.

"I wasn't too surprised to find that Jagger, a new father, was eager to discuss topics other than music. Perhaps one reason he has been so leery of the press is that he has been typecast as the quintessence of mindless sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. As we began our discussion, I decided it would be interesting to discover other facets of his personality and opinions."

Penthouse: It's Election Day today. Any feelings about it?

Jagger: Yeah. No taxation without representation!

Penthouse: Does it surprise you that young people appear to overwhelmingly support President Reagan?

Jagger: Well, Mondale is hardly a youth candidate. They see Reagan as an effective person. The guy is tremendously popular.

Penthouse: How about among minorities?

Jagger: Some of the black people working here in the studio were laughing when I asked them who they were voting for. Of course they're going to vote for Reagan. Anyone who is making a buck is voting for Reagan. You don't have to be completely brilliant to figure that out. On the level of musicians that I know, black musicians, they voted for Reagan.

Penthouse: Why?

Jagger: I think that Ronald Reagan inspires people. I think that he inspires in them that American ideal.

Penthouse: Do you think that most Americans relate to Reagan's political philosophy?

Jagger: I think that people vote for Reagan because they like the guy. I don't think they really know or care what his politics are.

Penthouse: How successful a leader do *you* think Reagan has been?

Jagger: Well, I can't say that his foreign policy has been a success. It's a mess in Central America, it's a mess as far as any kind of dialogue with the other side is concerned, and we're at a low point in East-West relations. He also has a Middle East policy which has been, in terms of human lives, a bit disastrous. As far as the Iraq-Iran war, it has been no kind of policy.

Penthouse: Has there been anything on the plus side?

Jagger: On the plus side you could say that the guy has spent more and more on atomic weapons than anyone else, which is what he said he was going to do when he came into office for the first time.

Penthouse: Do you think that's a positive thing?

Jagger: Of course not! It's very dangerous. We already have so many weapons, enough to blow ourselves up 2,000 times over. Reagan indulges in double-talk: "We have to increase military spending to achieve peace." One gets used to hearing stuff like that. But we have so many weapons, it's unbelievable. Why do we need any more? We never get rid of the old ones very quickly.

Penthouse: So you think his reelection will be dangerous?

Jagger: What I'm really saying is that I hope the guy does use his mandate to do some serious arms negotiations—at least try.

Penthouse: What else would you like to see accomplished in his second term?

Jagger: I hope that he meant it when he said he was for all the people in America, rich and poor. Many people have a feeling, and I think it is valid, that the rich and the middle class are catered to at the expense of the poor.

Penthouse: As a former student at the London School of Economics, does Reaganomics make sense to you?

Jagger: It's worked. We've flimflammed a lot on economic policy in the last four years, but like in England, they have very high unemployment, but they don't have the budget deficit that we have here. What you pay for in bringing down inflation, you pay for in unemployment or a high deficit. In a free market, that's how it works. So we're paying for it by the deficit. Now, how he's going to get us out of that I really don't know. We're probably going to get a huge deficit.

Penthouse: Which we already have.

Jagger: It's going to get worse. It's like a mountain.

Penthouse: You said that Reagan is inspiring. What about Margaret Thatcher?

Jagger: Yeah! During the Falklands War she was a source of inspiration. Basically these right-wing figures are the inspiring ones at the moment.

Penthouse: You made a very strong video called "Undercover of the Night" that took place in Central America and was banned by the BBC. Are you especially concerned about the situation in that part of the world?

Jagger: I think it's really dangerous in Central America. I mean—as someone who knows the region only slightly, and I don't claim any great knowledge—it's a problem of poverty. Poverty in those countries is acute and they're very close to us. These are totally exploited people. Nicaragua is a country very, very poor, very small, with few resources, governed for years by a tiny oligarchy of people who raped them under the protection of successive American governments. Today, these countries need help economically, not militarily. The shortsightedness of Western foreign policy is sad. Somoza was terrible—an awful, awful man. Even by the standards of the region the guy was seriously bad, and we went on supporting him until almost the bitter end. For what? The guy wasn't helping his country; he was not really helping the United States.

Penthouse: Do you think the West has a moral obligation to help these people?

Jagger: Yes! We have an obligation, whether it's moral or not. If we don't take it, they're going to fuck around with us, one way or the other. If you don't give enough, then the guy that is the have-not is going to come and take of you. It's like that. You don't have to look after them totally, but there is a certain amount of responsibility one has to one's neighbors.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the more serious world of rock 'n' roll. The Stones will

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be going on tour soon. Will you still be singing "Satisfaction"?

Jagger: I don't think so.

Penthouse: After 20 years, how much longer do you think that the Stones will be touring?

Jagger: I guess it will become embarrassing. . . .

Penthouse: Outside of money, what motivates you to keep on touring?

Jagger: It's a very hypothetical question, because there are very few musicians who go on tour for nothing. But we toured many years without earning great sums of money. We did a lot of concerts—very big, tiring, long, grinding tours of arenas where we should have made a fortune, and for whatever reason, we never made a lot of money. Actually, we didn't make big money until 1978. I enjoy to go on the road. I kind of miss it after a while.

Penthouse: But isn't there a point when you feel that you are going through the motions?

Jagger: That's the trick of doing it. You don't want to get to the point where you're going through the motions. I think that's a drag—a drag for you, a drag for the audience. If you limit it to 30 dates, I think that's enough. If you want to do some more, then you should take some time out. All the money people, all the touring people will hate you because that means the machine comes to an end, and obviously they have to be paid before you go again. But I think if you want to do more than, say, 30 straight gigs, you've got to take a break. Otherwise you do tend to go on automatic pilot. Every band knows what that feels like.

Penthouse: When you hear about the Jacksons selling tickets for $30 a show, do you feel that you've missed out on something?

Jagger: No, not at all. I think that as far as ticket pricing, $20 is really enough to pay.

Penthouse: Do you think it's fair to ask thousands of fans to pay $30 to hear the Jacksons play approximately 90 minutes of music?

Jagger: For me, an hour and three-quarters of any rock band is enough. I mean an hour is enough for me. I can't stand to see anyone for more than an hour. I don't mind to play for more than an hour. I played two hours on the last tour. Sometimes a bit less, sometimes a bit more, sometimes two hours and 15 minutes, and I think that's too long. I get bored.

Penthouse: So when Bruce Springsteen and his band play for four hours, it's a bit too much?

Jagger: For a lot of Springsteen fans that's great, and I don't want to take anything away from the fact that he plays that long. I liked the Springsteen show, I thought it was good. It didn't bore me, anyway, so that's a good sign.

Penthouse: After 20 years, how do you get yourself up for a concert?

Jagger: Well, the same way you normally do. If you're playing to an audience of a thousand, or 20,000 or 90,000 people, even if you're not "up" before you get out there, they get you up. It's going to be a pretty bad audience that will make you lethargic. It's like in sports. You don't feel very good, but once you get out there you try your best and do your best and you're up for it.

Penthouse: In 1962, did you ever dream it was going to be like it has turned out for the Stones?

Jagger: I don't think anybody really knew. Rock 'n' roll was in a very shaky kind of state when we started out. Today rock 'n' roll is a huge industry, a self-serving industry, with its concerts, record sales, and all the other paraphernalia and garbage in between. That didn't exist. People weren't making millions out of concerts. The records were good but the whole industry of rock 'n' roll did not exist as it does now. So when we came in, obviously, our expectations were never to be a big band, not for 20 years.

> I'm not a male chauvinist. In fact, I was kind of androgynous, and was always accused of being too feminine.

Penthouse: But things began to change when—

Jagger: When the Beatles happened, and it was apparent that it might change. There was a big explosion in record sales, and shortly after, the concert thing was happening.

Penthouse: So the Beatles were responsible for the success of rock 'n' roll concerts.

Jagger: The Beatles' Shea Stadium concert was the first major outdoor concert, but they never followed up on it. They could have done a stadium show like we did in 1981, but they never did that. In fact, no one ever did that. The outdoor show was something that was just done as a festival, and you had to have a huge array of talent, not just rely on one band. So the industry changed with the Rolling Stones.

Penthouse: Would you say that the quality of rock 'n' roll concerts left a lot to be desired in those days?

Jagger: It changed in 1969, when the sound systems started to get better. That was the beginning of the arena concert. That was when it got more professional, which was, for me, better. Before that it was a drag and you'd get booked in everywhere and it was just screaming kids and no one knew what was going on; it was just a joke, disorganized. Then, gradually, people from different areas with much more expertise in theater became involved in it and made it more professional.

Penthouse: You mentioned the importance of the Beatles in the sixties rock 'n' roll explosion. Were you a big Beatles fan at that time?

Jagger: No, I never liked the Beatles. [Laughs]

Penthouse: Didn't the Beatles help out the Stones in the early days?

Jagger: Paul McCartney says that we didn't care to remember that they sold us a song for our first English Top Ten record. I remember it very well and I always said that it was great. He seemed to imply that it was something I would like to forget. I remember it like it was yesterday. I have a very clear, precise idea of what went on and how Brian Jones made something out of this corny song, playing it like a blues steel-guitar solo, and made it kind of funky.

Penthouse: Did the Beatles and you have a good personal relationship?

Jagger: Yeah. I used to get on pretty well with John. I used to be friends with Paul. I mean . . . I'm pretty friendly with him. I saw George and Ringo the summer I was in England. I saw a bit of them.

Penthouse: Has there always been competition between the Beatles and the Rolling Stones?

Jagger: Yeah. It was real good to have that competition. Like I said before, there was this huge increase in record sales and the way into America was paved by them. Obviously, most of the comparisons were ridiculous.

Penthouse: While everyone takes it for granted that the Stones record their own material, it wasn't always like that. What made you decide to write and perform original songs?

Jagger: What made us do it? Well, the success of the Beatles and the fact that we couldn't rely on covering other people's material forever. We were going to run out. And it was also fun writing your own songs.

Penthouse: Did you think that you had it in you?

Jagger: No, not really. Writing songs, at the beginning, is really difficult. We used to write these dumb ballads, which we didn't dare record because we were a tough blues band.

Penthouse: "As Tears Go By" wasn't a dumb ballad.

Jagger: Yeah, I know. But before that we used to write these stupid words. As long as they rhymed, that was enough for me—real boom-boom poetry. I wrote about teenybop girls and things.

Penthouse: Well, you haven't stopped writing about girls.

Jagger: I know, but it's slightly more mature—not a lot!

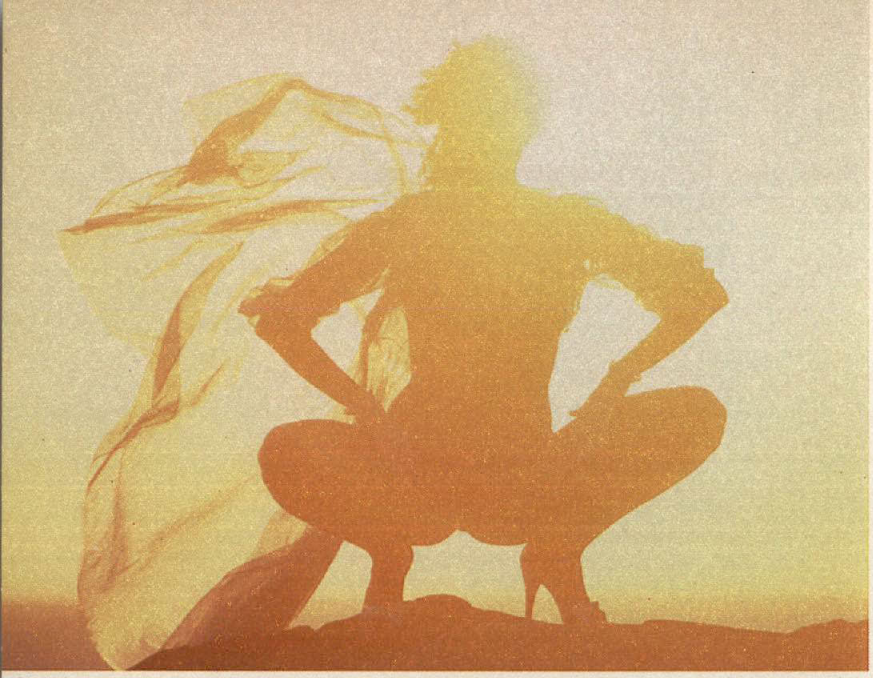
CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

CAROLYN

SCOTCH ON THE ROCKS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANK LONDONER

Carolyn Bosanko crouches on the rocky brink of Maui's famed Haleakala Crater. And the ancient meteor that made it once took the island by storm, as our radiant March Pet of the Month does here and now. Despite her prim and proper Scottish ancestry, this well-traveled Seattle native considers herself as wild and volatile as another Hawaiian landmark, Mauna Loa. Accordingly, she loves to show off—to rave reviews every time.



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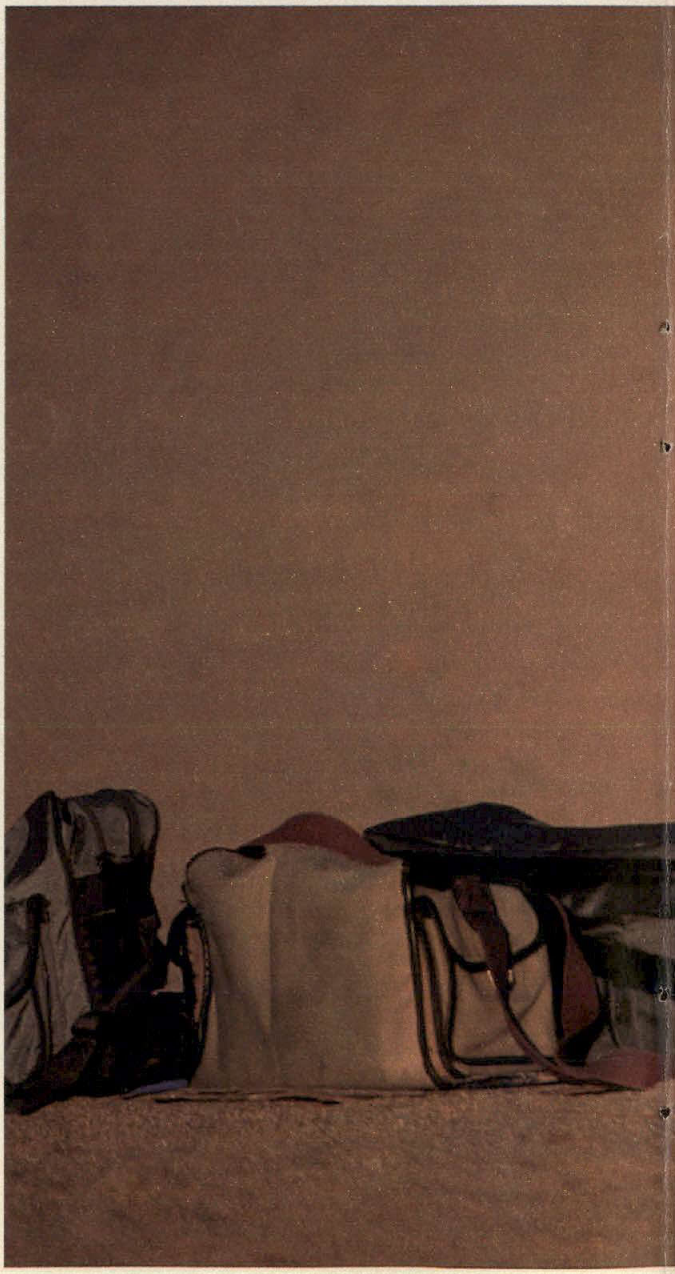
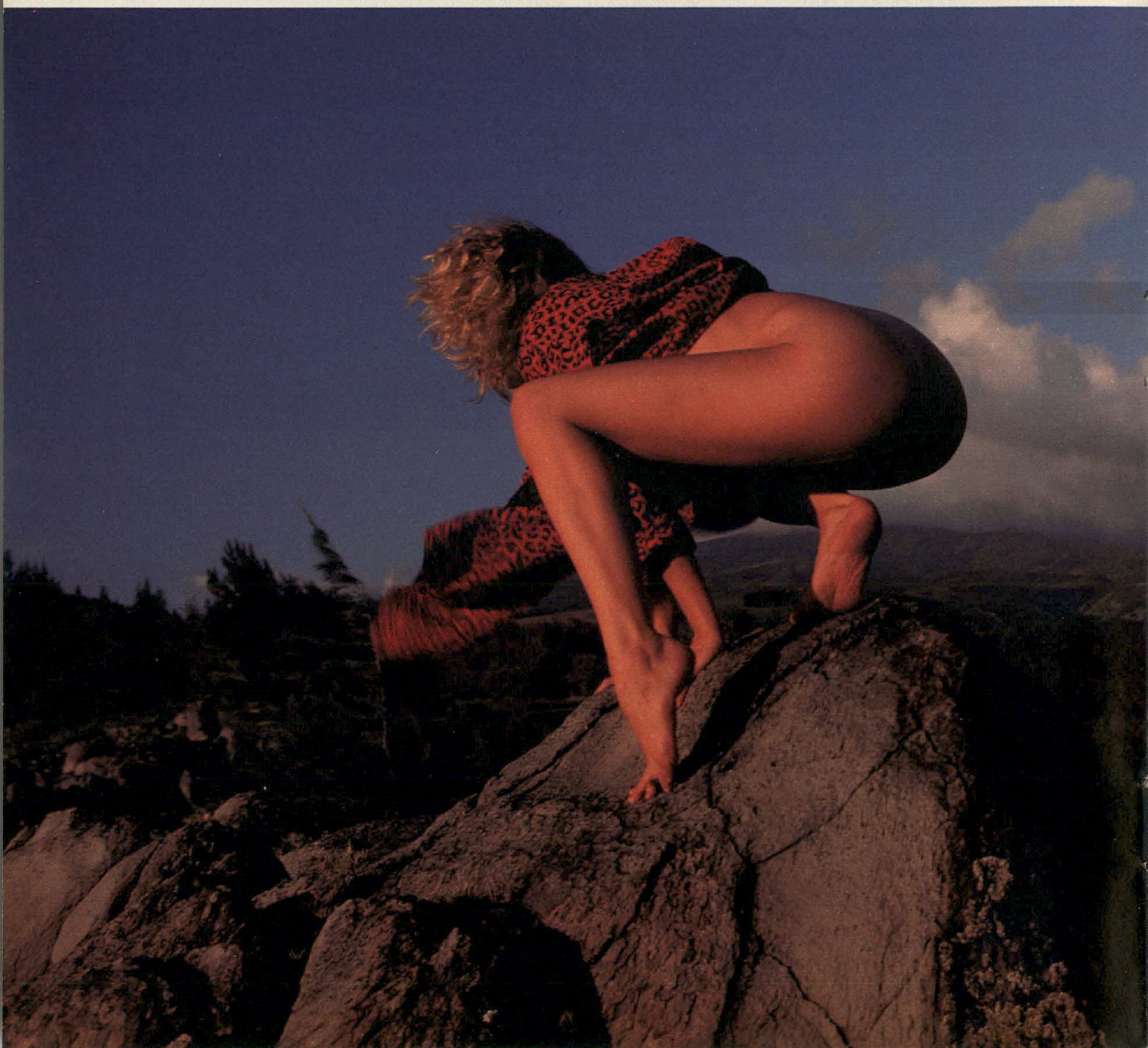


"I could live on mangoes and papayas—plus maybe a little champagne and a lot of sex."

Her beauty-queen titles include Miss Alii, Miss Motorcycle Queen, and Runner-Up in Seattle's Miss Queen Anne contest. This pretty-as-hell angel also enhances her island paradise by appearing in television promos and commercials—and by skating or pedaling around the island in skimpy shorts to stay in perfect 36-23-36-inch racing form. "I'm obsessed with fitness and nutrition," she tells us.

"I'm really into acupuncture and holistic medicine, and I could live on nothing but sushi, mangoes, and papayas—plus maybe a little champagne and a lot of sex."

Her idea of a perfect Saturday morning is waking up with her investment-banker boyfriend and then staying in bed to watch cartoons. "There's still a lot of child in me. Men have always indulged me, so sometimes I act spoiled and cranky, though I'm really dependable and caring underneath."

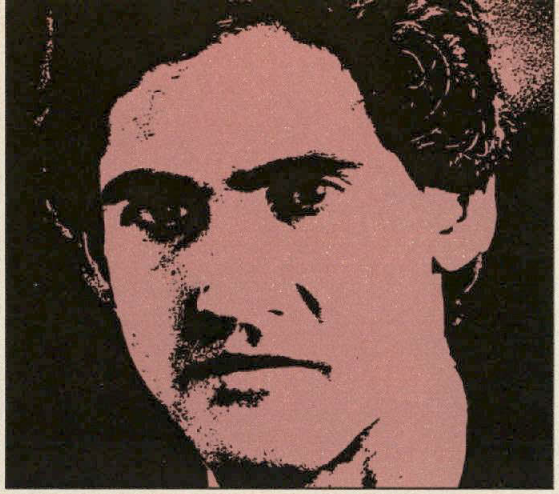


And in the bedroom, daring. "Once I did a crazy striptease for a lover's friend—while I was wearing a mask. And another time my girlfriend and I surprised her boyfriend on his birthday by sharing ourselves with him while feeding him ice cream and cake. . . ." Normally, sensual oil massages and exploring her deepest erotic feelings alone in a Jacuzzi are Carolyn's favorite forms of foreplay.

Other forms of play include restoring hot rods with her four lucky brothers or roller-skating to the sounds of Billy Idol. "Sometimes I worry that I spend too much time

enjoying myself instead of working harder on my modeling career. But my boyfriend likes to joke that my body is too precious to waste."

MISS CAROLYN BOSANKO/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"We must adopt a new double standard: holding public officials to a rigid code of behavior, while guaranteeing private citizens their constitutional liberties."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY ROBERT BLECKER

The author is professor of Criminal Law and Ethics at New York Law School. As Special Assistant Attorney General of New York State, he investigated official corruption in 1974–75. His "Beyond 1984: Undercover in America," was recently published in the *New York Law School Law Review.*

HOW TO FIGHT CORRUPTION AND KEEP OUR FREEDOM

It began in Eden, when God sent the snake unto Eve. Fearing punishment and showing no predisposition to crime, this unsuspecting innocent initially resisted temptation. The snake pressed, finally inducing Adam and Eve to bite. Ordinarily, victimless crimes, such as possession of contraband, leave no complainants and are nearly impossible to detect.

But the Garden was wired . . .

So the Sovereign confronted Adam, who instantly cooperated—implicating his supplier and sacrificing his wife. And God accused Eve, who said in her defense: "The serpent beguiled me and I did eat." Their entrapment defense failed and we are all condemned to die.

In Eden, God monitored everything. In Orwell's *1984*, the government monitored everything. But what does this have to do with us? 1984 has come and gone. There is no Big Brother, no thought police here. Discreetly smoking pot on the beach, we don't worry that the kid approaching us selling ice cream is really an undercover patrol for the government. We trust that new "friends" and "chance acquaintances" are who they seem. Yes, we in the United States are smug about our free society. We've safely passed 1984.

Wrong. There are no tyrants here to destroy us by substituting naked power for law, but powerful cheats corrode our constitutional core, routinely sacrificing public good to private greed. Unless we believe that legal commands translate into facts of life, that public officials honestly enforce laws and carry out orders, we lose faith in our republic.

America's promise has always been liberty: freedom to develop our talents, to become ourselves fully. We need honest but limited government, delicately suspended between absolutism and anarchy. Corrupt public officials pose a great danger—but so do zealous investigators using undercover techniques to rid us of that corruption. Our problem is how to escape becoming a corrupt society without becoming a controlled one. The answer, I believe, lies in the adoption of a new double standard: holding public officials to a rigid code of behavior by constantly testing them, while guaranteeing private citizens their traditional constitutional liberties.

An egregious example of government overreaching to tempt innocent private citizens into criminal acts occurred when not too long ago, the FBI's Satan, Mel Weinberg, zeroed in on Bob Guccione, Editor and Publisher of this magazine, attempting to prove him corruptible and mob-connected. "On the eyes of my children, I am not connected with anybody; I am totally my own man," insisted Guccione, when Weinberg attempted to involve him in a bribery conspiracy. But Satan would not be denied; he tried to "figure a way to knock him out of the box. We got to get something on him and hold it over his head, and then he's got to dance to our

tune." Weinberg finally offered to pay the bribe himself if Guccione would only approve it.

Although he stood to lose millions, Guccione did not dance. He withstood it all and steadfastly said no. A U.S. Senate committee, calling Guccione's victimization "chilling" and "offensive," has urged legislation to make it entrapment per se whenever "federal law enforcement agents manipulate a defendant's personal, economic, or vocational situation to increase the likelihood of his committing that crime." Too little too late. Although, as the Senate report puts it, "Guccione was the victim of undue interference by Weinberg in his business associations, unjustified manipulation of his business prospects, and unreasonable targeting," an entrapment defense is obviously of no help to such honest citizens, who never go to trial.

However, it is a fact of life that public officials are constantly under pressure by those who would corrupt them. Government must therefore duplicate this pressure to determine whether its officials are deserving of the public trust.

The key to keeping government honest and citizens free is a new double standard. Many experts denounce double standards as violating "equal protection under law," but they are necessary to keep government straight. Avoiding tyranny and anarchy requires *special protection for private citizens acting privately.* That extra protection requires a double standard that promotes a vigorous attack on public corruption while maintaining privacy and trust.

Public officials are entrusted with public power. To help ensure that they uphold their oaths of office, let judges always assume that some agent of honest government monitors their use of public power. Let every legislator fear that each passing lure may contain a hook. As Jefferson said, "When a man assumes a public trust, he should consider himself as public property."

Critics of undercover tactics insist that politicians are particularly vulnerable to wrongful targeting, which can permanently damage their reputations. Therefore, they say, police should never institute "sting" operations without probable cause that a particular official is corrupt. This is completely wrong. Trained to think contingently and act cautiously—having reputations, positions, and fortunes to protect—public officials, when corrupt, are most difficult to detect, but easy to deter. And almost everyone agrees that without stings, little corruption will be exposed.

When public officials' behavior is frequently and randomly sampled, no politician need be tarnished by the publicity of an integrity "audit." Those who pass the test will have their careers enhanced. This randomly certified virtue is therapeutic to our society. Government testing and monitoring of itself makes good government, but government testing and monitoring of private citizens in their private lives threatens a totalitarian destruction of our free society.

There are problems with a double standard. Public officials are also citizens with private lives. Government agents should not ordinarily test public officials to see if they will commit private crimes. A simple rule would forbid offering simulated criminal opportunities to officials acting privately—unless investigators have reasonable suspicion that their private weakness interferes with their public trust.

I learned recently of a coercive blending of private and public: A resistant witness was given an added incentive to testify when his wife and girlfriend were both subpoenaed to appear before the grand jury at the same time. He cooperated to avoid that confrontation. This tactic, however effective, is unfair, whether the witness is a private citizen or public official.

A ruthless president, or FBI director, misusing stings to accumulate dirt for blackmail, might gain control of the federal government slowly and silently—and we would discover, long after we could prevent it, that the nation had been locked into tyranny. The odds are long, but the stakes are high. Ultimately, a corrupt free-for-all is better than a totalitarian freedom-for-none.

We are at a critical point right now. The effectiveness and power of undercover tactics make them irresistible. They are wildly spreading throughout our society, perhaps beyond the point of no return. For example, undercover agents are now posing as out-of-town commercial hunters willing to pay local poachers for trophies of endangered animals—"Wildlife Agents Shift Tactics to Trap Poachers," proclaims one headline. This scam is the only technique that works when the victims, whose extinction would be truly a crime against nature, cannot complain. But to save our precious wildlife, we may sacrifice our own precious private freedoms.

We law-abiding citizens have a right to imagine ourselves committing crimes. We may lust in our hearts. When the government hooks into our otherwise unrealizable fantasies, it becomes the root of our evil. It punishes thought-crime.

So what's next? Police agents posing as accountants to infiltrate legitimate businesses? Spouses sending seductive undercover agents to test their mates' fidelity? Imagine Big Brother watching us as we take long lunch hours and pocket paper clips.

In order to trust each other privately, we must constantly suspect each other publicly; we must suspect both the corrupt and the corruption-fighters. To trust, we must doubt. For freedom, we require control. To attack hypocrisy we need a new double standard.

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Those who were assured that last year's election results reaffirmed a national commitment to America's veterans may feel the need to reassess the issues. In point of fact, that commitment is up for serious reconsideration by the White House and Congress in their collective attempt to avoid a full consideration of their own past follies.

Since President Reagan's reelection, much has been said about the necessity to rethink the various veteran entitlement programs in terms of curbing current and near-term demands on the Treasury. Although President Reagan has declared that no current or future retirees will suffer a curtailment of their projected social security or Medicare benefits, it looks as though this declaration may become inoperative in the next year or so. Moreover, the likelihood exists that *all* entitlement programs may be cut altogether.

Clearly, it makes no sense for those involved with veterans issues to anticipate that military service will count for much in the upcoming fiscal crunch. Logically following this progression will be the question, "What does the country owe its veterans?" And the response already being shouted by both isolationist and neoconservative corners is, "Damn little!"

Unfortunately, members of the Grace Commission, who advocated budget cuts in all manners of federal government operations, failed to address the question of where the troops would be recruited from in the event the United States was forced to make good on its national security commitments. Although the current all-volunteer force is reasonably effective, it does not have much in the way of real "bench strength." The notion of meeting these commitments by a reimposition of the draft is at best wishful nonsense. The children of today are no more likely to heed the draft call than did their fathers. If this sounds a bit extreme, wait until the intergenerational controversy occurs over maintaining social security benefits for current retirees. These are questions cut out of the same bolt of cloth: That is, are national commitments to a group or class of citizens temporary in nature, and is honoring them a matter for the "current majority" to decide?

The foregoing is not veiled advocacy for failed social-welfare programs. Current large defense expenditures, for which there is a broad political consensus, do not guarantee the successful accomplishment of our national security objectives no matter how they may be defined. Success, leaving aside the evident waste, abuse, and fraud associated with $500 hammers, is dependent upon a majority's willingness to accept the essential "unfairness" of military service. That willingness can no longer be assumed. For example, how many young people would choose to serve in the military forces if more than two-thirds of the veterans now receiving free care in VA hospitals are forced to pay for treatment under a plan that the White House has ordered from the Veterans Administration? At present, only 30 percent of VA patients are being treated for conditions that are directly service-related, according to officials. Under the plan ordered by the White House, the remaining patients would be required to pay the government for their health care. With only 2.2 million veterans presently certified for service-related disabilities, a reduction of this magnitude would destroy the current $9-billion health-care system for veterans.

> "The issue is whether veterans benefits and social security will continue in their status as earned entitlements or rather as welfare payments."

This plan provides no solution at all. It changes the requirements in midstream for those aging members of America's veteran population who must depend on the VA's medical-care system. In emotional impact, this situation is similar to that of today's social security retirees, who, along with their widows and dependents, are labeled "freeloaders" because they are taking more out of social security than they had put into it.

The issue as it stands, however, is whether veterans benefits and social security will continue in their status as earned entitlements or rather as welfare systems that are dependent upon the whims of the political majority of the moment.

Solutions or alternatives to this economic plight must go beyond the terms of compassion, fairness, and decency, if national survival is indeed the intended goal. There exists the need to recognize that so-called entitlement programs serve the self-interest of both our present and future generations. If there is no belief in a better tomorrow, the present may become a nightmare for us all.—*William R. Corson*

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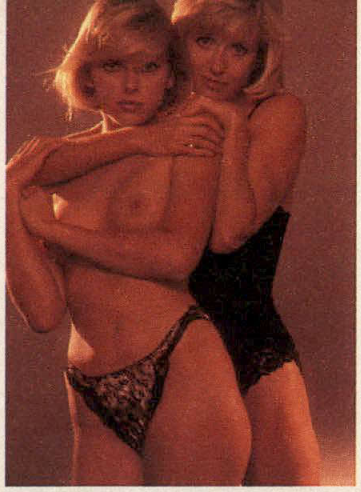
Lights: 11 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—Kings: 17 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.



These sensational pictures caused a front-page scandal in Australia comparable to Penthouse*'s first publication of Vanessa Williams's nude photos last September. While many people denounced Sue Elvin and her daughter, most Australians praised them for their courage and gave them wide support.*

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

"It's the perfect time to catch us!" says lovely Sue Elvin, who at 35 is usually taken to be the older sister of 18-year-old Louise. But this pair of beauties from Queensland, Australia, are actually mother and daughter—and their decision to pose for Australian *Penthouse* caused tremendous controversy in that rather conservative nation (see left). At the same time, however, they received widespread encouragement from ordinary people, which strengthened their conviction that, by being the subjects of the first mother-daughter pictorial ever seen down under, they had made an important and valid statement about themselves. "We have been through so much together," Sue told us, "and Louise is a woman now. It is an important juncture in both our lives . . . and our womanhood."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB WATSON

"My mother died when I was very young," Sue continues, as she explains her extraordinary close feelings to her daughter. "I never knew the closeness of a mother as a guide and confidante. . . . Louise has never had a brother or sister. So we are mother and daughter—sisters together—and, above all, we are the very best of friends."

Sue moved to Australia after her marriage in England fell apart. Louise felt "funny" about having a mother who looked so young. Now, she tells us, she feels special. "My mother has given me the world." And how does she feel looking at these pictures? "What's all the fuss about?" says she. . . . "What indeed," say we!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

Adultery and Divorce:
In the United States, adultery on the part of the female is more likely to lead to divorce than adultery on the part of the male.

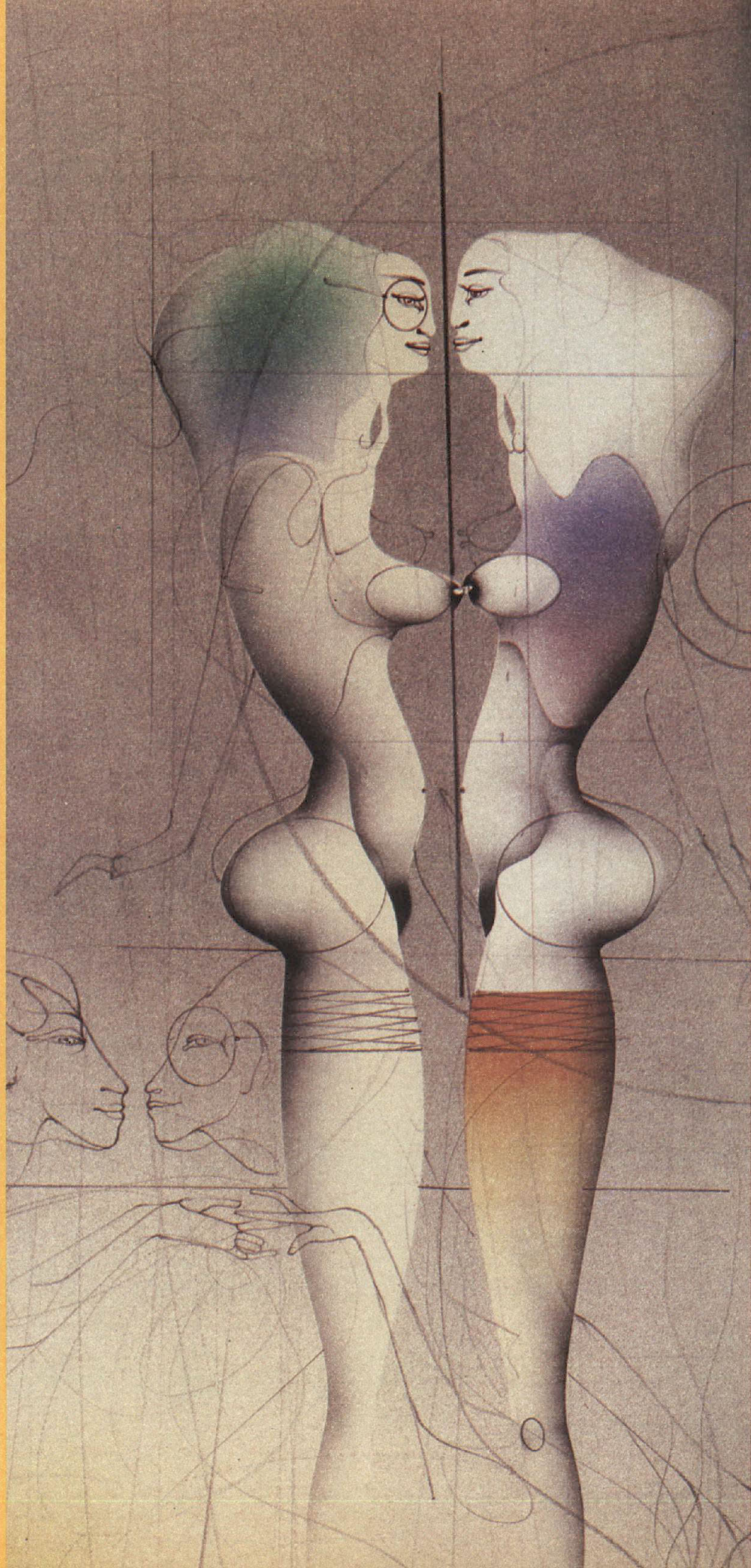
Birth-Control Responsibility:
Males: It is the opinion of most men that birth control is the female's responsibility.
Females: Females also feel it is the responsibility of the woman.

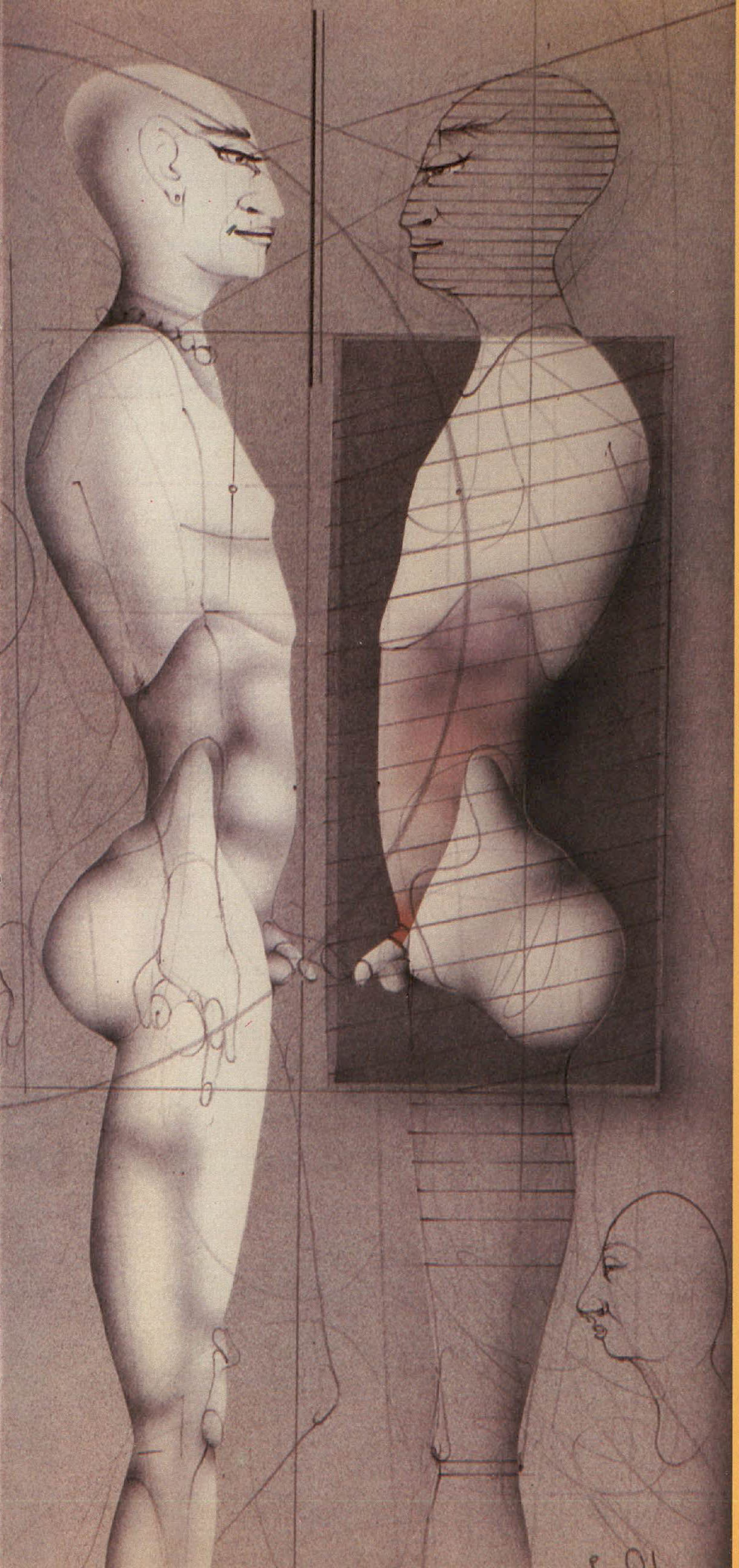
"Blue Balls":
Males: This is the name describing the discomfort due to lack of orgasm following sexual excitement among males.
Females: If orgasm does not occur in women, and high levels of sexual excitement result in pelvic congestion that leads to pain, discomfort, and physical complications, it is called Taylor's Syndrome.

Daydreams:
Problem-solving and sex are two favorite themes of both male and female daydreamers. Sexual daydreams are more common in men than in women, except between the ages of 30 and 34, when women have as many as men. The tendency to daydream decreases as people get older, although it usually spurts upward at middle age.

Erections in the Morning and During Sleep:
Both men and women experience erections (of the penis in men and the clitoris in women) during sleep or upon waking. This is because the highest levels of testosterone (sexual desire–stimulating hormone) occur just before sunrise, with the lowest levels at about 11 PM. Erections are also associated with rapid eye movement and can occur throughout

BY JANE
BARR STUMP, Ph.D.





Gender-blending may be fashionable these days, but here are 50 ways in which men and women are significantly different.

the night, while the individual is sleeping.

Extramarital Intercourse:
Men have more extramarital affairs than women. One out of every two married men will have an affair by the age of 45, while only one out of five married women will do so.

Falling in Love:
Males: Men fall in love faster than women; 25 percent fall in love by the first date.
Females: Fifteen percent fall in love by the fourth date.

Fertility and Heat:
Males: Male fertility drops when genitals are exposed to high temperatures.
Females: Female fertility is highest when the room temperature is 64 degrees Fahrenheit.

Gonorrhea:
Males: In 1980, there were 538.8 reported cases of gonorrhea per 100,000 men.
Females: There were 353.1 reported cases for every 100,000 women.

Ideal Man—What the Sexes Want:
Male: Most men feel the ideal man would be warm and loving.
Female: Women feel the ideal man would be gentle, expressive, and romantic.

Ideal Woman—What the Sexes Want:
Males: "The man's ideal was a woman who was balanced between family- and self-orientation."
Females: "Women believe that men wanted a woman who was strongly oriented to her family, who was relatively passive and submissive in social and personal situa-

PAINTING BY
PAUL WUNDERLICH

tions, who clearly saw her role as wife and mother taking precedence over any possible activity as an individual outside the family."

These statements are from a fascinating study done by the authors of *Women in Therapy*. They indicate that men want women to be devoted to both home and community and want them to experience self-realization—but women don't believe that!

Incest:

Boys: It is estimated that about ten percent of boys have a sexual encounter with an adult—usually a relative.

Girls: Between one-fourth and one-third of all girls are approached sexually by an adult male. Ten percent have a sexual encounter with a relative.

Masturbation and Age:

Male: Ninety-three percent of men masturbate and do so throughout their lives.

Female: By the age of 45, 62 percent of all women have masturbated. Masturbation is more common among older women.

Masturbation and Fantasy:

Male: About half of the men surveyed usually fantasize during masturbation.

Female: Over half of the females indicated that they fantasize during masturbation.

Older People and Sex:

The Kinsey Report indicates that four out of five men over the age of 60 are quite capable of having sexual relations, and that there is no sign of sexual decline in women. The Starr-Weiner study reports that a woman of 80 years has the same orgasmic potential as a woman of 20.

Orgasm and Arousal Time:

Males: Men are aroused more quickly than women and can reach orgasm in a matter of seconds.

Females: Women are generally believed to respond more slowly than men (taking from ten to 20 minutes) to both arousal and climax. This does not apply to masturbation, so many people feel (and some research shows) that a woman's slower response time to arousal is learned.

Orgasm During Sleep:

Both sexes report this occurrence. Among women, the experience occurs more frequently with age.

Orgasm Heights and Age:

Males: Men are believed to reach the height of their desire for sex and also the height of intensity of orgasm in their late teens.

Females: Females are believed to reach the heights of both sexual need and pleasure in their mid-thirties.

Orgasm, Inability to Achieve:

Men: There is no specific information as to the numbers of men who are unable to achieve orgasm, either in terms of inability to achieve erection or to achieve orgasm with an erection. Authorities believe that most men experience this temporarily at one time or another during their lives.

Women: There are numerous reports on the numbers of women who never reach orgasm. *The Hite Report*, for instance, indicates that 12 percent never do. *Redbook* cites an incidence of seven percent, *Cosmopolitan* ten percent, and Starr-Weiner 1.5 percent.

Orgasms, Multiple:

Both sexes report multiple orgasms, although they are more common among women.

Male: Each male orgasm is a distinct entity. The ability to achieve multiple orgasms is at its peak in adolescent boys and declines with age in the male.

> Men who have an overwhelming desire for power are more discontent with their love lives and show less affection.

Female: Multiple orgasms in females are all a part of one orgasm, experienced as waves, with each one blending into the last. Kinsey reports that 14 percent of women with experience could have three to five orgasms within a few minutes.

Orgasms, Number of Prior to Marriage:

Males: Men were found to have an average of 1,523 orgasms prior to marriage.

Females: Women were found to have had some 223 orgasms prior to marriage. (This is "old research" from *The Kinsey Report*. There are no similar data on women available for today, but many authorities think those numbers are now much larger!)

Pedophilia (Sex With Children):

Child molesters are men in 97 percent of the reported cases. Two to three hundred men for every one woman are prosecuted for child molesting.

Penis Envy and Vagina Envy:

Males: According to certain psychoanalytic theories, men envy women's ability to give birth.

Females: Women are envious of the power and domination represented by the penis.

Polygamy (Having More Than One Spouse):

In a study of 853 human societies, the practice of having only one wife was the norm in only 16 percent of them. Among the remaining 84 percent, polygamy was considered acceptable.

Power in Love Relationships—What the Sexes Say They Want:

Male: Eighty-seven percent of the men surveyed said they favored a relationship in which both male and female had equal power.

Female: Ninety-five percent of the women said they favored equality in a relationship with a member of the opposite sex.

Power in Relationships—What People Do:

Male: Forty-two percent of the men polled thought they had equal power in a relationship. Three-fourths of the remaining 58 percent felt they were the dominant partner.

Female: Forty-nine percent of the women polled said they were equal in terms of power to the man in their relationship. Two-thirds of the remaining 51 percent felt the man "had the final say."

Power and Sexual Stability in Relationships:

Males: Men with a greater desire for power than most are more discontent with their love lives and show less affection for their partners. Researchers concluded that men who have a great need for power have difficulty establishing stable relationships with women.

Females: Women with a greater need for power do not have less stable romantic relationships than those who show much less desire for power.

Relationships With the Opposite Sex, Fear of:

Male: Men fear they will either be smothered by a close relationship with a woman or that they will be rejected by her.

Female: Women fear competition from other women or that they will be abandoned by a man.

Sex Drive and Neurotransmitters:

Neurotransmitters are chemical messages that send signals to various parts of the body. In the case of the sex drive, it is felt that the neurotransmitter serotonin increases the woman's sexual response. Thus, carbohydrates, which encourage production of this chemical, are thought to be beneficial to a woman with a low sex drive. Since norepinephrine, which is stimulated by protein, plays a major role in the sex drive of the male, a

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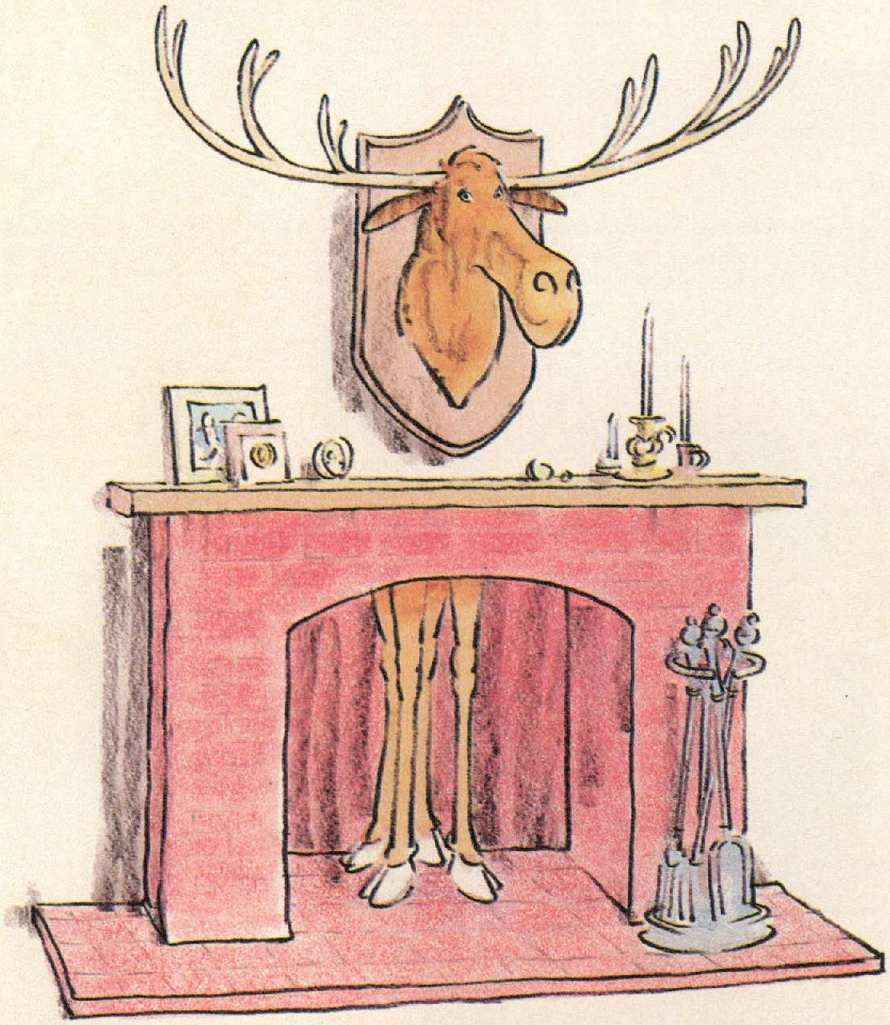
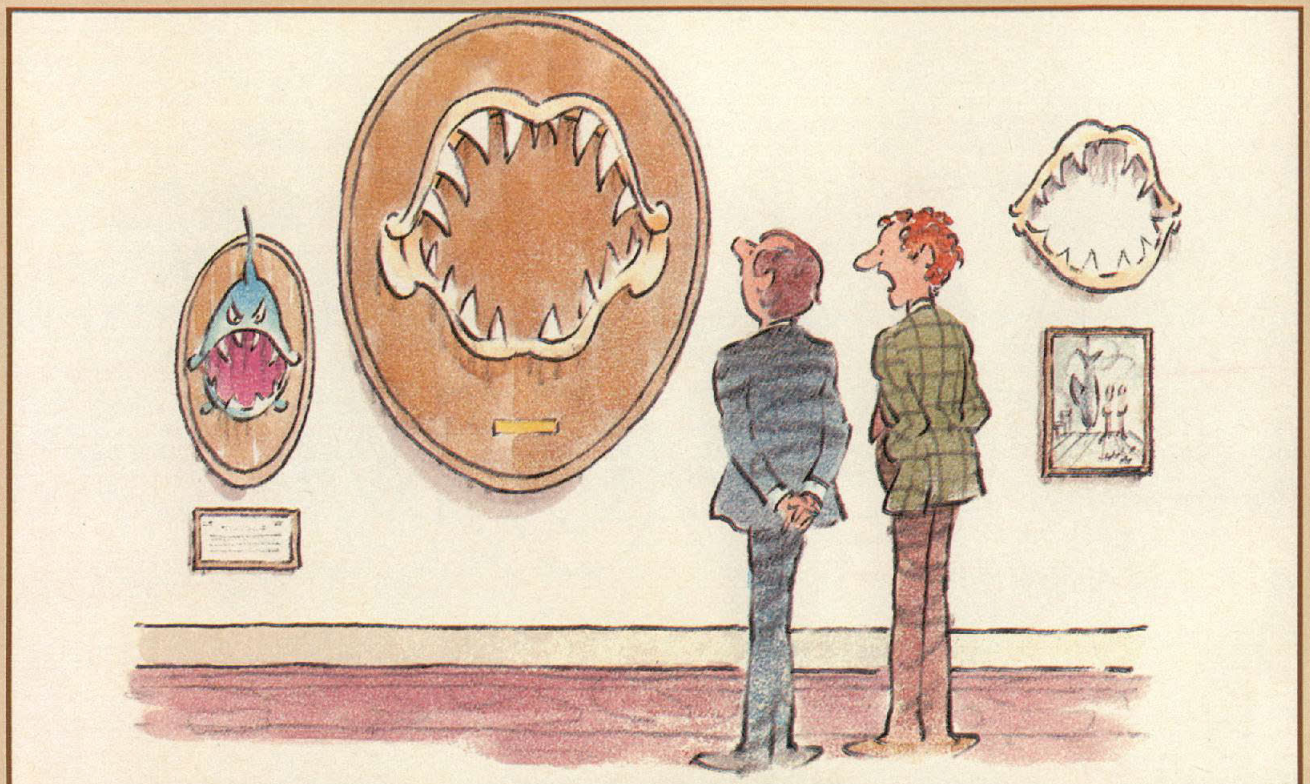
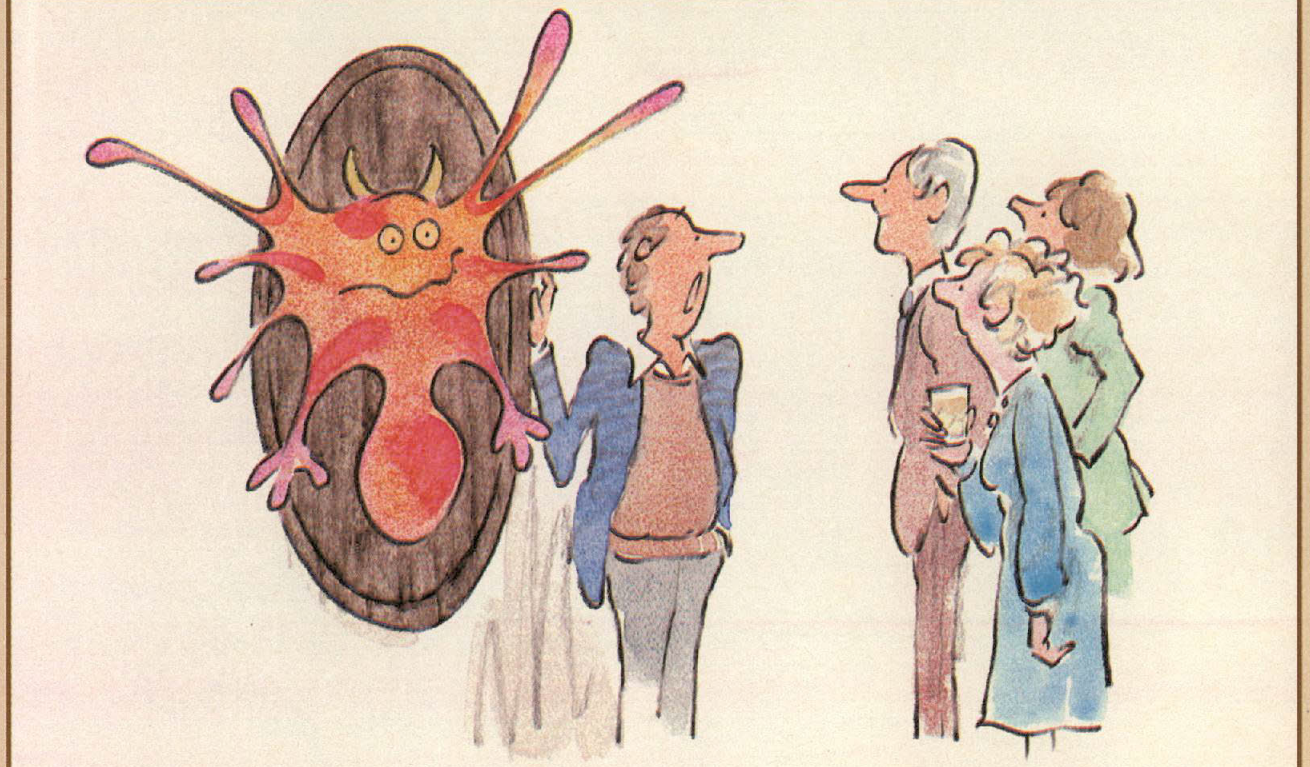
The TROPHY ROOM



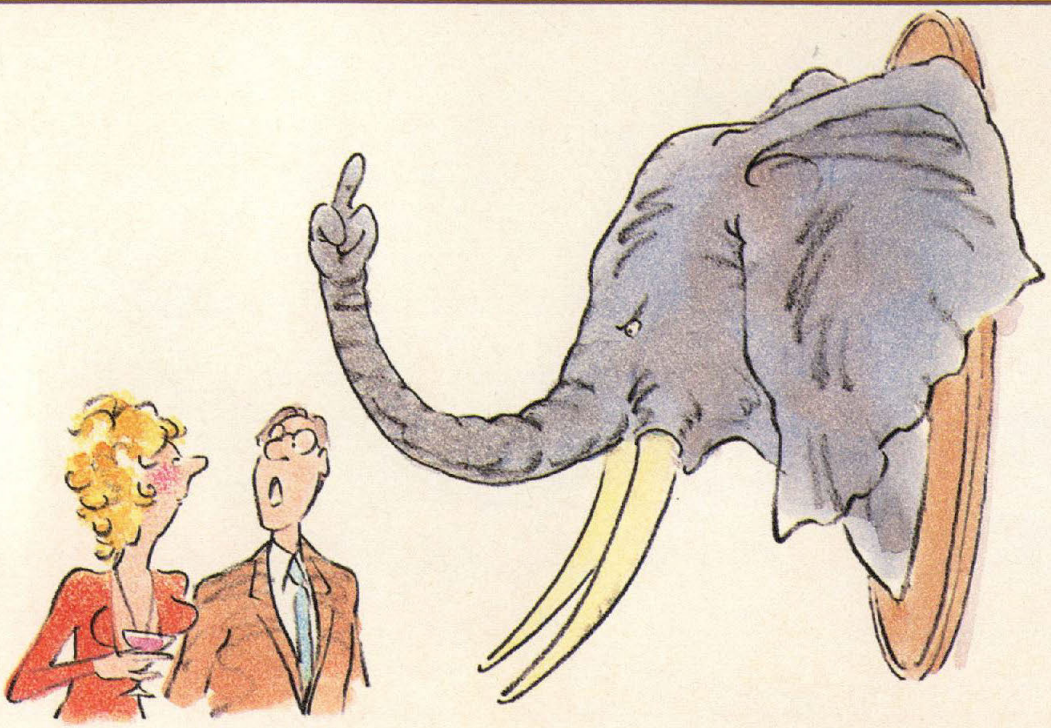
A cartoon feature by Cummings



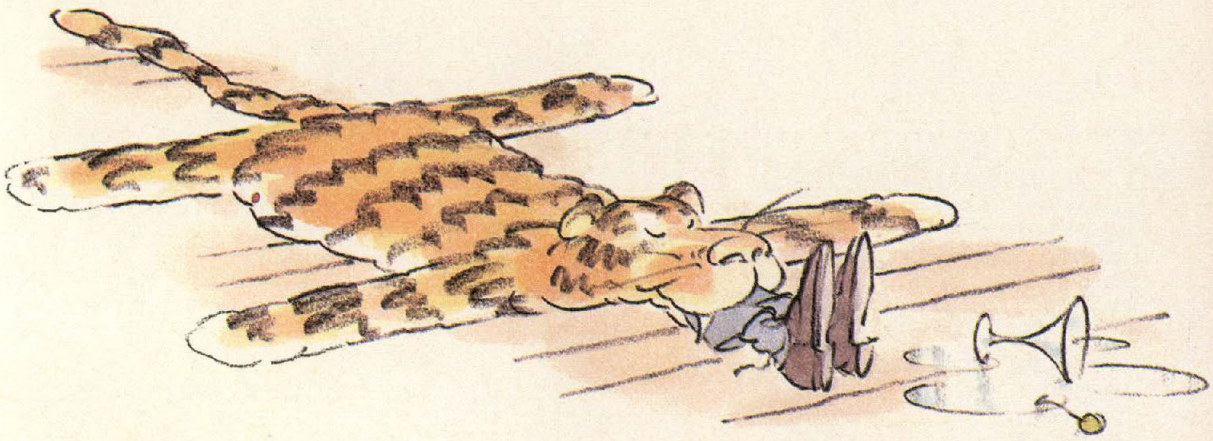
"That reminds me—have you ever been blown by Harriet Nabstood?"

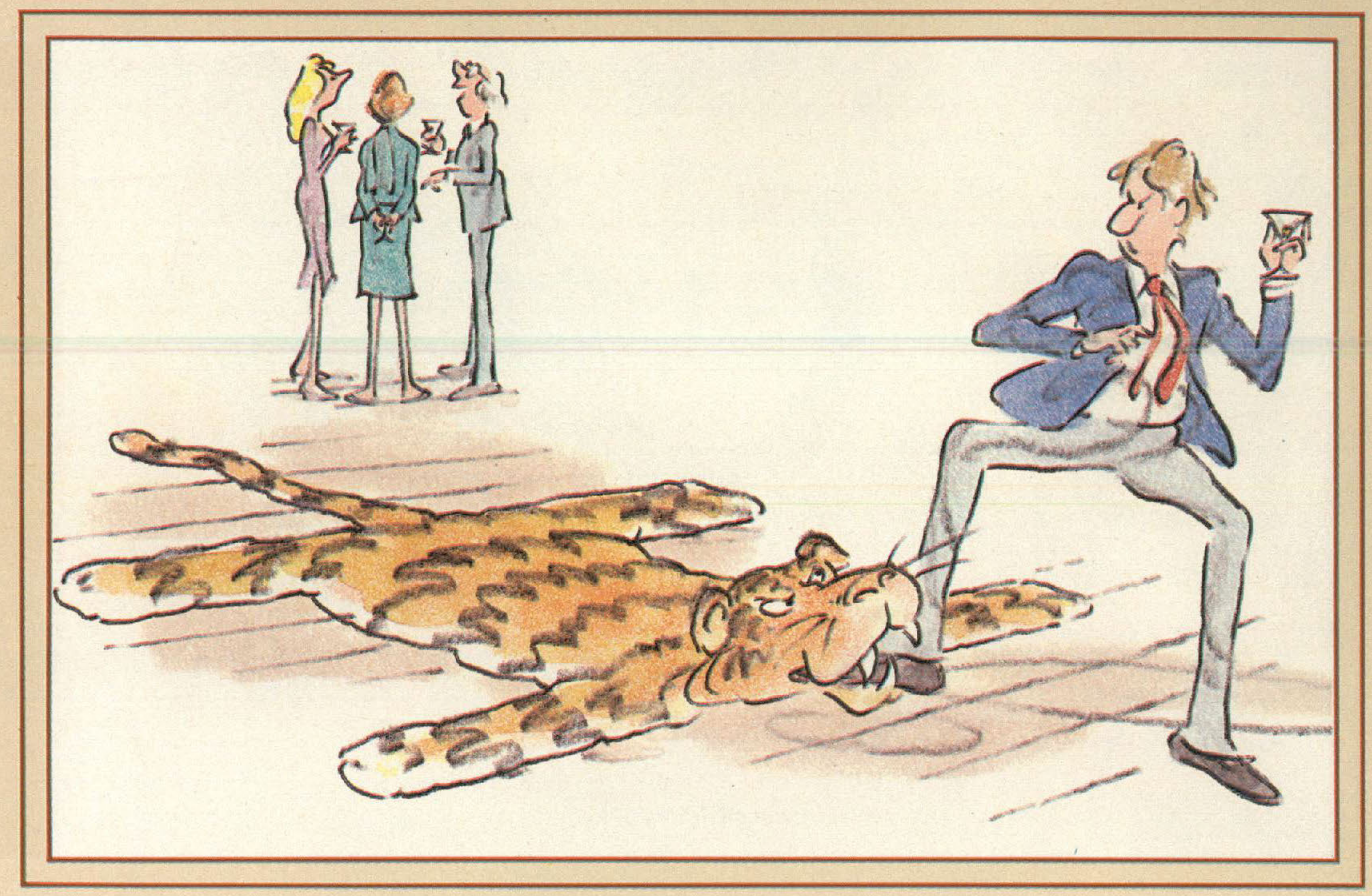


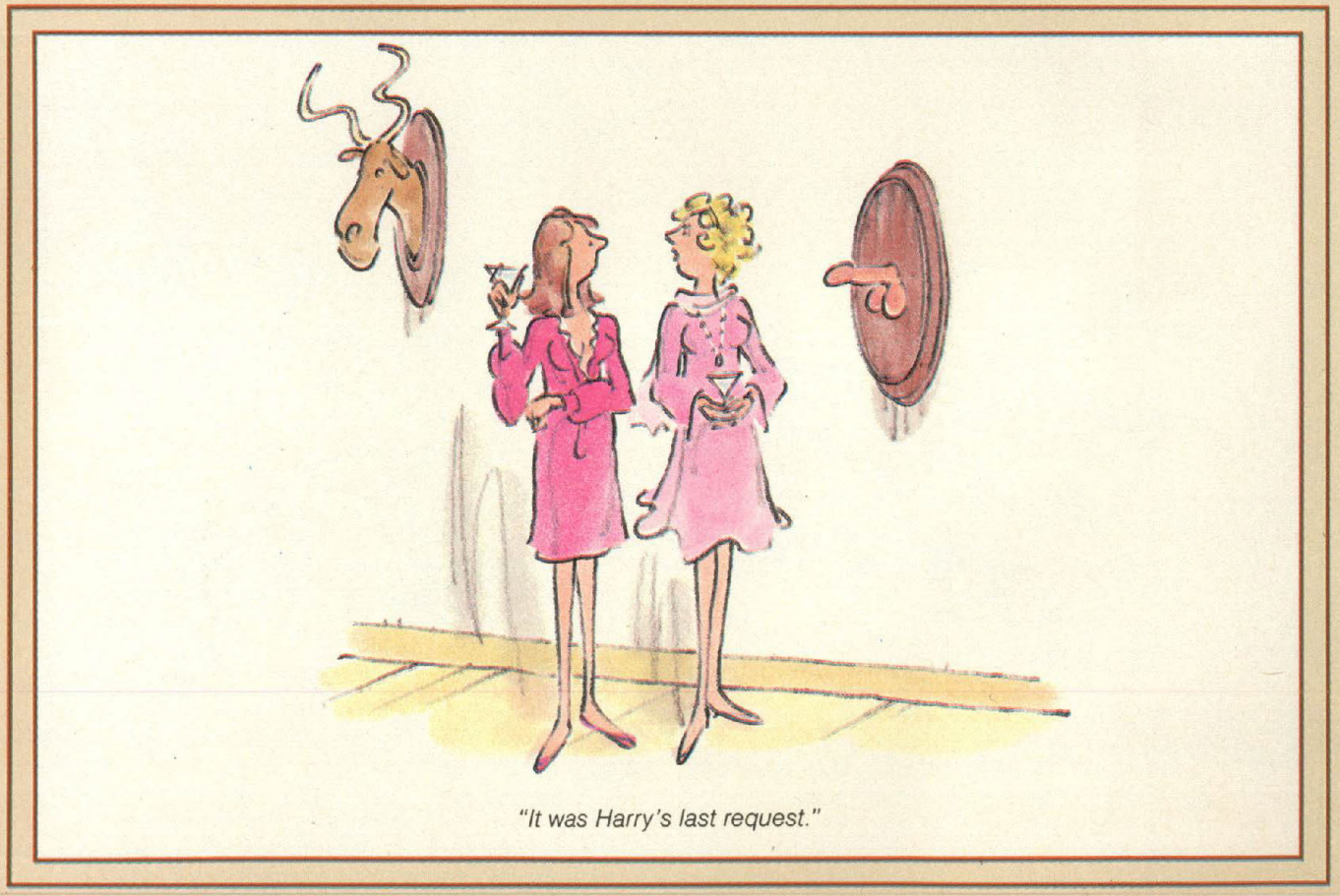
"This one I found on the windshield of my car."



"It's a gift from my ex."

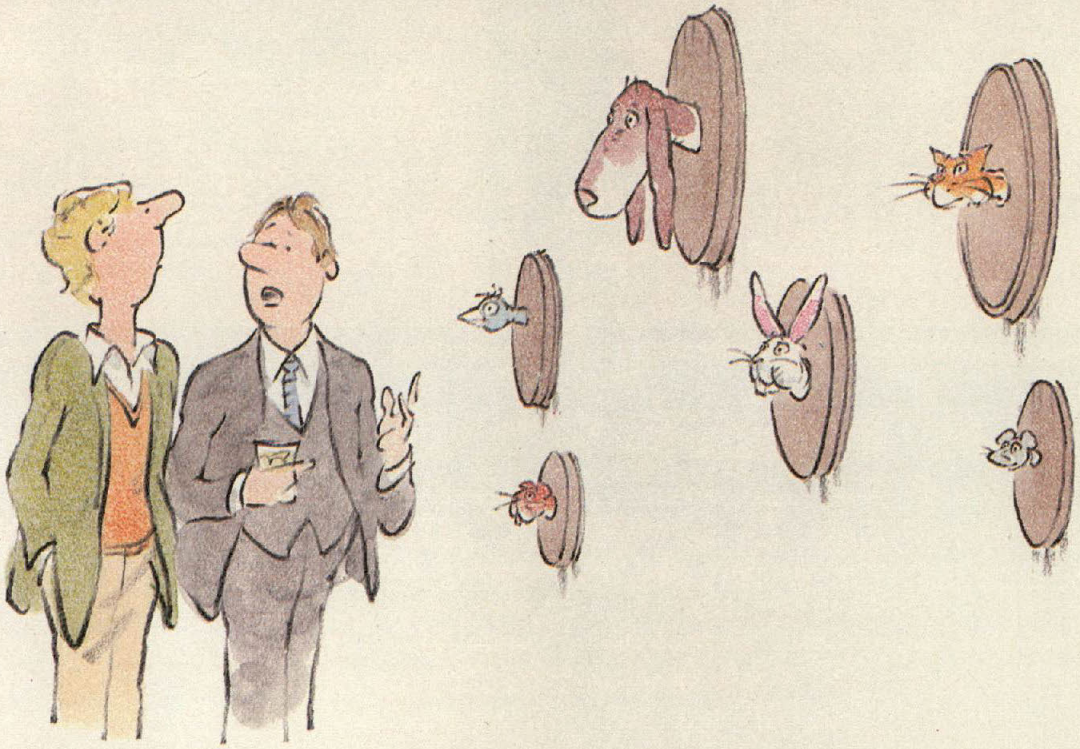




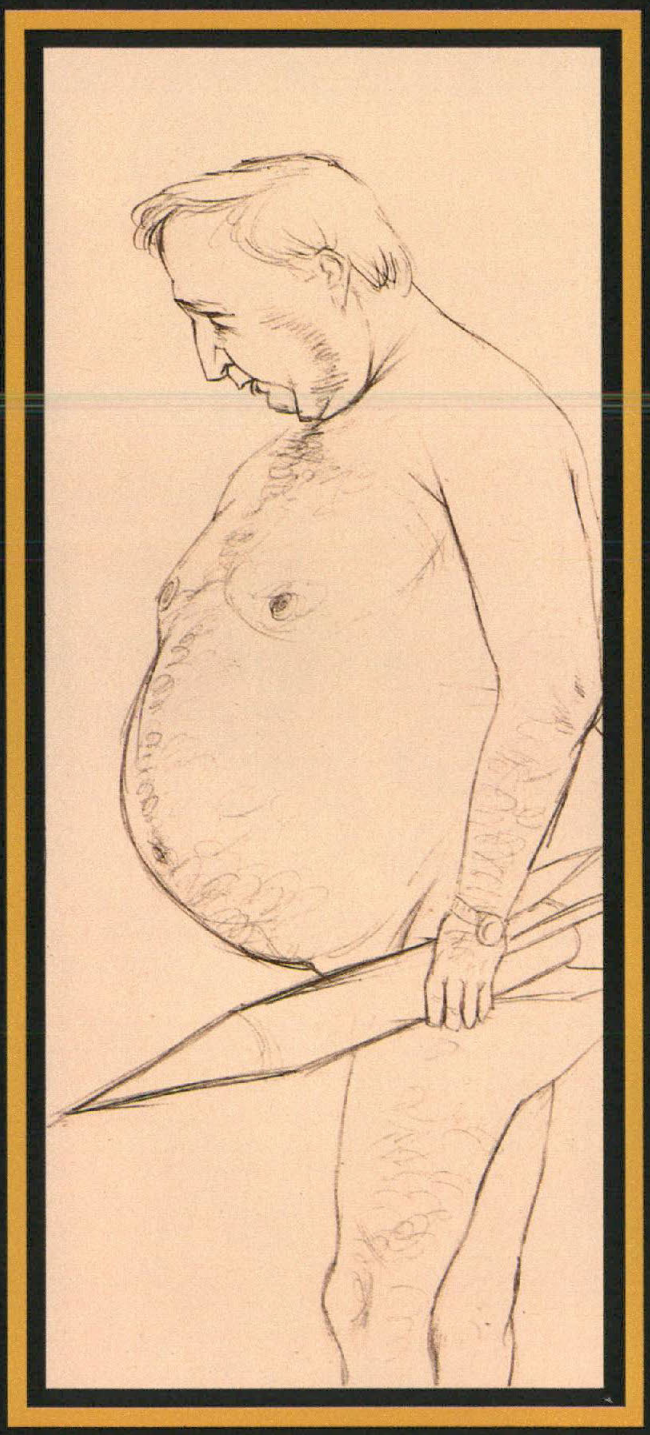


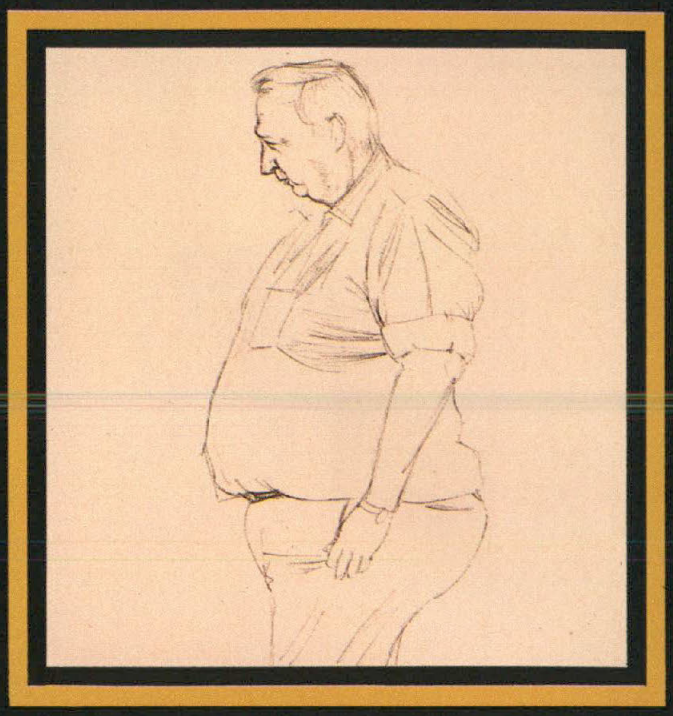
"It was Harry's last request."

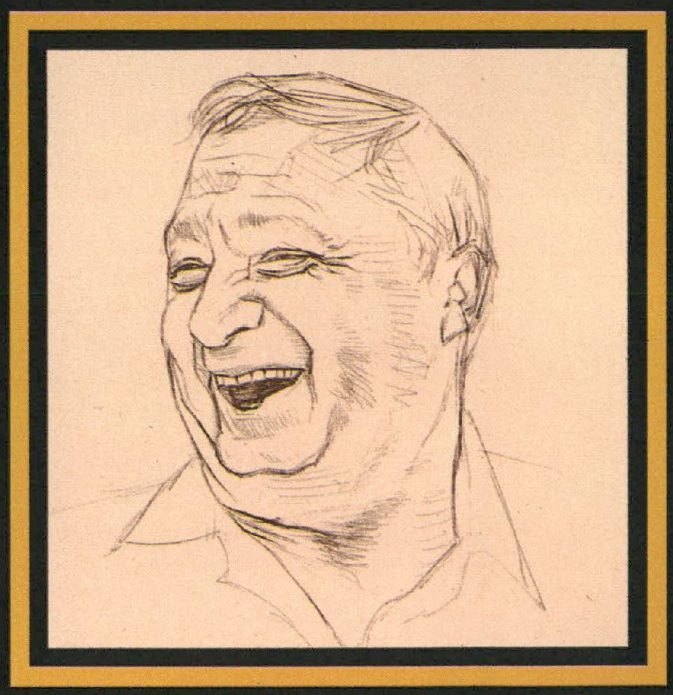
"I caught these two by complete surprise."



"Frankly, I have never been especially proud of this part of the collection."







HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 23

After leveling western Beirut,
He grew tired of Arab pursuit;
Sharon found his new Bible
In our laws of libel—
Now he thinks it's more fun to sue than to shoot.

ORI HOFMEKLER

DIFFERENCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

high-protein diet might help to increase his drive.

Sex, Good or Bad?:

Male: If sexual attraction is present, then sex can be good. A positive relationship is not necessary for men to enjoy sex.

Female: If the relationship is positive, then sex is good. Without a positive relationship, sex is usually not good for women.

Sex Life of People Over 60:

Women over 60 do not have as active a sex life as men over 60, due to a shortage of male partners. At age 60, 94 percent of men, but only 80 percent of women, are still active sexually.

Sex Roles Presented in Grade School and Preschool Stories:

Females are not depicted as often as males, and when they are, they play insignificant roles—with women baking or doing chores. In contrast, males are presented as leading adventurous, exciting lives.

Sex Roles, Traditional Views:

Male: A man is seen as protecting the female because he is physically stronger. He initiates and makes the major decisions in the home. He is seen as the breadwinner.

Female: A woman is seen as the caretaker of the home and children, and as one who cares for and defers to others.

Sex, Teenagers' Views Regarding Discussing With Parents:

Males: Sixty-six percent of the teenage males surveyed said they would not talk openly with their parents about sex.

Females: Sixty-five percent of the teenage females said they would not talk openly about sex with their parents.

The reasons given related to the teenagers' perception that their parents might be shocked or angry.

Sexual Abuse, Mean Age of Victimized Children:

Males: The mean age of males suffering sexual abuse is 11.

Females: The mean age of females suffering sexual abuse is ten.

Sexual Activity After 40:

Male: Testicular secretion declines after age 40, which accounts for the reduction in sexual activity among older men.

Female: Sexual activity declines somewhat for women after its peak in their mid-thirties.

Sexual Activity and Energy:

Various reports indicate that sexual activity and energy are linked in some manner. The following information may shed light on the matter.

Males: Men who are sexually active have increased levels of testosterone.

Females: Women who are sexually active have increased levels of progesterone, the hormone that helps release energy. They also have increased levels of testosterone, which is important in the utilization of proteins.

Sexual Desire and the Seasons:

Males: Sexual activity seems to peak in September. (Testosterone levels generally crest at that time.)

Females: Sexual activity often peaks in July and tapers off in September.

Sexual Dysfunction:

Males: One-third of the men interviewed indicated they had had a sexual dysfunction at one time in their lives.

Females: One-fourth of the women interviewed indicated they had had a sexual dysfunction at some time in their lives.

> The ability to achieve multiple orgasms is at its peak in adolescent boys and declines with age in the male.

Sexual Dysfunction, Reactions to:

Males: Men develop symptoms of depression and anxiety when either they or their partners are sexually dysfunctional (have some sexual difficulty).

Females: Women whose husbands or lovers are dysfunctional in some way do not develop any symptoms. Women who are themselves considered dysfunctional do manifest anxiety.

Sexual Harassment:

In one study, men complained of being sexually harassed by both men and women. In 28 percent of the cases, it was by fellow male employees. Forty-two percent of the women surveyed complained of being harassed sexually by bosses and fellow employees.

Sexual Intercourse, Complaints of Infrequency:

More women than men complain of infrequent lovemaking.

Sexual Peak, Age Differences:

Male: Men seem to experience the greatest sexual desire in their late teens and early twenties.

Female: Women's greatest sexual desire seems to occur in their thirties.

Sexual Problem Most Commonly Discussed With Physicians:

Males: Premature ejaculation and sexual impotence are the male problems most frequently discussed with physicians.

Females: Failure to achieve orgasm is probably the most common female sexual problem discussed with physicians.

Sexual Relations With a Stranger for One Million Dollars:

Male: Seventy-eight percent of the men surveyed said they would consent to sexual intercourse with a stranger in return for a million dollars.

Female: Fifty-eight percent of the women surveyed said they would consent.

Stress and Infertility:

Male: Stress can cause muscle spasms in the sperm ducts and thus interfere with the transmission of semen.

Female: Stress can cause an enlarged uterus, prevent ovulation, and stimulate abnormal cervical secretions that immobilize sperm. It can also disturb uterine blood circulation enough to detach the placenta, and lead to spontaneous abortion.

Stress and Its Effect on Sexual Glands:

Male: Stress can impede sexual hormone production and sperm production. Men under stress usually have a diminished sex drive and may ejaculate prematurely.

Female: Stress may cause heavy periods in women and can reduce the flow of milk in nursing mothers.

Valium and Breast Enlargement:

Male: Some men experience breast enlargement after using Valium.

Female: Breast enlargement is not a reported side effect of Valium use among women.

Violence and Lovers:

One-fourth of American couples engage in at least one physically violent episode during a relationship.

Virginity Loss:

Males: Forty-three percent of males lose their virginity by the time they are 16.

Females: Thirty-one percent of females lose their virginity by the time they are 16.

This article is excerpted from the forthcoming book What's the Difference?, *by Jane Barr Stump, Ph.D., to be published by William Morrow & Company, Inc.*
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TAKE A NEW LOOK...

NEW LOOK

80

NEWLOOK has been carefully adapted from the most successful new magazine in France today. Its editorial format is an original and aggressive combination of high-voltage photojournalism, brilliant photographic essays, and intriguing, rapid-fire text.

NEWLOOK was designed to examine the full spectrum of life in the eighties—to look at our world in an original, intelligent, and liberated way. To see the good and the bad, the beautiful and the ugly . . . the natural, the unnatural, and the supernatural . . . the heroic and the villainous . . . the adventurous and the fearful, the super-glamorous and the super-sexy.

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NEWLOOK will appeal to the most aggressive and influential young male readership in America today: readers who actively seek out the newest and latest ideas, places and products—all the indispensable tools for living vigorously and well in a world that they, themselves, are helping to make.

NTENTS

NEWLOOK . . . with all the resources, style, and professional know-how of PENTHOUSE/OMNI.

R. Guccione

BOB GUCCIONE
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

TAKE A NEWLOOK AT...

THE PHENOMENAL

The six-story high Hawaiian wave and the man who rode it...The woman who sleeps with lions...

Pictured here...live before millions of shuddering television viewers, Rüdiger Nehberg samples a nouvelle cuisine appetizer before feasting on a plate of earthworms. No psychopath, he's one of Germany's most renowned pastry chefs and a leading survival expert.

TAKE A NEWLOOK AT...

THE GOOD

Athletes, adventurers, actors, and artists....

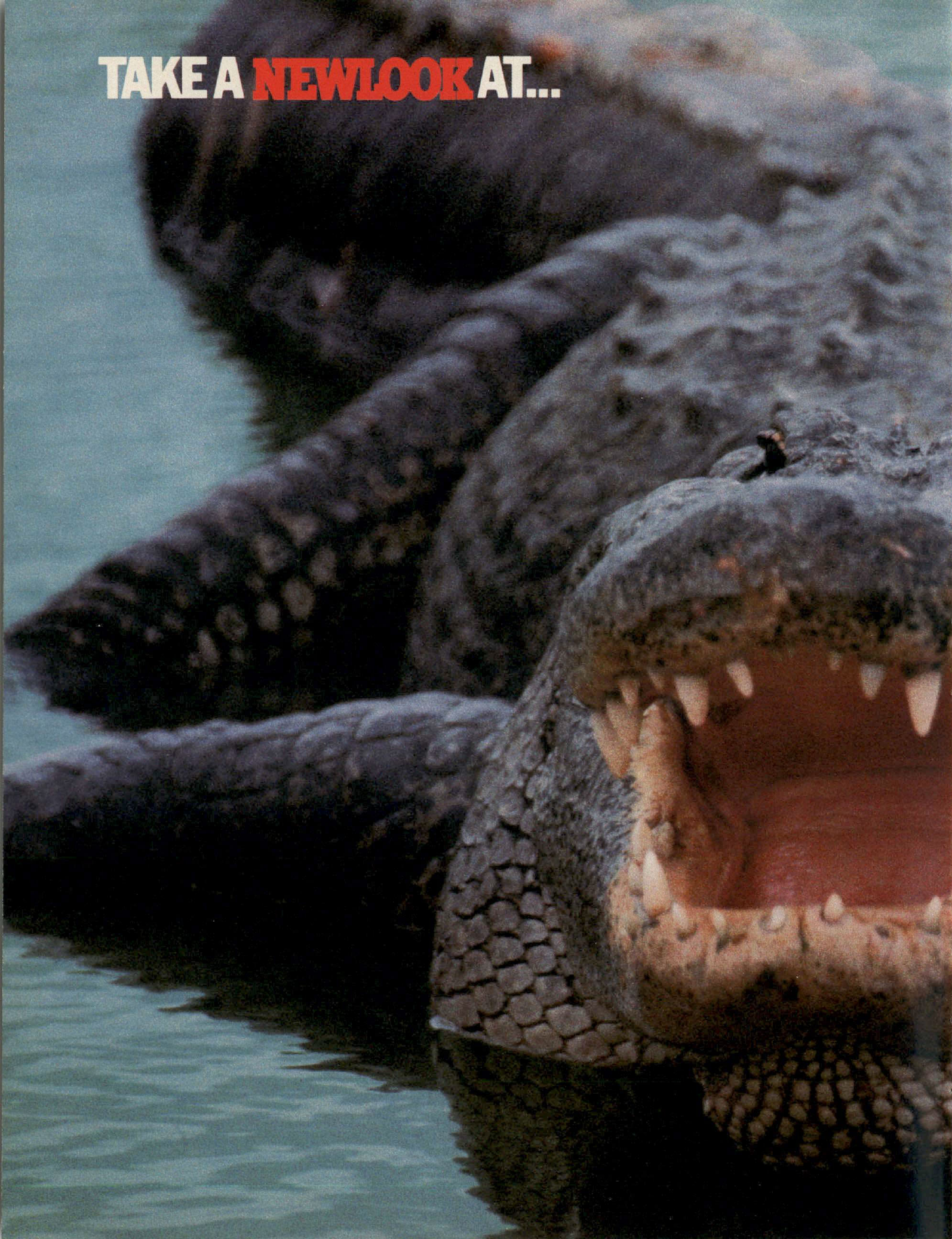
Pictured here...perfection perceived in young America's healthy, obsessive quest for personal best... Everybody seems in search of an ideal physique.

TAKE A NEWLOOK AT...

THE BAD

The Great Whites—sharks and hunters... the Hell's Angels... all those who would despoil our world for profit....

Pictured here...the nightmare world inhabited by society's outcasts...whose daring and demented dreams all too often haunt every one of us.


TAKE A NEWLOOK AT...

THE UGLY

Venomous snakes...
Psychopathic punks...
parasitic hyenas...
senseless pillage...

One bite from the predator pictured here, and your blood spurts ten feet! The hunters have become the hunted; hordes of alligators have fled their swamp habitats and have moved into surrounding residential areas. Today in Florida, there is actually one alligator for every six humans.

TAKE A NEWLOOK AT...

THE BEAUTIFUL

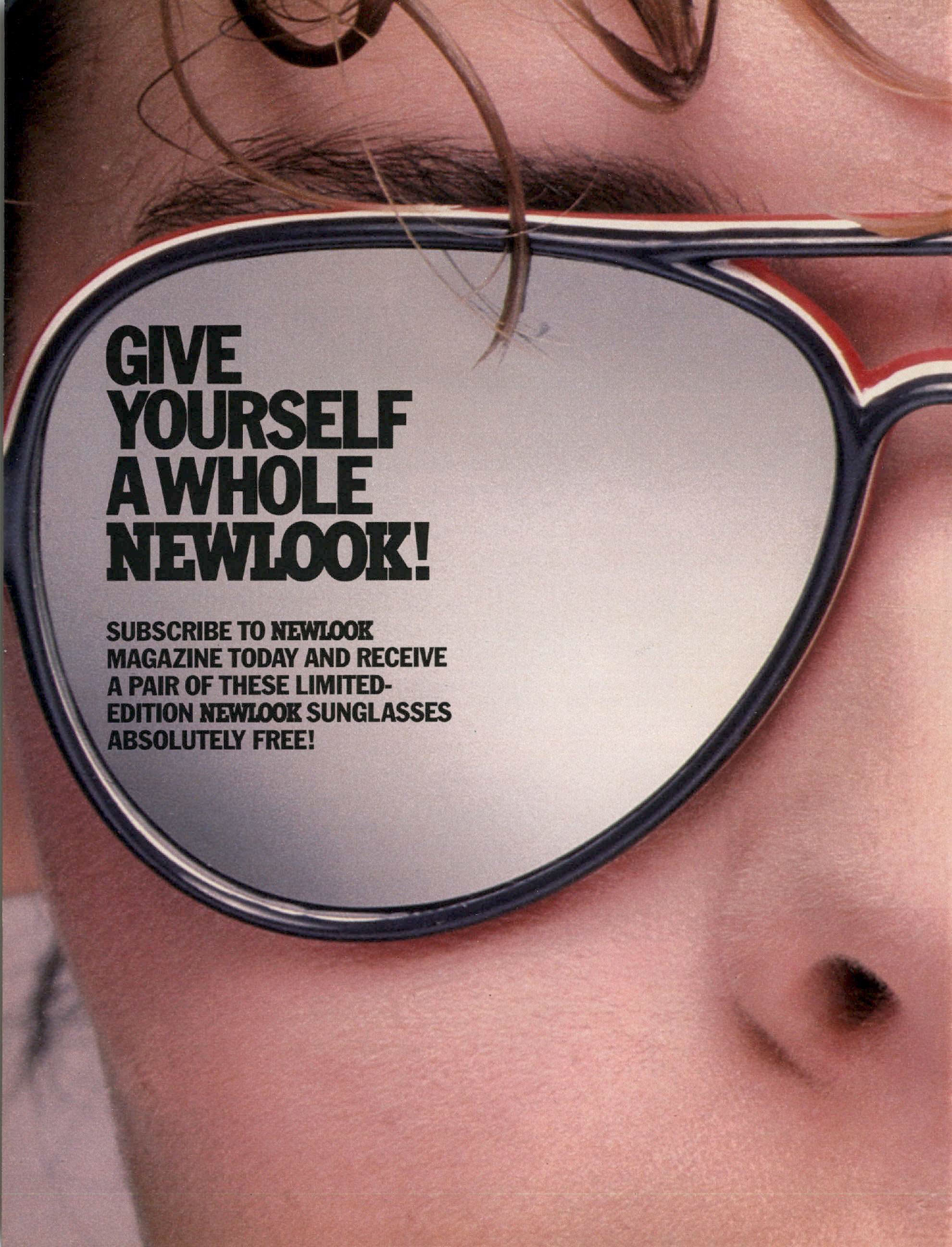
Man's masterworks, such as the châteaus of France, the castles on the Rhine, the palaces of India...and nature's even more awesome creations—not least of which is the female form, photographed in all its splendor....Naturally.

TAKE A NEWLOOK AT...
NEWLOOK
AT NEWSSTANDS SOON.
LOOK FOR IT.

THE BIZARRE

Aficionados of the sexually unusual... 150,000 Japanese phallus worshippers...A man who howls with wolves...Snake fairs in the Deep South...

Pictured here...a 23-year-old Swedish sizzler launches her film career by starring in a mud-wrestling contest in which everyone obviously goes down a winner.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JAGGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

Penthouse: How does the Jagger-Richards songwriting team work?

Jagger: Well, when we started off, Keith used to hum a melody that he got from somewhere or he made up or whatever. I would try to make up words and we'd just sit there and strum along—and basically, that's what we still do. The way we started off, I just wrote the lyrics and Keith wrote the melodies. I still write all the lyrics, more or less.

Penthouse: Let's talk about the lyrics that you write. What about, for instance, your attitude toward women?

Jagger: Hmm . . .

Penthouse: You've gotten a lot of criticism about it.

Jagger: Yeah. It was sort of fashionable at one time to be critical like that. Of course, when you're very immature, I think a lot of times you write from the heart and you also just copy things from other people. I think what upset people is, in the early lyrics, that I just said what I thought and that was at a time when very few people did.

Penthouse: Early rock 'n' roll lyrics were kind of banal.

Jagger: I mean that there was no honesty in them. I'm talking about not even the semblance of any kind of real-life occurrences in lyrics until Bob Dylan influenced people to write in a slightly different way. And our attitude toward women was a bit more hard-edged than the normal pop-song attitude, which, up to that point, was like "Venus in Blue Jeans," and it was never "you bitch."

Penthouse: Have you had much that is nice to say about women?

Jagger: You get an awful lot of the other kind of lyrics in Rolling Stones songs, being kind or praising the opposite sex to the sky in the traditional sense of the lyric writer.

Penthouse: But that sentimentality is not as much fun for you?

Jagger: No, I do that a lot. I think that the really rotten thing is that I've written a lot of songs that are romantic—love songs, as well—that people don't always remember.

Penthouse: Is Mick Jagger a male chauvinist?

Jagger: I'm not a male chauvinist. Not at all. In fact, I'm just the opposite. I was kind of androgynous, and was always being accused of being too feminine, in fact, rather than being too masculine. I was never accused of being a macho figure. I was the total opposite of the macho figure. I was always the guy you could imagine making pâté in my kitchen. And I never had a relationship with a woman where she had to stay home.

But, to go beyond my own experience for a minute, you have to realize that, for a long time, the status of women will be different. They have special, not only biological, but spiritual and cultural values having to do with childbirth and childrearing, and because of that their role in society is going to be different. Women who only have careers and don't have children will probably feel incomplete as a woman. So most women want to have children and a career, and that will place a big burden on them and their husbands—and on society.

Penthouse: Why is it a burden?

Jagger: Because someone has got to look after these children. There is a great shortage of child care on the middle-class level, but on the poorer level—where people have *got* to work—there's a problem with these kids running loose on the streets and not being properly looked after. I agree that women should work and I personally like women who work, but it is something that we have to deal with in society as a whole because it does present problems.

Penthouse: Would you personally like to have a woman who stayed at home?

> Most women want to have children *and* a career, and that places a big burden on them and their husbands—and on society.

Jagger: I don't know! I never had one. What's it like?

Penthouse: Let's move on to a safer subject. Some people have accused you of romanticizing and even encouraging Satanism in your songs.

Jagger: No! The only song I really wrote about that subject was "Sympathy for the Devil." I wrote it very fast and I didn't really think about it. It was written one morning before I went to the studio. But I like it. I like its theme. I like its lyrics. It's like a subject you get interested in and you decide to write about it. When you've written your piece you tend to move on, I think.

Penthouse: How do you think you have matured as a lyricist?

Jagger: Well, I can make more rhymes. It's difficult for me to make any kind of judgment on it. That's for other people to make. Obviously I think my lyrics are better. Sometimes I'll go through patches where I think they're good and some I think are terrible. I can always blame other people.

Penthouse: That certainly won't be the case on this album.

Jagger: Well, no. Obviously, not everything you do pleases you 100 percent. But I hope they're a bit better than the "moon in June" I used to do.

Penthouse: Have you tried to write anything other than songs?

Jagger: I tried writing short stories, but I'm a little bit shy about doing it. When people say, "Why don't you write your autobiography?" it would be so great to do it in short stories. I love traveling and I've written travel pieces, but I don't know—it's something I don't think I'm so hot at.

Penthouse: Would you like to write about music?

Jagger: No. I don't like criticism that much. I'm simply not interested in it. I think it was the London *Times* or the *Guardian* that asked me some time ago to do reviews of videos and films, but no, I'm not cut out for the life of a critic.

Penthouse: Drugs are part of the Rolling Stones' history. What was the drug scene in the early days?

Jagger: Terrible! I don't know if it was worse than it is now, but it was more naive. I don't think anybody knew; everyone was prepared to experiment. I think now people know the difference between different things. Apart from that, it's more or less the same—pretty sick, really.

Penthouse: It's incredible, isn't it, when you think of all the people who have died from drugs?

Jagger: Yeah, it's really not very good. It does appear that people in show business are particularly prone to insecurity and they try to alleviate that insecurity and some of them use drugs, overuse them or abuse them.

Penthouse: Did you have a problem with drugs?

Jagger: I think anyone taking drugs has a problem. But all musicians use drugs of some kind. You couldn't go to a recording session in a studio without some of the musicians taking drugs. You've got to be very strong-willed to avoid them.

Penthouse: Did drugs affect the Stones?

Jagger: Keith, Brian, and myself, on numerous occasions, had problems with the police over drugs and that obviously affected the group's morale. But we managed to deal with it somehow.

Penthouse: Do you remember how you felt when they found you guilty of a drug charge in England?

Jagger: Terrible! But we knew it was going to be guilty. It was no surprise. We were surprised at the sentence. Normally, for a first offense the sentence would be suspended or probation.

Penthouse: I know that it was overturned on appeal, but it must have been hell for the group with your and Keith's future unknown.

Jagger: I didn't find it particularly easy making music when we were being busted and everything. I mean, it's nice to be pushed and to have influences, but it's not nice if you think your guitar player is going to be in jail next week—it's not easy to make music.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 134

HOTS HOT SHOTS HOT!

QUEENS OF THE X-RATED CINEMA

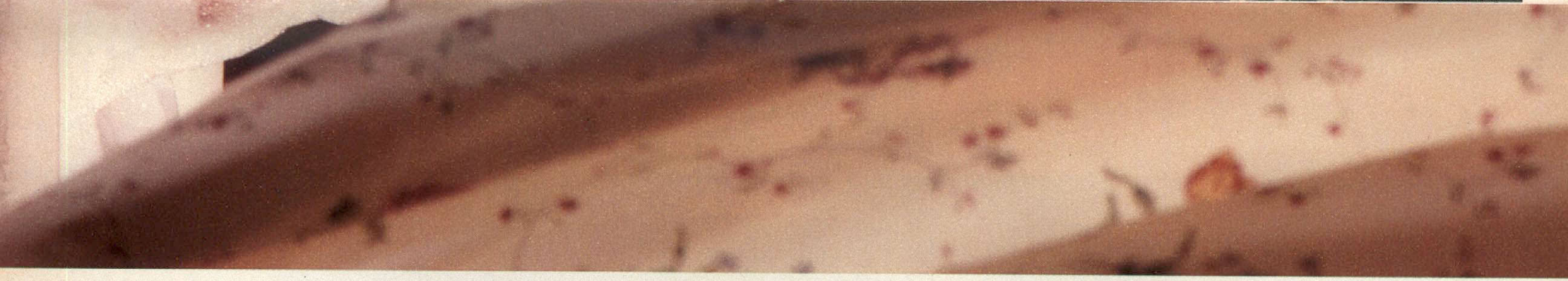
GINGER

"I wake up horny, and I can make myself come 400 times a day."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

What could be a more appropriate title for gorgeous Ginger Lynn's latest hit flick than *Girls on Fire*? Our 21-year-old "hot shot" from Rockford, Illinois, is a lady who has always been on fire. "I've always been very, very sexual. Since I was a teenager and my boyfriend and I did the big thing in my backyard, I've loved sex. We'd come home ten times a day and have sex. I'd skip school just to have sex." Little has changed for Ginger. "I wake up horny a lot. I can make myself come 400 times a day. That's one advantage of being a girl. You can come, and 30 seconds later you're ready to come again."

Gingerly, this beauty from the land of Lincoln tell us that being an X-rated film star can cause a few problems. "Doing films changes your home sex life. For example, I'll be making love with my boyfriend and I'll catch myself making noises just because I'm vocal on film. I do get louder than I would like to be." Still, she appreciates what films have done for her sex life. "Before films, I was so horny I was constantly demanding sex. Now, I have all the sex I want. And on the screen it is good sex, simply because people know what they're doing. Off the screen I only have sex when I like somebody. I don't have to do mercy fucks simply because my date demands it."



Styling by Stella Arroyave; makeup by Tony Procter Lambe; production assistant Bobby Furst. Clothes by Fireworks, Venice, Calif.

Ginger is as unpredictable as the weather. "Some days I'm sweet and shy and all I'll do is missionary-position sex." And on stormier days? "I'm wild and nasty. I'll do anal, double penetration. I'm open for anything!" For readers who believe

that her love for making X-rated movies is selfish, Ginger's snappy reply is: "People really want to learn from these films. I'm not only turning them on and making them happy, I'm also teaching them something special about sex."

JAGGER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 124

Penthouse: How did the press treat you when the drug busts were going on?

Jagger: I just think that the press likes to take hold of something and go on and on. Of course, it would be nice if someone in the press cared about anyone's personal feelings. But in the game of show business you've got to be prepared to take some pretty hard knocks. And you know, I can take them.

Penthouse: Do you read much of what's printed about you?

Jagger: Not now, I don't. People who read all their press are crazy, stupid. I don't care what they write.

Penthouse: How did it feel when you couldn't pick up a newspaper without reading about you and Bianca?

Jagger: You get used to it. After 20 years of it, it's just water off a duck's back. I don't like it very much. But you do invite it if you go out to some dumb party and all. You never go to a party just for a party, it's always to hustle something. And if you take part in that social crowd, you've got to expect to be part of it. I can live without it. In fact, New York in the sixties didn't really have all that much sensationalism. But it does now—ever since Rupert Murdoch took over the *Post*.

Penthouse: Philip Norman, in his book on the Stones, *Symphony for the Devil*, claims that the British press set you and Keith up for the first drug bust. Is it true?

Jagger: Oh, sure . . . if Norman says so it must be true.

Penthouse: You don't sound too happy about the book. Have you read it?

Jagger: I read bits of it. From what I can tell, all writers want to make a point, to come to a conclusion: "He was like this and this is how it all happened." But life isn't as simple as that. How can Norman make conclusions about me when he doesn't really know me?

Penthouse: Norman wrote a lot about Allen Klein, who once managed the Beatles and the Rolling Stones at the same time. Obviously, you knew him well. What was he really like?

Jagger: [Laughs] He was the only person who had the two biggest bands in the world and lost them both. He's just a rapacious guy. I don't know what he does now, but he must be in a weird situation to think that he had management of these two bands. He still could be managing the Rolling Stones and Paul McCartney.

Penthouse: How did Klein blow it?

Jagger: Think of all the millions he could have made, and all he did was try to grab as much as he could. He's genuinely a nuisance. Usually you get over the emotional thing after a guy fucks you over, but this guy keeps coming back and back and back, so you really have to be serious with him. He's not the kind of guy you can talk to calmly, like, "Hey, Allen, why don't we make a business deal like sensible people?" He's not interested in that. He wants it all. Just bullshit!

Penthouse: Mick, you're 42 years old and the father of a new baby. Do you feel yourself becoming a little more conservative and "responsible" than you were, say, 15 years ago?

Jagger: I don't really find having a baby makes you conservative.

Penthouse: Does it make you look for more stability?

Jagger: It obviously changes your life in a lot of ways, but it doesn't have to make you politically any more conservative. It might make you more protective, perhaps, but if you were really poor, I'm sure it would change your economic attitude. You wouldn't be able to run around spending money on having fun and all that. But I'm in the fortunate position that it doesn't affect me that way, so having a baby doesn't have that sobering effect that it's supposed to have! [Laughs] But seriously, my interest in education is something that I inherited from my father and grandfather. I think that education, even in the countries where it's considered to be of a higher standard, leaves a lot to be desired. It tends to have a regional bias, which doesn't really help in the formative years when people acquire prejudices about other societies. They are ill-informed, and even into adulthood they don't grow out of it. And, of course, people who don't travel very much have a very odd view of the world.

Penthouse: Do you think that the quality of education has improved since your childhood?

Jagger: I see the education of my own children, and I don't think that it's improved from my own. Obviously, there's a lot of room for improvement in backward countries, but also in our own backyards. The British and European systems are so rigid. My children are doing the same curriculum that I was doing years and years ago. I can't believe it can't be improved upon.

There are so many things that have changed that kids today should understand. For example, the whole world is becoming more citified. Especially in the Third World. Cities like Rio, São Paulo, and Mexico City are growing so fast. That kind of urban life produces a strange human being whom we don't understand. It's really a very stressful thing with its poverty and crime. I think there should be an understanding as to what is happening in our society.

Penthouse: Do you think that you've finally found the right woman?

Jagger: That's a very leading question.

Penthouse: Perhaps, but you do seem pretty happy.

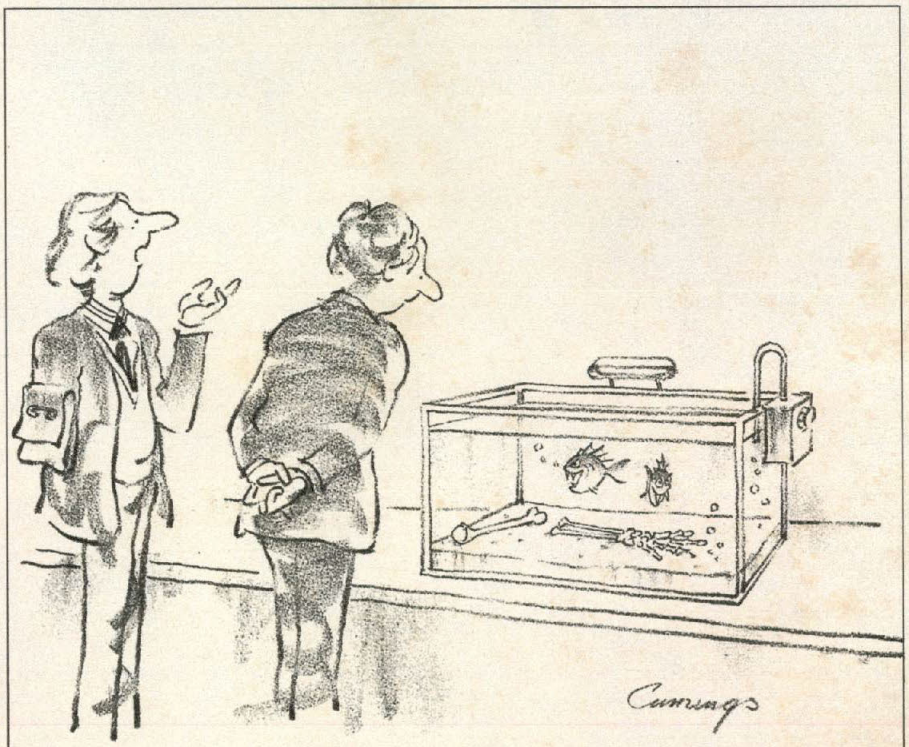
Jagger: Well, yeah, I am.

Penthouse: So—one last question, especially for our women readers. Are you going to get married again?

Jagger: No!

Penthouse: Why are you so emphatic?

Jagger: As they say, once bitten, twice shy.



"Actually, I've only fed them once."

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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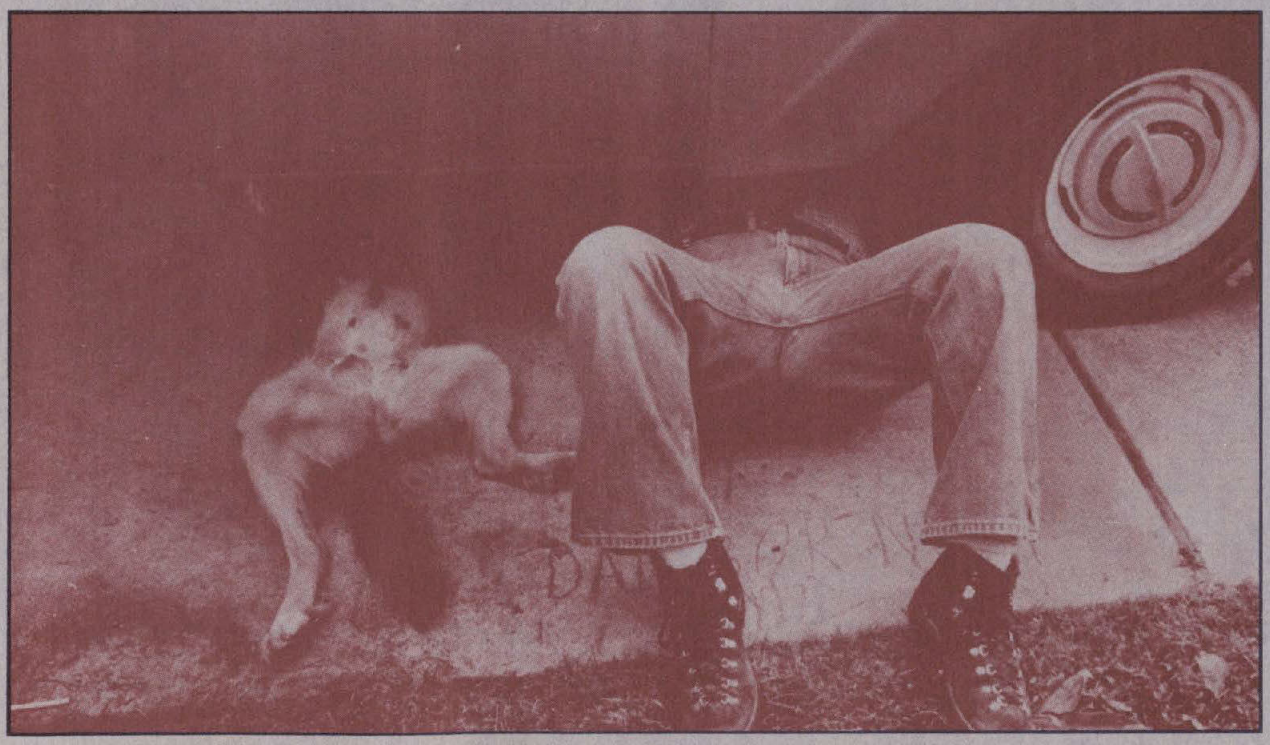
EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER



Everyone knows that good mechanics are always hard to find. But when your car's a real dog, you need expert help to make repairs—as this Huntington, West Virginia, Mr. Fixit learned not long ago. (*The Star*—submitted by Todd Hollaway, New Baden, Ill.)

He's just barking up the wrong tree.—Editor

IRS FIASCO

Quinn Packard, eight, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Packard of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, holds an Internal Revenue Service refund check for $16,072.40. The correct amount should have been a whopping $11 refund on interest income for money given to him by his parents for his college education. Quinn says he'll return the check to the IRS. (*The Vindicator*—submitted by H. M. Reich, Youngstown, Ohio)
Why's he smiling, if he's giving it back?—Editor

SNAKES ALIVE!

Patricia Brown, with one of her ten pet snakes that she has been ordered to remove from her home in Grand Rapids, Michigan. The city, citing complaints from neighbors, has refused to renew her permit to keep exotic animals. Miss Brown says that she will fight the eviction notice. "These are my dear pets, just like your dogs and cats are to you. I want to help people get over the fears I once had," she stated. (*The New York Times*)
We'll get over our fears, thank you, when those snakes disappear.—Editor

The Bare Facts

Justice has been served once again—this time for a man wrongly accused of "mooning" a Taylor Mill, Kentucky, couple. Samuel and Linda Myers filed a criminal-harassment complaint, alleging that George Bushong had pulled down his pants and exposed his buttocks in their neighborhood last month. The Myerses said the culprit had a half-dollar–sized mole on one cheek. In response to the defense attorney's offer to prove his client was innocent, the judge cleared the courtroom and had the defendant bare his buttocks. There was no mole, and a closer look verified that one could not have been surgically removed. Case closed. (*Dayton Daily News*—submitted by J. Will, Dayton, Ohio)
Drop your pants, in the name of the law!—Editor

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND!

Saying "meow" to a police dog has cost an unemployed British teenager $126. Eighteen-year-old Lawrence O'Dowd of York, in northern England, was fined that amount after being found guilty of using abusive words and engaging in threatening behavior. Police Sergeant Fred Taylor told the court that Mr. O'Dowd was among a group of youths blocking a sidewalk. When he asked them to move, Taylor said, Mr. O'Dowd looked at him and said "meow" to his German shepherd dog, Peel. (*The New York Times*)
Well, it is a four-letter word.—Editor

ONLY IN NEW YORK

Angry passengers late for work shouted for a New York City bus driver to run down a knife-wielding man in a wheelchair who was blocking the vehicle because the driver refused to let him aboard. Elliott Schloss, 35, who is confined to a wheelchair, approached the bus and asked the driver to let him board through rear doors equipped with electrical lifts designed for wheelchairs. The bus driver told him there was no room, shouting, "Can't you see people are already standing in the doors?" When the driver started to pull out, Schloss moved his wheelchair in front of the bus. While passengers screamed, "Run him over!" one rider jumped off the bus and tried to push Schloss out of the way. That's when Schloss pulled the knife. He was cited for disorderly conduct and possession of a dangerous weapon. (*Philadelphia Daily News*—submitted by John Pauzé, Dallas, Pa.)
Obviously he's a gentleman who's always depended on the kindness of strangers.—Editor

DUNG HO!

Chicago-area law-enforcement personnel are on the lookout for a band of "poo poachers." Investigation revealed the theft of several pounds of elephant excretion in Rosemont, Illinois. Scott Smith, a spokesman for Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, said that early one morning—several hours before the circus was scheduled to give the substance away to local gardeners—a circus workman spotted two people headed for a dumpster filled with the stuff and told them to "get outta here." Why would anyone need elephant droppings? Testifies one part-time vegetable grower, "It's good for your plants and vegetables. . . . You let it sit for about six months and then you till it into your soil." (*Chicago Sun-Times*—submitted by R. G. Tamaray, West Lafayette, Ind.)
What's next—kitty litter capers?—Editor

SPLASH!

Dale Henderson of Cloverdale, British Columbia, turns himself into a 511-pound human cannonball, leaping to glory in the Western Canada Belly-Flop and Cannonball-Diving Championships. His heavyweight performance won him a medal in the Vancouver event. (*National Enquirer*—submitted by Michael Mooneyham, Las Vegas, Nev.)
That's one way to empty a pool quickly.—Editor

SEX CHANGE AT 70

John Davies has set a new trend for sex-change operations: He had his at the age of 70. Now a woman, and calling herself Jan, Miss Davies says, "It has been a terrible secret all these years to know that I was a woman trapped in a man's body." Davies, who traveled to Japan for the surgery, is flaunting her new identity. "I already have dozens of women's outfits—they're the envy of every other woman in the village. I had a lot of them for years, but before I only dared wear them in my bedroom." After 70 years of life as a man, including two marriages, Miss Davies ". . . just woke up one morning and realized I was a woman in everything but name. All my feelings were feminine, and I knew I was cheating everyone by pretending to be otherwise." (*The Globe*—submitted by Michael Mooneyham, Las Vegas, Nev.)
You're never too old to change.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

She walked in front of me and in a quiet voice said, "Do me good, please!" I reached out to caress her face and tears were coming down her cheeks. When I touched her breasts, she sighed and fell into my arms for a wild, passionate kiss. Her tongue literally attacked my mouth and our hands explored all around.

I pulled her top off her tits and started sucking them. Then I pushed her back on the bed and slid slowly into her ready snatch. The lady was hot and we fucked for a while. Soon she was coming and screaming, "Jesus, Lord Jesus!" Her cries kept coming and so did she a second and third time.

I started humping faster and put a load deep in her twat. I kissed her breasts, then her belly, and finally her hairy cunt. I found her clit and her breathing quickened. Off she went again. "Oh, dear Lord, help me, dear Lord. Yes, Lord, oh yes, Lord!" she cried as she kept coming. Finally she rolled over and went to her box. I glanced at Patty and her fingers were buried in her pussy on her way to orgasm. The woman came back with a big black dildo and said, "Please do me with this!"

I didn't think it would fit but she lay down spreading her legs wide. To my surprise, it slid in easily. I started fucking her with it, quicker and quicker. "Faster, dear God, faster!"

Her hands came down quickly to rub her clit while I fucked her hard with the dildo. An animallike cry built inside her just as Patty let out a long cry of pleasure. My partner came so wildly I thought she'd pass out.

She tore the dildo from her cunt and got on her knees beside the bed. I was beside myself with excitement and got behind her to ram my cock into her willing cunt.

I was fucking frantically and squeezing her tits when she started saying, "Dear Lord, I have sinned! Oh, sweet Jesus, punish me for my filthy lust. Forgive me! I am unworthy of your love, dear Lord."

Even that weirdness didn't slow me down, but it took a lot of hard fucking before I came. We left while she was still praying. The feelings of excitement, weirdness, and fear stayed with us for about three weeks.

This time around I told Patty I'd better do the picking. She agreed, and off we went again. After about half an hour, I spotted Felicia.

She was an exquisite lover who couldn't get enough of my cock, particularly sucking it. She brought me off twice, and I couldn't estimate the number of times she cried out in orgasmic pleasure.

Then in the middle of everything we heard Patty cry out and her legs were spread open. Felicia crawled out of bed and over to her. She started to kiss her thighs and soon had her face in Patty's crotch, her tongue replacing Patty's fingers. Patty was off in a world of her own, unaware of what was happening until Felicia's tongue had excited her clit, causing her to cry out.

Patty had never let me eat her pussy, but after the initial shock wore off she decided anything that gave that much pleasure couldn't be "bad."

We changed our MO for the rest of the summer and invited Felicia for a once-a-week marathon. We were at an unending high as Patty's inhibitions wilted in the face of Felicia's exuberance. But as all good things must end, Felicia moved away. So Patty and I are back out there scouting around. I guess I'm still amazed at the change in our lifestyle, and am hoping it continues to be a positive experience.—D. S.

It is refreshing to hear from a man who is prepared to go to almost any lengths to satisfy his wife sexually. What an insight into human inhibitions your letter gives us. I once had a boyfriend who purchased an extremely short pair of white shorts in Acapulco. They looked very smart until they were washed for the first time, after which, whenever he sat down, everything hung out. I noticed that when he was in male company he was most careful to prevent this from happening. He would cross his legs and go through all kinds of strange antics to preserve his decency. If an attractive woman was present, however, he would casually fall into a chair, giving everyone a good look at his family jewels. If he thought she hadn't noticed he would say something like "Ooops!" And with a fiendishly unembarrassed grin he would tuck his

CONTINUED ON PAGE 144

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PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

ARE YOU A SEX ADDICT?

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Some men don't just enjoy sex, they are obsessed by it. They are literally *addicted* to it.

If you have to be addicted to anything, sex would seem to be a good choice. But for sex addicts the preoccupation with satisfying their genital urges can be as devastating as the most out-of-control heroin habit. Their compulsive use of sex follows a pattern that would be familiar to any junkie: They go from obsession to a quick peak of ecstasy and then slide into a psychological pit of remorse, guilt, shame, and despair.

Sex addicts are not necessarily "perverts," in the commonly accepted sense of the term. Outwardly they usually resemble the proverbial "guy next door" (or "girl next door"—it's estimated that a third of all sex addicts are women). What sets them apart from other people is their utter inability to keep sexual activity in perspective. They don't savor sex as one of life's great joys. It's a way of hiding from things they don't like about themselves or their lives.

No one is quite sure how many people suffer from sexual addiction. Research in this field is less than a decade old, and the psychological community still is not in full agreement about where the borderline between healthy horniness and addictive sexuality lies. However, Dr. Patrick Carnes, a leading theoretician in this field and author of *The Sexual Addiction*, says the syndrome may affect at least one out of 12 people.

That's a lot of people. To find out if you're one of them, you must be rigorously honest with yourself in answering these questions. Choose the first answer that seems correct—don't hesitate; your initial impulses are likely to be the most accurate. Don't change any answers once you've made your selections. And, finally, do not try to rationalize your way into choosing more "acceptable" or "normal" answers. That sort of behavior, in itself, is a sign that you're trying to hide from some uncomfortable aspects of your personality.

1. Are your idle thoughts devoted almost exclusively to sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

2. Which of the following statements comes closer to describing your post-coital feelings:
   (a) The best thing about sex is that it's so relaxing. I feel great after I've had an orgasm.
   (b) I may feel good immediately after I've had sex, but within a short time I often feel unsatisfied.

3. Is your need for sex strongest when you're feeling angry, depressed, or anxious about some problem?
   (a) yes, usually
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

4. Can you go for long periods of time without having sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) absolutely not

5. Do you usually have several orgasms during a single sexual encounter?
   (a) Yes, I'm not really satisfied until I've come several times.
   (b) no

6. In general, are you satisfied with your sex life?
   (a) yes, completely
   (b) quite satisfied
   (c) not too satisfied
   (d) not at all satisfied

7. Are there times when you feel *driven* to have sex, even though you may wish to spend the time doing something else?
   (a) yes, often
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

8. Judging by what you know of other men's sex lives, would you say you have more or less sex than the average man?
   (a) much more
   (b) somewhat more
   (c) probably about average
   (d) somewhat less
   (e) a lot less

9. Is it important for you to have a large number of sexual partners?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Sex is so important to me that it takes precedence over everything else in my life."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

11. Do you feel ashamed or guilty about your sexual fantasies and thoughts?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

12. Do you feel ashamed or guilty about your style of sexual relations?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) sometimes
    (c) not usually

13. Does your sexual activity tend to follow rigid patterns, varying little from one time to the next? (Examples of such behavior would include things like always having sex at the same time of day, or always needing to follow precisely the same sequence of foreplay.)
    (a) Yes, I feel most comfortable when I'm following a set pattern of sexual activity.
    (b) No, I like diversity. For me, variety is the spice of life.

14. Has your need for sex ever caused you to lose a spouse or a lover?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

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"Some people's compulsive use of sex follows a pattern that is familiar to any junkie."

PSYCHOGRAPH

15. Has your need for sex ever caused you to lose a job or to fail at a job you otherwise would have succeeded at?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. Would fear of contracting venereal disease keep you from engaging in sex with some people?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

17. When you have sex with a new partner, do you usually make sure that one of you is taking some sort of birth-control precaution?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

18. Do you feel that it's possible to have too much sex?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

19. Do you ever resolve to restrain your sexual activities, only to break those resolutions when temptation arises?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

20. Do you ever feel your sex life is out of control?
    (a) yes
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no

21. Is the *quality* or the *quantity* of your sex life more important to you?
    (a) quality
    (b) quantity

22. With which of the following statements would you be more likely to agree:
    (a) Sex is usually best when it's linked with love. I believe that sex is most satisfying and fulfilling when it's done with someone you feel very close to.
    (b) Sex and love have little to do with each other. In fact, love can often make sex less interesting since you may not be as likely to do erotically exciting or "forbidden" things with a woman you love.

23. Do you sometimes feel that you're a worthless person?
    (a) yes, often
    (b) sometimes
    (c) no

24. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "The only time I feel really good is when I'm having sex. I may feel lousy five minutes after I come, but those few minutes when I'm at the height of sexual excitement are the best times in my whole life."
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you have chosen. The highest possible score is 120 points; the lowest, 24.

1. a-5, b-1
2. a-1, b-5
3. a-5, b-3, c-1
4. a-1, b-2, c-5
5. a-5, b-1
6. a-1, b-2, c-4, d-5
7. a-5, b-3, c-1
8. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1, e-1
9. a-5, b-1
10. a-5, b-1
11. a-5, b-3, c-1
12. a-5, b-3, c-1
13. a-5, b-1
14. a-5, b-1
15. a-5, b-1
16. a-1, b-5
17. a-1, b-5
18. a-1, b-5
19. a-5, b-1
20. a-5, b-3, c-1
21. a-1, b-5
22. a-1, b-5
23. a-5, b-3, c-1
24. a-5, b-1

If you scored 101 to 120 points:
You appear to exhibit virtually all the characteristics of someone with a sexual addiction. In short, you are a sex junkie. Compared to the average person, you are probably having more sex but enjoying it less. People in this category may find sex to be a true narcotic. You start out enjoying it and end up dependent on it. You need ever-larger doses of it, and even then can't get enough to distract you from the dismal feelings you have about yourself and your life. Many sex addicts function with perfect adequacy for years. You may even think you're enjoying yourself. But eventually you'll probably realize that sex no longer enhances your life but dominates it. Help isn't always easy to find. Since this is a relatively new area of psychological inquiry, treatment procedures are only beginning to be developed. In some areas of the country reformed sex addicts have joined together in counseling groups. If you feel you need help, you might check with your local mental health agency.

82 to 100 points:
You appear to have many of the same impulses as men in the category above, but your obsession with sex, *so far*, hasn't come to dominate your life to quite the same degree. You may be headed in that direction, however, and may want to think about trying to put a stop to the vicious circle of sexual highs and lows before it gets completely out of hand. You may need some professional guidance to accomplish this, since the more one tries to suppress one's compulsion, the more overpowering the obsession becomes.

63 to 81 points:
You are not an obsessive sex junkie, but on the other hand, neither do you have a natural, easygoing attitude toward sex. Somewhere along the line you've picked up a substantial number of sexual hang-ups. This is hardly unusual; many men in our society fall into this pattern. It's not that you can't enjoy sex, but you carry a lot of psychological pressures that keep you from fully savoring its pleasures.

44 to 62 points:
If there's such a thing as an "average approach to sex," men in this category probably have it. You know that part of the excitement of sex derives from its addictive nature. Most of the time you are likely to lead a fairly average sex life, yet when the opportunity for truly exotic and erotic sexual activity arises, you can take advantage of it without getting hooked.

24 to 43 points:
You show hardly any characteristics of sexual addiction. This does not mean you are asexual. Quite the contrary, you may have an extremely active and varied sex life, but you never get compulsive about it. For you sex is always a pleasure, never something to worry about. A man in this category can engage in prodigious amounts of sexual activity without risk of becoming sexually addicted, because he always knows where to draw the line between fun and compulsiveness.

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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 139

sexual equipment away with the maximum of fuss. This annoyed me so much that I finally stole his shorts and surreptitiously dumped them in the garbage. Your wife, however, seems to enjoy your exposure as much as you do. So keep up the good work!

AFTER-DINNER DILEMMA

I am an avid fan of yours and I've been reading your articles for a very long time now. At present I am dating a 23-year-old divorced woman. I am 20. We love to have kinky sex and we've been doing so for the past nine months. We very much enjoy a variety of different positions and places. My lover's favorite way to get off is by having me stimulate her clitoris with my hot, roving tongue. This usually takes place on the kitchen table after dinner, both of us ending up totally covered with vegetable oil. After stimulating my lover, she insists that I finish our last meal with a small snack of fresh fruit, which I usually snatch from her burning twat. During these sessions, she has multiple orgasms and shakes so violently that I must hold on like a wild bull rider. After this, she grabs me, blows in my ear, and whispers, "Fuck me deep, Jeff, fuck me real deep." It's with regard to these deep thrusts that my question arises. My lover uses an IUD for birth control. During these deep thrusts I get this feeling across the head of my lengthy blue vein that a string is being dragged across it. I feel that this must actually be the IUD itself. I'm wondering if I might be interfering with the main performance of the device, and if so, should I stick to oral stimulation, a shorter thrust, or find another birth control apparatus?—J. M.

Most modern IUDs consist of a small piece of flexible metal or plastic with nylon threads attached to it. They come in various sizes and shapes, from spirals to sevens. Normally, the nylon strings reach a little way into the vagina, so it is possible that you could feel them on the end of your cock on the downstrokes. As long as the IUD stays inside your girlfriend's womb, it is a highly effective contraceptive device and its efficiency is unaffected by your antics. All she has to do is check that the little strings are in place and she does not have to worry.

A boyfriend of mine told me a story once about screwing some other woman. He claimed that when he withdrew, he had a thing that looked like a bedspring wrapped around his cock. If you had hooks on the end of your penis, it might be possible theoretically to extract the IUD, but it is unlikely. Normally the IUD is only occasionally expelled from the womb during menstruation. If you have any doubts, she should consult the gynecologist who inserted the device.

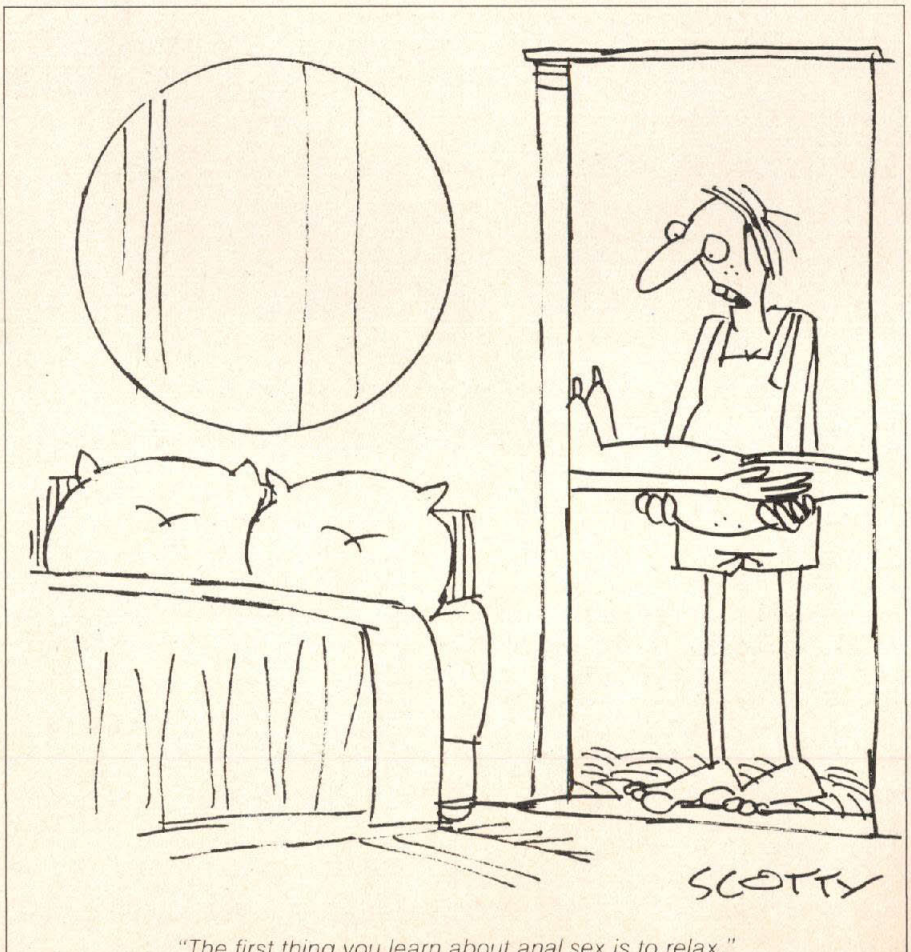
SIZING THINGS UP

In your September 1984 column you answered a woman's request for advice concerning her problem with her size 32D tits. You replied, "It is the small-breasted, skinny women who need to stimulate their husbands with sexy underwear, to make up for what some may lack in natural attributes." For your information, I am a small-breasted, skinny woman and I certainly have no need whatsoever to "stimulate my lover with sexy underwear to make up for what I may lack in natural attributes"! You are overestimating the power of big breasts! More to the point, you are overestimating the hold breasts have on men! Small breasts are just as efficient as large breasts, and they aren't as overbearing as a mountain. My small tits, as well as other women's small tits, definitely have more personality than (your) big tits. Every single time my lover and our friends get together and the subject of tits comes up, the males agree they would rather have small tits on their girlfriends than big tits. Besides, who would want to have to go braless and have their saggy big tits flop to one hip and then to the other. Or when they lie down on their backs, their tits are on each side while the nipple is touching the floor or bed sheets—instead of in front where they can be reached! I'll stick with my tits, thank you!—J. W.

I am afraid that statistics prove you wrong. It is certainly true that the world of fashion prefers to hang designer dresses on skinny models. Once we get into the bedroom, however, the rule is "big is beautiful." If this were not so, this magazine and most of its competitors would be out of business. Not to mention numerous plastic surgeons. The woman who goes to a doctor to have her tits reduced is a rarity; the majority go to have them made bigger. Someone once asked, of a well-known 42D starlet known as Superboob, "What can she do?" The answer was, "With a little bit of assistance, she can sit up." From the first known sculptured figure of Venus, dated 1,500 B.C., right on through Cleopatra, Lana Turner, Dolly Parton, Brigitte Bardot, and up to today's centerfolds, big breasted-women have been popular. I do respect the fact that you are satisfied with what nature gave you, but jealousy will get you nowhere. So don't knock the knockers.

LEXICOGRAPHY LESSON

My question has to do with a sexual technicality that has been the subject of much discussion between my future mother-in-law, my fiancée, and myself. The subject of fellatio came up one evening while we were all sitting around talking. My mother-in-law wondered why the act is commonly referred to as a "blowjob" when



"The first thing you learn about anal sex is to relax."

one actually sucks, not blows.

None of us could come up with a sensible reason, so we took it up with several friends. None of them could think of a reason, either, but the question has continued to puzzle us and has been a frequent topic of conversation since then. To settle the issue, we decided to put the question to you, Xaviera. Could you tell us why what should really be called a "suckjob" is called instead a "blowjob."
— H.M.T.

The derivation of most of our sexual phrases is lost in the mists of antiquity. I met someone the other day who tried to convince me that the word "fuck" derives from the expression "for unlawful carnal knowledge," which came from nineteenth-century U.S. police records. However, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, the word was probably in use as early as 1400 A.D. and appeared in print by 1500. Chaucer used it a lot. The expression "blowjob" may have originated from the heavy breathing necessary when giving good head, but there are other possibilities. In the seventeenth century, "blow off" was slang for "ejaculate." In the late 1700s, "blow" was a slang word meaning a prostitute or a mistress. Much later, the army bugler was referred to as a "blow boy." This I suspect is the truth of the matter—for to get a noise out of a wind instrument one has to blow, not suck.

While doing my homework on this subject, I came up with a list of expressions for both cunnilingus and fellatio which may be of interest. Alternatives for blowjob are: French tricks, penilingus, give head, go down, gobble, Hooverism, irrumation, knobjob, munch, oral service (or relief), pipejob, and tongue fuck. Synonyms for pussy-tasting are: bird washing, box lunch, canyon yodeling, muff diving, pearl diving, and talking to the canoe driver.

Maybe some of you out there can throw some more light on this subject of such intense interest.

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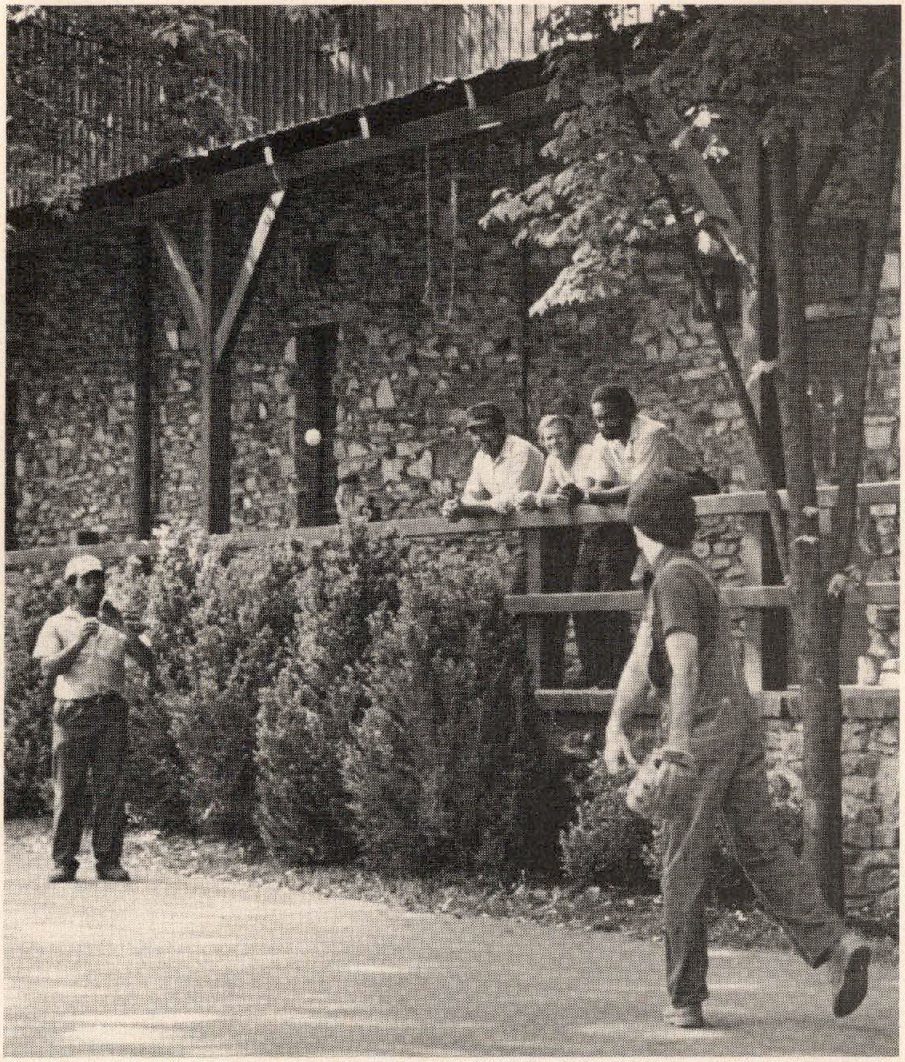

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A couples' tape should be a warm, unhurried look at sensuality, strong on emotions and foreplay, short on wet shots.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

PENTHOUSE PICKS
Breaking It, The Pink Lagoon (Collector's Video)
David I. Frazer and Svetlana are on their way to becoming the Spielberg-Lucas of adult video. Their formula is simple. Gather together the most stunning examples of female flesh and—well, that's all you really need to do, isn't it?

In *Surrender in Paradise,* and now in *The Pink Lagoon* and *Breaking It,* Frazer-Svetlana have given us a lot more than pretty bodies. Their tapes are big-budget extravaganzas—filmed on location in the South Seas, in the case of *Surrender* and *Lagoon*—with added technical touches, like state-of-the-art digital sound and superb cinematography. *Breaking It,* which is not part of their highly touted South Pacific series, shows they work equally well at home, among the young and bored in California.

But it is not budget or setting or technological expertise that make a Frazer-Svetlana film so special. It's what's called "talent" in the biz, although this term does not necessarily refer to acting skills. The finest new discoveries in adult entertainment are coming out of the Frazer-Svetlana stable right now: Rachel Ashley, Roxanne Rollann, Ashley Britton, Crystal Breeze—a list as long as lust.

Breaking It showcases not a Frazer-Svetlana discovery but a *Penthouse* one: Tracy Lords, September 1984 Pet of the Month. The film could be subtitled "Beneath the Valley of the Valley Girls," a tribute to the young, the lustful, and the hard bodies of California. Framed in a hackneyed docudrama style by Paul Thomas, *Breaking It* succeeds purely and simply by its erotic velocity. The opening scene with Lords and John Leslie still gives me a jolt when I think about it; it's probably the hottest 15 minutes on tape right now. Lords has a pouty acting style that is a perfect foil for Leslie's weightiness, and the two bodies give off a crackling sensual energy. One minor gripe is that the film goes virtually without credits, so I can't cite the other actresses equally—but take my word for it, they are incredibly sexy, every last one.

The Pink Lagoon is a sequel to *Surrender in Paradise,* the Frazer-Svetlana epic I reviewed last January, and it is of the same high quality. Jerry Butler and Ron Jeremy (who excels in this one) romp in a tropical setting made into a paradise by the presence of female stars like Ginger Lynn and Ashley Britton. The tone is a bit lighter than in the first movie, but the sex remains hot.

Lagoon: *tropical romp.*

I've reviewed Frazer-Svetlana tapes for the past two columns, so I think I'll have to shut up about them now. But if you haven't got the message, I'll spell it out for you: When you see "by David I. Frazer and Svetlana" on a videotape, nab it. Your fantasy life won't ever be the same.
Breaking It
The Pink Lagoon ⅄⅄⅄

COUPLES' TAPE
X-Factor (Hollywood Video)
X-Factor is exactly what a couples' tape should be: a warm, unhurried look at sensuality—strong on emotions and foreplay, short on wet shots. Eric Edwards and the great, busty Pamela Mann are the core couple here, with a rather mystical difference to their lovemaking which propels the creaking plot forward. It seems that when Eric and Pamela screw, they send out a powerful aura that heals everything and everyone around them—sort of like an erotic Oral Roberts. When Pamela's character gets shot, Eric obligingly fucks her back to life.

It all sounds a bit cornball, and it is; but it's also harmless and tremendously sexy at times. *X-Factor* reaffirms something we all know is true: that fucking is good for you.
X-Factor ⅄⅄

QUOTE OF THE MONTH
Night Magic (Essex)
"If at first you don't succeed, keep at it until you do suck seed."—Lisa DeLeeuw, in *Night Magic*
That's Lisa's advice on how to give a blowjob, and it pretty much represents the tone of *Night Magic.* This is an old-fashioned kind of fuck film: the type that used to be called a "stag film," the type where all the women are huge-breasted and all the dialogue is flat. The action follows the progress of a Winnebago out of L.A. on its way to the mountains and the dirty dreams and erotic fantasies of the three couples inside, who are heading to a cabin for a swinging weekend.

The witless repartee of the Winnebago scenes is suitably overwritten, a daisy chain of bad jokes and lewd cracks. "I thought American cocks were all one size," sneers Lisa, "too large for sucking and too small for fucking." But when each member of the company breaks away for a mind's-eye view of sexual fantasy, the action begins to heat up. The sex, when the actors can keep their mouths shut long enough to concentrate on it, is real zipper-popping stuff. Lisa DeLeeuw is once again at her blowsy best: the type of girl you want to invite home to mother you.

This tape would be an excellent way to kick off the festivities at a bachelor party. Even if it does have its brain-damaged moments—Eric Edwards and DeLeeuw actually attempt a hard-core version of a scene out of *Taming of the Shrew*—it still winds up being wonderfully dirty.
Night Magic ⅄⅄

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY
Sex World (Select Video)
Back in 1978, when I first reviewed *Sex World,* I called Sam Weston's masturbatory

masterpiece "the best erotic film since *Deep Throat*." Now, seeing it again after half a decade has passed, *Sex World* holds up as well as, if not better than, *Throat*. It is one adult entertainment that survives not only the vagaries of time but the rigid test of repeated viewings as well.

Weston, who works under the name of Anthony Spinelli, created a total cinematic package, not just a horny sexual turn-on. Made to mimic the mainstream epic *Westworld*, *Sex World* merely uses that film as a starting point for an exuberant, pulsating sojourn through the world of adult fantasy. There is even a moral of sorts: Watch out what you dream, because your dreams may come true.

Sex World is a futuristic dude ranch of sensuality, as if Plato's Retreat had annexed Disneyland. To its shores come the huddled masses yearning to fuck free. Marriages headed for the rocks, thrill-seekers, frigidities and impotencies, satisfied eroticists, and twisted sexualities—all come to Sex World in an attempt to find remedies or supercharging. With excellent, believable sets and high production values, Weston makes us believe that the technicians of Sex World have some sort of fantasy-realization apparatus at their command. If it can be dreamed, it can happen at Sex World.

Into this erotic utopia come the sweetest collection of female bodies ever. Annette Haven, playing the role of an agonized jilted lesbian trying to revive a straight sex life, is at her finest—quite simply the most chillingly beautiful woman ever to do explicit sexual scenes on film. Leslie Bovee, Kay Parker, and even the male leads, John Leslie and Kent Hall—all of them shine and sizzle. The cameo fuck put in by Johnnie Keys, of *Behind the Green Door* fame, zaps straight to the crotch with an almost primeval power.

Long on lust: the Frazer-Svetlana stable.

The reference to *Behind the Green Door* is not just an accident of casting. From the first moments of *Sex World* to its twisty ending, Weston emulates a *Green Door* sensibility: slow, surreal, fantastic. What this film is saying is perhaps a cardinal truth of sex: that screwing, when it's done right, can have the intense, shattering quality of a waking dream.

Sex World ♟♟♟♟

WET SHOT IN THE DARK

Girls Just Want to Have Fun (Essex)

The king cliché of adult entertainment is such an evil-smelling practice that to review it at all is like diving into a mound of sewage to protest pollution. It's a dirty job, but somebody has to do it, because this cliché has been garroting the neck of porn since day one: a rotting, maggot-infested albatross, the single thing most responsible for Jerry Falwell's success in condemning sex—the wet shot.

If an alien dropped from the sky into one of Times Square's adult theaters, it would receive the ridiculous impression that the male of the human species always, but *always*, tears away his wang in mid-coitus, better to deposit his penile porridge on the face, belly, ass, or ear canal of his loved one.

Better sociologists than I can theorize why the visible result of the male orgasm must be displayed like a 4-H-er's prize boar. Perhaps it is America's goal-oriented sexuality manifesting itself. Whatever it is, it sickens me. I have seen gallons of spunk spilled during my years as an adult-film aficionado, and the wet shots now take on nightmarish qualities.

The occasion for this diatribe is a useless piece of spent video-trash from California with the rip-off title of *Girls Just Want to Have Fun*. The storyline, such as it is, revolves around two couples, their dime-store anxieties over sex and love, and their budget-stricken journey on a sailboat. Shot on videotape, *Girls Just Want to Have Fun* had me fantasizing about shipwrecks and Captain Bligh all through its seasick little voyage.

But what really sickened me about this tape was the director's boorish insistence on chronicling every drop of sperm spilled during its making. If one of the actors had a wet dream, no doubt the director would have been there trying to capture it with infrared film. This is lousy adult entertainment anyway, but the wet shots send it over the edge into true, vomit-inducing catastrophe.

Girls Just Want to Have Fun ½ ♟ O+—

RATING KEY

♟ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
♟♟ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
♟♟♟ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
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HDCP6

FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

orgasm forever, and I must have swallowed a gallon of her juices. I was so hard by that time, I was about to burst.

Carefully, I put my throbbing cock into her tight cunt. With each inch, she squealed louder and louder with pleasure. She met my long, even strokes with great desire. I was amazed that she had recovered so quickly from her last orgasm, but she seemed to have an amazing capacity for sex. Soon I came. My spurts were so powerful (at least 20 of them), I was convinced I had come all the way up to the back of her teeth. I rolled off her and we decided to get cleaned up a little. We showered and had some wine before we continued.

We spent the rest of that night sucking and fucking each other. I'm not as interested in politics as I once was, but I enjoy the political activities very much. I've also become a firm, if you'll pardon the pun, believer in the validity of "Forum" letters!—*Name and address withheld*

SELF-SERVE SCREW

Last weekend I had the most amazing sexual encounter in a very unlikely place. It was a hot summer day and a friend of mine invited me over to his house for a swim. I jumped in my car and headed over to his place wearing only a pair of shorts. Since I was going swimming, I didn't even bother with a shirt or shoes.

On the way, I pulled into a self-service gas station. I didn't even notice the cashier at first, but I guess she noticed me. (I keep myself in good shape and already had my usual summer tan.)

When the tank was full, I stepped over to the window and handed the attendant my credit card. Her eyes swept over my body from my face down to my toes. As she began to fill out the charge form I noticed she was about my age, and rather cute. She had a nice smile, and the tight tube top she wore revealed a perfect set of breasts. I've always been a sucker for a chick with nice tits, so I struck up a conversation with her. We finished our transaction, and just as I was about to turn and go back to my car, she asked, "Would you like a lube job?" I was startled, but instantly realized what she was suggesting. I looked her right in the eye and said, "I thought this was a self-service station." Gazing at my nearly naked body, she smiled and replied, "Why don't you come in here and serve yourself!" I almost fainted.

Trembling in disbelief, I went around to the doorway and entered the booth. "Business has been slow today," she explained, "and I've been fantasizing about something like this for half my life."

She immediately placed her hands on my shoulders and gave me a few quick kisses on the nipples. "This better not take too long, or we'll be discovered," she warned. With that, she sat down in the chair, pulled off her shorts, and said, "Eat me." I got right down on my knees and planted my face in her snatch, which was already juiced up. She told me that she got really hot watching my body while I was at the gas pump. I thrust my tongue in and out of her cave as fast as I could. She wrapped her legs around my head and started talking dirty. I had never heard this sort of thing from a girl before, and it really turned me on. "Eat my pussy, sexy stud. Give me your tongue, you suntanned, barefoot stud!" she said in a breathy voice.

I lapped at her clit feverishly, and she began grinding her twat into my face and moaning with pleasure. When she was finally satisfied, she looked down at me and said, "Your turn."

I sprang to my feet and eagerly dropped my shorts to my ankles, releasing my rock-hard wanger. "Nice," she purred, stroking it several times with her hand. By now I was wild with desire. After she dropped to her knees, I rammed my cock between her waiting lips. She gave head as well as any girl I have ever been with. Sucking gently, she worked her tongue as fast as a snake. My hips soon began to jerk toward her, and I exploded. My body lunged and I stood on my tiptoes as I orgasmed, banging her head against the cash register drawer. The jolt popped my cock free, and I squirted all over her face and chest.

A car was turning in, so I quickly pulled up my shorts, gave her a kiss, and left. I don't even know what her name was!—*Name and address withheld*

HIGH-ENDURANCE WORKOUT

I've never written a letter to a magazine before, but something happened to me a few days ago that was unbelievable.

It was a hot, muggy day, and I went to the local pool after work so I could swim some laps as a workout instead of jogging in that heat. I'm a 20-year-old college student, working then for the city over the summer, and I like to take care of my body. I parked my car in a secluded area, so I could change in the driver's seat without being noticed. Just when my work pants were down around my ankles, I heard footsteps approaching. Desperately, I grabbed a towel and put it on my lap. Then I saw the most luscious package of erogenous zones moving in my direction.

She had big boobs and small hips, long blond hair, and a bikini that left nothing to the imagination. She smiled at me and said, "With all that wriggling you're doing, you look like you need some help." Before I could answer, she reached through the window and tossed the towel on the floor. My prick was as tall as the Eiffel Tower, and with her face next to mine, she gave me a devilish grin. Then she leaned

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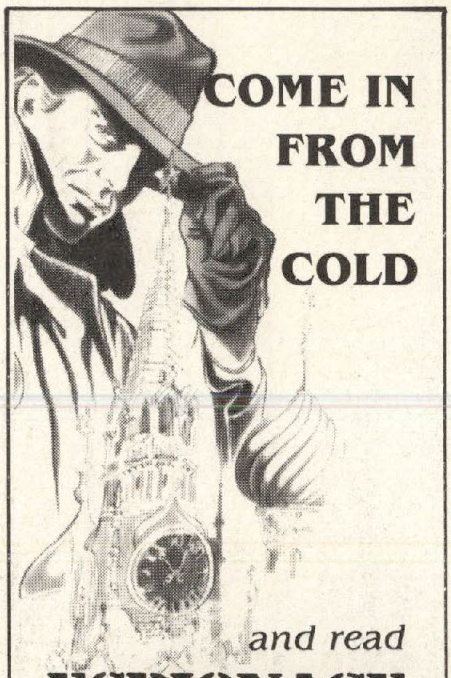

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over and started sucking greedily.

This was a blowjob I never dreamed possible! I slid my hands under her top and started playing with her tits. They were 38s and I had my hands full. Soon, beads of perspiration appeared on my forehead and I couldn't hold back any longer. My steamin' semen erupted into her mouth like hot lava.

Before I could come back to earth, she said, "Are you gonna hump me or do I have to get myself off on this door handle?" She already knew the answer before I said anything, so I looked around for a safe place and motioned behind the car. There were some trees and a patch of grass there, and the car would shield us from anybody going to the pool. By the time I joined her, she was out of her suit and hot to trot. I dove for her muff and put my tongue to work. Her fingers were running through my hair, as I licked and nibbled and slurped at her quim until she couldn't stand it anymore. She let out a long, low moan, as her whole body started shaking, and her legs wrapped around my head like a vise. I hung on, while the spasms slowly subsided and her breathing returned to normal.

"Okay," I said, "third time's a charm." With that I turned her over on her stomach and feasted my eyes on her tiny ass cheeks. I took the suntan oil that was in my shirt pocket, and I squirted some on my dick and some on her ass hole. Then I rubbed it in good, placed the tip of my prick at her entrance, and started to gently shove it in. She was tight! She never had it up there before and wasn't sure she could take it, so I reached around and put one hand on her tit and began massaging her clit with the other. Her doubting turned to moaning and she was moving her hips like a bitch in heat. "Give it to me, you big stud!" she begged. By the time my tool was in to the hilt, her cunt was so wet that the juice was dripping all over my balls while they slapped against her ass as I pumped her butt with furious strokes. Finally, with a gut-wrenching spasm, I unloaded my hot jism into her hole, and she came with a terrific orgasm that almost shook the leaves off the surrounding trees.

Spent, we both lay there until we heard noises from the pool area. The pool was closing and people were going to their cars to drive home. This little wench gave me a big kiss and said, "Nice knowin' ya," before she walked quickly away. I never did get to swim those laps, but I sure got my workout!—*Name and address withheld*

WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

For the last year I've been experimenting with my wife's lingerie and have found it be quite stimulating. I have been masturbating for years and believe it to be extremely satisfying and healthy. Normally, I grab one of my favorite *Penthouse* mags and "beat the bishop" on a regular basis. But now I have found a new thrill to heighten my enjoyment.

First I get into my wife's closet and find something I'm sure to fit into. My favorites are her nylons, garters, and lacy bras and panties. Once in a while I'll slip into a corset, which is usually a tight fit, but that makes it all the better.

Once I am all decked out, I strut around the house and touch myself all over. The feel of the lacy material and sheer stockings against my flesh sends my mind into a tizzy, and my dick soars up to a 90-degree angle. Sometimes, to prolong my fun, I will clean up the house clad in my luscious borrowed apparel, pretending to be a hungry housewife wishing my husband would come home soon to plug up all my holes. Oh, you women have it so good.

After I have fulfilled myself with erotic pleasures, I get down to the serious business at hand. I find a super *Penthouse* pictorial, grab my special love gel, and smear the end of my wife's dildo with it. Then I jump into my favorite chair, and begin a slow, teasing session on old Johnny. Once I have reached a certain point, the juicy dildo calls my name and begs me to ram him up my ass. I eagerly succumb to his wishes by feverishly getting on all fours. Slowly, I circle him around my anal opening, then gradually push him in, while jacking myself off at the same time. The buzzing from the dildo, the slickness of my rosy palm, and the feel of the lingerie surround my body like a tornado. I begin to feel an incredible vibration throughout my entire body. I know my moment has come.

Suddenly I scream like a banshee and explode into a frenzy. My vocal chords become hoarse and I wonder if the neighbors can hear me. It normally takes me about ten minutes to stop shaking.

By the way, the girls in your magazine are a big help, and they'll all be happy to know that I look as good as they do.
—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

PHOTO CREDITS

Pet of the Month Carolyn Bosanko, who appears on page 67, was photographed by Hank Londoner with a Nikon F3 camera, Nikkor 500 and 80-200 zoom lenses, and Kodachrome 64 film. Barbette Noelle, on page 44, was shot by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Norman strobes, and Harrison filters. Suze Randall photographed Ginger Lynn, who appears on page 125, with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter.

GAMES

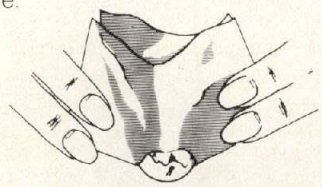
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 160

5. TOWER. The secret touch was saliva. The two top dice won't balance on the base unless they are stuck to one another, and the handiest adhesive is spit. Secretly touch a thumb to your tongue, then transfer a dab of wetness to the one-spot side of an upper die, and hold the one-spot side of the other upper die against it. (You pick these sides because they will have the maximum amount of surface contact.) When you remove the balanced dice for your sucker to take a try, casually dry them off with your thumbs or by pushing them across a tablecloth.

7. SPUD. Just as you draw your hand back to make the final stab, place your index finger over the top of the straw and pinch it together between your thumb and middle finger. You must direct the straw *straight* toward the potato—any angle to the side and the trick won't work. Pinching the straw and placing a finger over the end traps a column of compressed air inside the straw, which strengthens it and lets the lower, cutting edge of the straw drive through the potato's skin and beyond. It is best to practice this stunt several times on your own (to convince yourself that you really can do it) before trying it out on an audience.

8. IMPASSABLE.

1. The "April Fool" method lets you stick your finger through the hole in the paper and push the quarter along the tabletop with your finger. You have, indeed, "pushed the quarter through the hole."



2. The other method is more direct. Fold the paper in half so that the fold passes through the center of the hole. With the quarter inside the fold (over the hole), grip the crease on either side of the hole and push the paper upward. The hole, at the center of the bend, will stretch open along the fold enough for the quarter to pass through.

9. HAT TRICK. You pick up the hat and drink the three-dollar martini. Say, "I lose" politely, and pay him a quarter for it.

10. STEEL. When it's your turn to hold your two fists together, you secretly slip the thumb of your lower hand into your upper fist. Try as your strongman might, he won't be able to separate your two hands.

THE 1985

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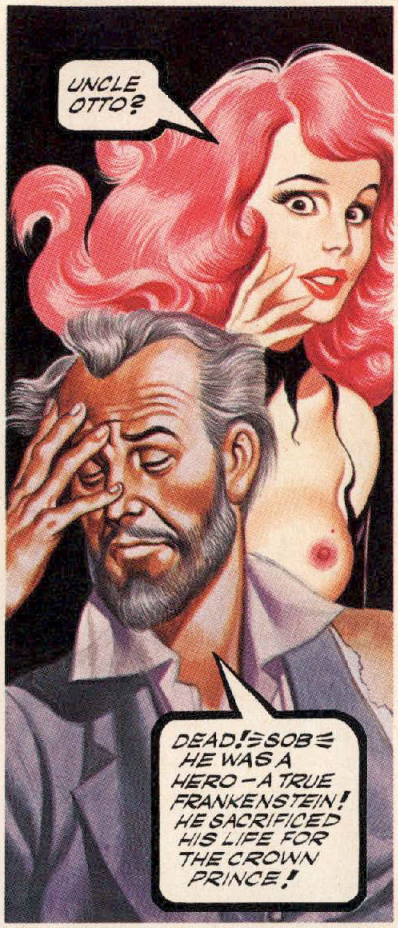
Sweet Chastity
THE GREAT TRANSYLVANIAN REVOLUTION HAS ENDED IN A MASSACRE! OTTO VON FRANKENSTEIN, THE CROWN PRINCE, THE BLACK WIDOW, SPECS AND MOOSE — ALL GONE! LEAVING (PERISH THE THOUGHT) THE PATH CLEAR FOR THE DEVIOUS AMBITIONS OF THE POWER-CRAZED VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN.....
DO I SEE THE SPOTLIGHT OF FAME BEAMING BENEVOLENTLY DOWN ON ME AT LONG LAST?
ILLUMINATING THE LONG-DELAYED FULFILLMENT OF MY MANIFEST DESTINY?
YES! THE GODS HAVE SINGLED ME OUT — ABOVE ALL OTHER MORTALS!
THEY'VE EVEN REMOVED THE LAST OBSTACLES THAT HINDERED MY CLEAR CLIMB TO THE HIGHEST POINT OF HUMAN ACHIEVEMENT!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

STEADY! GET A GRIP! ALL THE INGREDIENTS FOR TOTAL TRIUMPH ARE HERE — THINK, MAN!
OH, YES!

RIP
PITY YOU CAN'T SEE THIS, OTTO, MY LATE, UNLAMENTED TWIN BROTHER — AND PERPETUAL PAIN IN THE ASS!
BUT THEN YOU NEVER DID DISCOVER WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT!
THE WORLD'S GREATEST POLITICIANS ARE ACTORS AND THE ONLY PLACE WORTH APPEARING IS THE WORLD STAGE!

RING UP THE CURTAIN!
THE PRESS IS OUT THERE!
SWEET CHASTITY IS OUT THERE!
THE WHOLE WORLD IS WATCHING!
VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN IS ABOUT TO GIVE HIS GREATEST PERFORMANCE!

THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE REVERBERATES THROUGH THE STONE CORRIDORS OF THE PALACE.....
NO, MISS CHASTITY! COME BACK! DON'T GO IN THERE!
UNCLE VINCENT!
LOOK WHERE YOU'RE TREADING —YOU GREAT OAF!
I'M COMING, UNCLE VINCENT! I'M COMING!
GET THIS, MAN —GET IT ALL!
AND AN HEROIC FIGURE APPEARS BEFORE THE ASSEMBLED CROWD
THIS IS OUR TICKET TO THE MAJOR NETWORKS!
IT'S ALL RIGHT... THE REVOLUTION IS OVER!
TRANSYLVANIA IS STILL A FREE COUNTRY!
THE BARON— HE'S SAFE!
YOU NAIVE CRETIN! NO WONDER HE LIKES TO HAVE YOU AROUND!



THE CROWN PRINCE IS DEAD! HE GAVE HIS LIFE TO PRESERVE THIS GREAT COUNTRY AND IT'S TRADITIONS!

BUT FEAR NOT—HIS GREAT WORK WILL GO ON!

OH, THIS IS GREAT STUFF—IT TEARS AT THE HEARTSTRINGS!

GET INSIDE AND GET A SHOT OF SOME BLOOD!

THE WORLD USED TO BE FULL OF ROYAL PRINCES, ARCHDUKES, AND EMPERORS—NOW WE'VE GOT PRESIDENTS, CITIZENS, AND COMRADES! ARE WE REALLY ANY BETTER OFF?

HE'S A TOWER OF STRENGTH IN A TIME OF CRISIS!

NO—I DON'T MIND GOING DOWN ON MY KNEES TO HIM! I'LL KISS HIS BOOTS IF IT MEANS KEEPING MY JOB! I'VE GOT A HIGH STANDARD OF LIVING TO MAINTAIN!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT **REALLY** HAPPENED IN THERE.

BARON, WHAT HAPPENED WHEN YOU GOT INSIDE?

NO MORE! THIS NATION IS NOW IN A STATE OF MOURNING. AS THE CROWN PRINCE'S SUCCESSOR —I HAVE MUCH TO DO!

COME, MY DEAR—LET US RETURN TO CASTLE DREER!

DON'T BOTHER WITH THEM! I'LL GIVE YOU AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW—THE REVOLUTION AND MY ROLE IN THE FINAL TRIUMPH OF DEMOCRACY!

AND WHILE THE WORLD THROBS WITH THE EXCITEMENT OF EVENTS IN TRANSYLVANIA.....

AND NOW WE BRING YOU PICTURES OF THE INCREDIBLE COURAGE OF TRANSYLVANIA'S NEW PRESIDENT. BUT FIRST A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR.....

YOU DON'T WANT YOUR DOG TO GROW UP INTO A DIRTY DOG, DO YOU? THEN GET HIM SOME DANNY DOOLEY'S DOGGIE PANTIES.....

... WHAT DECENT PERSON WANTS TO SEE A NAKED DOG STRUTTING ALONG WITH HIS DO-DAD OR WHIM-WHAM HANGING OUT AT STREET LEVEL? THINK WHAT YOUR NEIGHBOUR'S DOGS WOULD SAY!

I THOUGHT LIFE WAS GONNA BE LIKE A HENRY JAMES NOVEL!

WHERE THE HELL IS TRANSYLVANIA, MYRT?

AN' GET SOME PANTS FOR THE MUTT!

VINCENT RECUPERATES IN THE ANCESTRAL HOME OF THE FRANKENSTEINS.....
...I'LL BE APPOINTING NEW MINISTERS AND STATE OFFICIALS — AND I WANT THE ARMY LISTS TOO.....THEN THERE'S MY INAUGURATION — I THINK THE TITLE OF PRESIDENT IS MORE DEMOCRATIC, SO WE'LL LET IT STAND.....
MAYBE I COULD BE AN AMBASSADOR ... OR A CONSUL ....OR SUMPIN' IMPORTANT!
STATE FUNERAL INVITATIONS TO ALL THE WORLD LEADERS — BUT I'LL WANT TO VET THE LIST.....MY HOUSEHOLD STAFF WILL WEAR LIVERY FROM NOW ON.....
WHAT A MAN! HE'S... HE'S MAGNIFICENT!
I'VE MADE IT! BUTLER TO A PRESIDENT!
NOW PERHAPS THIS COUNTRY WILL GET WHAT IT REALLY NEEDS — A GOOD WAR!
I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON HIM TO GET ANYTHING I WANT!
YOU'LL BE FIRST LADY NOW, AUNTIE ELEKTRA!
YES — AND THE FIRST THING I'M GOING TO DO IS GET SOME NEW DOMESTIC STAFF!
WITH MUSCLES!
ANYONE WANT A JOB? BELIEVE US — THERE'RE PLENTY GOING! IN FACT, EVERYTHING IS UP FOR GRABS AS VINCENT MOVES INTO INTERNATIONAL POLITICS AND THE ICY FINGERS OF THE COLD WAR LURE OUR LUSCIOUS HEROINE INTO A HOT BED!

Wanna bet?

GAMES

BY SCOT MORRIS

As my dear old grandfather said, just before they sprung the trap, he said you can't cheat an honest man. Never give a sucker an even break or smarten up a chump.

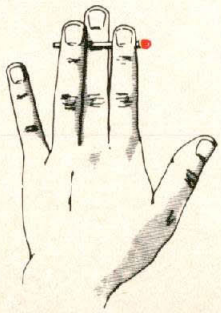
—W. C. Fields

The flip of a coin, the roll of a die, the draw of a card—these are events that people often bet on, and when the props are fair most people have a generally clear understanding of their chances of winning or losing.

There's another kind of wager that is far more interesting—the kind that people think they understand but don't, in which the odds seem to be stacked tantalizingly in their favor, but really lean heavily, even inevitably, the other way.

This is the "sucker bet" or "bar bet," so named because you usually offer it to some sucker at a bar, and usually for small, friendly stakes, such as the honor of buying the next round. This month, we offer you a variety of such challenges. After you have checked the answers (of items that have answers), go forth and wager wisely.

1. STRONGMAN. This one looks too easy to pass up, so pick as your victim some Schwarzenegger type who looks like he knows it and is proud of it. Take an ordinary wooden match and have him hold it as shown below, so that it lies across the back of the first knuckle of the middle finger and below the ends of the first and ring fingers. The challenge: Break the match by sheer fingerpower, without bending the fingers or using any outside surface such as a tabletop for leverage.

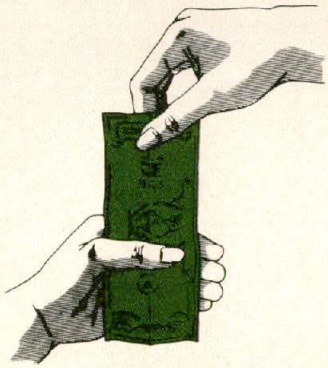


No matter how hard he presses up with the middle finger or down with the first and ring fingers, he won't be able to break the match. The reason is that the match is on an area of the fingers that lacks the muscles necessary to do the job.

2. BETCHA CAN'T. Write a sentence on a card and enclose it, with a $5 bill, in an envelope. Hand the envelope to someone and say, "Here, hold this. I'm going to ask you to define a common English word for me, and then you can open the envelope. Okay? The word is *goatee*. What is a goatee?"

After your friend has defined the word, he opens the envelope to find the $5 bill and the card. He reads the card, then shakes his head and hands you back your bill. Why? What did you write on the card? And why does your victim act so disappointed?

3. CATCH IT AND SNATCH IT. Take out a crisp, unwrinkled bill (a $1 or $5 will do—or use a $10 or $20, if you dare).



If your bill won't hang straight (for example, if it came fresh from a wallet), put a lengthwise crease in it, as shown.

You explain that when you drop the bill, all your friend has to do is catch it and he can keep it. If he fails, he must pay you a suitable fee for the attempt (one try for a quarter, say, or three tries for a drink). You demonstrate a few times, holding the bill in between your right thumb and forefinger, as shown above, with its length pointing down, and with your left thumb and forefinger about at the portrait in the center. Each time you drop the bill from your right hand, you catch it in your left—to show how simple it is. Make sure you don't close your left hand until after the bill starts to fall.

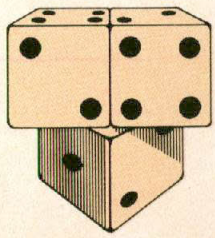
Give your victim every advantage: Let him place his thumb and first finger as close as he wants around the center of the bill, without touching it. Although his hand will be poised and ready in the same position yours was, when you do release the bill it will slip right through his grasp every time. (In fact, the only way he can catch the bill is by anticipating when you'll release it and "jumping the gun." So don't give any hint of an advance warning.)

Of course, the reason that you can catch the bill so easily is that your brain can send the message "drop it" to your right hand and "catch it" to your left hand virtually simultaneously. For your victim, however, the information must come visually, as the bill starts to drop, then go from his retina to his brain, and then out to his fingers. By the time his fingers squeeze, the bill is already on its way to the floor.

4. POKER FACE. If your friend thinks he knows poker, take out a standard deck of cards and bet that he can't beat four of a kind with a royal flush. He will accept, of course, knowing that he can easily find a copy of Scarne or Hoyle to prove you wrong. What do you do before he finds the rules?

5. DELICATE TOWER. In this one, you explain that the challenge is to take three dice, set one down on the table, and balance the other two side-by-side on top of it, as shown below.

First show your victim how it's done.



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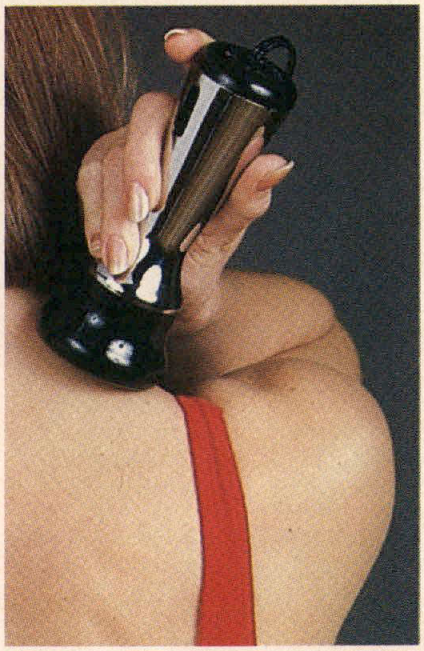

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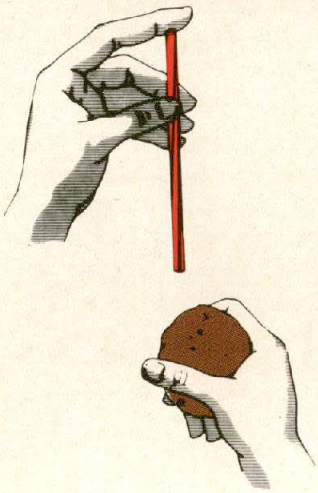
GAMES

Set the first die down carefully, then hold the other two together on top, taking great pains to line them up along perfect diagonals of the base. Then release them and marvel at their perfect balance. Then bet your victim a drink that he can't make the delicate tower like you did. And try as he may, he can't. What was the secret touch that let you make the tower and win the drink?

6. BIG TURNOVER. This may be a classic con, but it still succeeds suprisingly often because it lets your sucker think he is betting on a "sure thing." You let your victim shuffle a deck of cards as often as he wants, then you take the deck and fan the cards, face down, and have your mark pick one, show it to others around him, and remember it. Square the deck and cut it, lifting off about half the cards. Have your spectator place his card on top of the bottom stack. As you do this, steal a peek at the bottom card of the top stack. This will be your "key card." Square up the deck again and let your spectator cut it a few more times, so that his card is "lost somewhere in the middle of the deck." Take the deck back and glimpse the bottom card. If it's your key card, cut the deck once more.

Deal the cards one at a time from the top of the face-down deck, into a scattered face-up pile. You keep dealing until you come to your key card. The next card is the chosen one. Remember what it is, but keep dealing right past it as if you had blown the trick. After you have turned four or five more cards face-up, suddenly become very sure of your psychic impressions, tap the next face-down card on the deck and say, "I'll bet you a drink that the next card I turn over will be your card." Your sucker, naturally, thinks you are referring to the next face-down card in your hand, and, knowing that you have already gone past his selection, he jumps at the chance to take the bet. Once he does that, of course, you dig back into the pile of face-up cards on the table, take the card that you know to be the chosen one, and turn it over, face-down!

7. DRILLING A SPUD. The raw materials are a raw potato and a drinking straw. Hold the spud in your left hand so that about half of it is showing, and hold the straw in your right hand with your fingers at the upper end, as shown below. To set up the feat, say a few things about tornadoes in the Midwest and the remarkable things that happen in the high-velocity winds. You have heard that the winds can drive a straw through a potato, which you will try to demonstrate if you can just get the straw going at tornado velocity. After a few practice jabs you do just what you said and drive



the straw into the spud, possibly far enough to come out the other side. Try as they might, most people won't be able to repeat your performance. How did you do it?

8. IMPASSABLE. Lay a dime on a small piece of paper, approximately three square inches, and trace around it. Then cut out a dime-sized hole. Put a quarter next to the hole to emphasize the size difference, then bet a drink that you can push a quarter through the hole without tearing the paper.

The nice thing about this bet is that there are two entirely different solutions, so if your sucker shows you one of them, you can say, "Of course, that's the schoolboy method, but I'm talking about an entirely different approach." What are the two ways to win this wager?

9. HAT TRICK. You approach a friend at a bar, put your hat over his freshly delivered martini, and say, "I'll bet you a quarter I can drink that martini without touching the hat, the glass, or the bar, either directly or indirectly, and without having anyone or anything else touch them. Is it a bet?"

When your soon-to-be ex-friend agrees, what do you do?

10. MAN OF STEEL. This is a wager of strength, so pick a victim who not only thinks he is stronger than you, but probably is as well. Bet him that he can't hold his fists together, one on top of the other, while you try to separate them using only your index fingers.

You should find no difficulty in separating his hands by simply aiming with your fingers at his knuckles, and striking his two fists away from each other. The reason is that you will be using strong forearm muscles to do the striking, and he will be using weak back-arm muscles to do the resisting. Then, when the tables are turned and your victim tries to separate your fists in exactly the same way, you resist him successfully. How?

Answers:

2. BETCHA CAN'T. The sentence on the card reads: "If you defined the word *goatee* without using your hands, you may keep this five-dollar bill. Otherwise, hand it back." Your money will almost always be safe, unless you picked as your victim an English professor or a double amputee. Most people can't resist using their hands to define this word. (Another with similar gestural irresistibility is *spiral staircase*.) The disappointment comes from knowing that he would have been a five richer if he had only kept his hands in his pockets.

4. POKER. You take the pack and remove your four of a kind—all aces—then pass him the rest of the deck and challenge him to find, from what remains, his royal flush.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 151

"You can have anything
but don't touch my Schnaaple."

White. Wanton. Wunderbar.

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And, quite clearly, the best. Enjoy in moderation.

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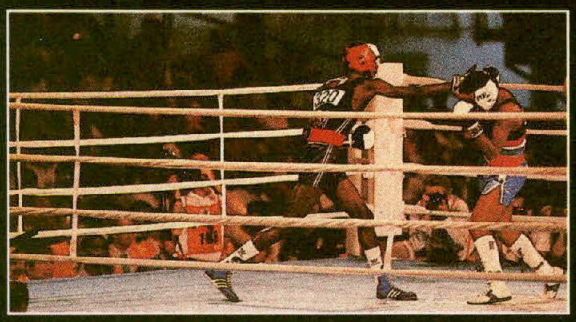
COMING IN THE APRIL PENTHOUSE

TORTURED WOMEN

The tragedy of Latin America screams out at us daily from our newspapers and televisions, but the real terror of everyday life there is much worse. Omar Rivabella, a distinguished Argentine journalist, reports in this shocking story that the torture of women has become institutionalized in Latin America. "These are not crimes of passion," a leading human-rights activist told him, "but the crimes of politics gone mad. And women are the easiest targets: our mothers, our wives, our sisters." Rivabella—whose book on these atrocities, *Diary of a Tortured Woman,* will be published this fall by Random House—interviews two victims of the clandestine concentration camps of Latin America whose stories are, unfortunately, all too typical of this routine barbarism.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE PROSTITUTE

Dr. William Douglas seemed to be anything, and everything, but a ladies' man. Then one day he murdered a girl with whom he had been carrying on an S & M love affair for over a year. Robin Benedict, a beautiful prostitute, was from a proper middle-class family—but she had a fatal taste for the easy-money hooker milieu in Boston. Douglas, a distinguished university professor, had a taste for the kinkier sexual variations of that world . . . a taste that led to his self-destruction. Veteran reporter John Brady tells this true story of passion gone wild.



MARK BRELAND—A NEW CHAMPION

The young star of last year's Summer Olympics, gold medal winner Mark Breland has been hailed by many as the successor to Sugar Ray Leonard and Muhammad Ali. But becoming a great prizefighter is not simply a matter of winning gold medals, as *Penthouse* Contributing Editor José Chegüi Torres well knows. Torres, himself an Olympic winner, went on to become the light-heavyweight champion of the world and is today the chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission. With insights gleaned from years of experience, Torres profiles this new star of the boxing world—a man who "has been carefully fashioned, slowly, surely, by a force that is still at work."

WHITE GOLD

Every year, 80,000 African elephants are butchered for their valuable ivory tusks. The continuing political turbulence and teetering economies of the continent make poaching and wanton slaughter a means of survival for peasants, soldiers, subsistence farmers, and even park rangers. In a shocking photo essay, *Penthouse* reveals the grisly plight of the African elephant and other wildlife, and details the current efforts to win what looks like a lost battle to save a species.

VIET VETS—OUR NEWEST HEROES?

Ten years after the fall of Saigon, the Reagan administration has embraced the formerly "disgraced" veterans, and the President himself appeared at the dedication of the long-overdue memorial in Washington. Mayor Koch of New York City immediately joined in by suggesting that the Big Apple build its own monument. What's behind this sudden reversal of attitude? Has public opinion finally changed—or are we being subtly prepared for a new Vietnam, perhaps in Central America? *Penthouse* has been fighting for veterans for over ten years . . . and in next month's "Adviser" column, National Affairs Editor William R. Corson examines some of the motives of those who are suddenly fighting for them now.

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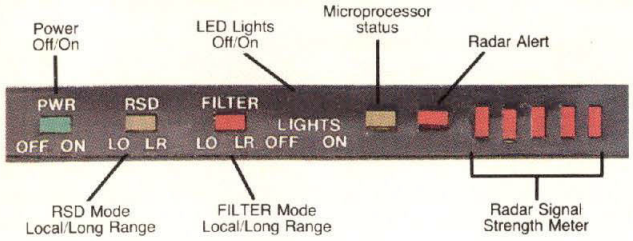

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